When we're together (I'm not afraid of my tears)
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Teen And Up Audiences

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文豪ストレイドッグス | Bungou Stray Dogs, 僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia (Anime & Manga)

Relationships:
Dazai Osamu & Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Dazai Osamu/Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs), Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Other Relationship Tags to Be Added, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic & Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs) & Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Class 1-A (My Hero Academia) & Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Class 1-A (My Hero Academia) & Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs), Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic

Characters:
Dazai Osamu (Bungou Stray Dogs), Nakahara Chuuya (Bungou Stray Dogs), Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Todoroki Enji | Endeavor, Takami Keigo | Hawks, Takeyama Yuu | Mount Lady, Sakaguchi Ango (Bungou Stray Dogs), Snipe (My Hero Academia), Mori Ougai (Bungou Stray Dogs), Shuuzenji Chiyo | Recovery Girl, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Class 1-B (My Hero Academia), Kan Sekijirou | Vlad King

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with a beta reader!, Do not use AI on this fic, Do not bind and sell this fic, I don't want to get sued pls, Author makes lore up about Abilities and Quirks, Dazai-Typical Suicide Attempts (Bungou Stray Dogs), attempted drowning, Slow Burn

Language:
English

Series:
Part 1 of BNHA x BSD shenanigans

Collections:
✧works that I will re-read until I die (and then enjoy once more from beyond the grave)✧, Cutie Patooties, Double black, fics good for the soul, All aboard the Chuu Chuu train!!!, Fics that are basically books and therefore should be published, wan's delusions it keeps in its heart aka PEAK, Andys_favs_to_reread, 😎Amazing_Crossover😎, Crossovers That Make Sense, The greatest fanfics to exist🥶, Spade Library, USB_Stick

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When we're together (I'm not afraid of my tears)

by Must_have_been_the_wind

Summary

The internet is a powerful tool, news spreads quickly across the globe- sometimes faster than it can be taken down. So what happens when a live stream starts from the infamous city of Yokohama, what happens when two teenage boys ruthlessly execute a Pro Hero to serve as a warning to the outside world on camera?

What happens is an overwhelming demand to apprehend these boys and see justice served, however, one crafty principal has another idea in mind…

Or,
Dazai and Chuuya are “forced” to attend UA after killing a Pro on a live stream. (But does it really count if it was their plan all along?)

(Check beginning AN for translations into Русский, Español, Tiếng Việt, Íslenska, Français, Português brasileiro and a podfic!)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Translation into Español available: Español - When we're together (I'm not afraid of my tears) by LaTraductora_00
- Translation into Français available: Quand nous sommes ensemble (Je n'est pas peur de mes larmes) by Bloommed
- Translation into Português brasileiro available: Português - When we're together (I'm not afraid of my tears) by kath_alien
- Translation into Português brasileiro available: Português – When we're together (I'm not afraid of my tears) by Viityyz
- Translation into Français available: Lorsque nous sommes ensemble (je n’ai pas peur de mes larmes) by quinniell
- Translation into Türkçe available: Birlikte olduğumuzda (gözyaşlarımdan korkmuyorum) by Terminatordidxkfjrk
- Translation into Türkçe available: Birlikteyken (gözyaşlarımdan

korkmuyorum) - TRçeviri by Buuhuusqueek

Chapter 1: Prologue - The Live Stream

Chapter Summary

Podfic
Русский, Español, Tiếng Việt , Íslenska, Français, Português brasileiro

Chapter Notes

CW: minor character death, off-screen kidnapping. More details in end notes :]

Let me know if I missed anything!

Check out these amazing gatcha reactions based off this fic!
By Axeljenn, By Mal-zr5yk, By Kattwq, By Bo★, By Atsulucslay

And this wonderful gatcha re-creation!
By mxra1in

Annnd some fanart by KERMastrid!

If anyone creates anything else to do with this fic let me know!!
I'd love to see it and put a link here <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Often tragedy is marked in the environment before it even happens. Writers love to use this technique, to let the weather reflect and portray the emotions running rampant in the scene. Perhaps, that is why, no one suspected anything to happen on such a “perfect” day. As the sun shone a live stream began, one that would change the course of history and affect the lives of many.

-

◍ Message to the “pro” heroes ;)

crab_lover29

0 viewers 0 likes

-

The camera crackled to life, the screen filled with the face of a confused teenager. A second passed before a voice called out from behind, “Is it on then?”

The teenager sighed but nodded, “Yea, no one is watching though.” He moved slightly and the camera flared with bright sunlight, and for a moment two more figures came into view. The boy moved back and his ginger hair blocked out the other two people lurking in the back.

“Invite the people I followed then.” The first voice replied with ease.

For a few moments, the only visual is a face of concentration as the ginger boy fiddled with the phone. Seconds passed as the boy worked to invite people to the live stream and eventually, his efforts paid off, despite the low viewer count his face quickly turned smug.

SurprisedPikachu has joined the stream!

Packaging_tape has joined the stream!

GreenMight has joined the stream!

“There, viewers to your little message.” The boy moved back fully to join the other two and the whole scene became apparent. The trio were situated on a rooftop, a vast cityscape unfolding behind them. In the centre of the shot, a woman sat on or was rather tied to a chair. She wore a tight spandex costume, her blonde hair would, on any other day, add to her looks. That day however her hair was tangled and looked just as distressed as her face did, said face was contorted into fear as a thick gag prevented her from speaking.

Two teenage boys dressed in black suits were stationed on either side, the ginger boy stood to the woman’s right while the other boy lounged on the left armrest. The second boy seemed all too comfortable in leaning up against the terrified woman, one hand snugly rested on her

neck at all times. A lone brown eye stared at the camera from under the shadow of equally dark hair.

A smile took over the dark-haired boy's face as he leaned forward, "Only three viewers huh? Well, that's fine. I'm sure some more will join soon, now then, I'm sure you recognise the woman beside me?"

The boy waited a moment as a single comment rolled in and he nodded, "That's right, this is Mt. Lady and recently she made a very stupid decision. Why don't you explain Chuuya? I think you would tell it better."

The ginger boy, Chuuya, huffed and rolled his eyes. Despite that, he began talking, "This fuckin' pro broke into our place and started breaking shit, which happens all the time y'know but she really caused us a problem." As he spoke Mt. Lady shook beneath the other boy's hand.

"As inelegant as ever, but yes Mt. Lady here caused a lot of problems," the other boy started, "I mean, trespassing into Yokohama and destroying an entire warehouse of Port Mafia supplies can't go unpunished."

The boy paused and allowed the viewers to take in his words, a satisfied smile taking place on his face once more people began joining the stream. More and more people trickle in as news spread that Mt. Lady was being held captive in the infamous city of Yokohama, even more so given the boys' apparent involvement with the Port Mafia.

Once enough people had joined the dark-haired boy continued to speak, "This is a message to the so-called 'pro heroes', stay out of Yokohama. No one wants you here, not the civilians, the Port Mafia, or even the government." In a swift moment, the boy took a gun out from a hidden pocket and leisurely placed it against Mt. Lady's head, her muffled cries easily ignored. "Usually we're more tolerant of this but you 'pros' are getting a little too confident, so here's an official warning to stay away."

The gun pressed impossibly closer and for a moment the helpless viewers turned away in fear of what may happen next. However, instead of shooting, the boy lowered the gun slightly and turned his attention to Chuuya. "Should we let her have some last words Chibi?"

Chuuya's face contorted with anger, "Stop callin' me that already you dead-eyed Mackerel! If you want her to get last words go ahead."

The other boy nodded and seemed to think for a moment, “I’ve decided to be nice this once, Chuuya, bring the camera closer will you?”

Without either boy moving a finger the camera moved closer to give the viewers a clearer view of Mt. Lady’s face. The boy beside her moved the gun out of the frame slightly but the presence was still felt, as he did this a gloved pair of hands moved into the frame and grabbed onto Mt. Lady’s face. As the hands worked on removing the gag Chuuya spoke, “Make these words count, shitty Dazai won’t give you a second go.”

The gag came off and for a moment all Mt. Lady did is take a deep, shaky breath. A second later her face changed and she began yelling, “Help! Please, someone- pleas- I didn’t… I just wanted to-”

Her words were roughly cut off when the gag was forcibly replaced, the camera moved back a few seconds later as Chuuya groaned. “Burst my eardrums why don’t you, jeez.”

The other boy, now known as Dazai, laughed at his pain before gasping dramatically. “Oh! Chuuya let’s finish this up and head to the arcade, I heard there’s a new racing game.” The boy wiggled his visible eyebrow in a joking way, “I bet I’ll win it.”

Chuuya scoffed loudly, “Please, you can’t even ride a bike like fuck you’d beat me.”

Dazai shooks his head with a mischievous smile, “Oh? Like how you said you’d win our first bet, do remind me how that went Chuuya.”

The duo continued to bicker over who would win, the gun slowly drifted further away from Mt. Lady’s head as the conversation went on. For a brief moment, the hundreds of amassed viewers felt a spark of hope, hope that perhaps the boy would be distracted and forget about Mt. Lady. Maybe another Hero will come to the rescue and stop this nightmare before it became all too real.

Dazai laughed loudly at something said by Chuuya, “I can’t wait to beat you again! Maybe this time you can be my maid and dog!” With one last laugh, he levelled the gun and-

Bang.

[In all future reposts of this stream this is where it cuts out, the scene of a woman’s head being shot through, brains splattering across the

roof, was deemed far too gruesome and was scrubbed from the internet immediately. Of course, that didn't erase the image from the minds of those who watched it, it didn't erase the nonchalance shown by the two boys when the gun shot and it didn't erase the horror felt by hundreds knowing such people exist.]

Dazai turns one last glance to the camera, "As I said, stay away from Yokohama alright?"

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Message to the "pro" heroes ;)

crab_lover29

Live stream has finished.

567K viewers 21K likes

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Chapter End Notes

CW continued: Mt. Lady is killed by Dazai :(

Hi all! I got into BSD a few months ago and, despite not really being into BNHA any more, I immediately began reading the crossover fics. I had this idea early on and decided on impulse to write the first chapter today!

I have to warn anyone who decides to read this that there is no update schedule, in fact, I'm treating this as more of a passion project :) I'll write when I want to and post when the chapter is done, so hopefully people don't mind waiting around. That does mean this has a high chance of never being finished, but if I feel like I'm never going to finish it I'll post a chapter explaining what was going to happen and leave this fic up discontinued.

That being said I'll get started on the second chapter real soon

because frankly, this is one hell of an opener and I wouldn't blame people if they didn't continue based on it. Hopefully, if there's a second chapter more people will give it a chance haha.

Also, I want to say I do not hate Mt. Lady! In fact, I think she is quite good as a pro and character, however, when I was first coming up with this I picked her at random and it feels wrong to change it now :((

Thank you so much for reading <3333

Chapter 2: The Fall Out

Chapter Summary

> *“These boys are the same age as you all, they go to arcades and bet on who will win, they have nicknames for each other and inside jokes. They act like someone you would see on the street, a friend you would make at school. They act like that while holding a gun to someone’s head and shooting them.”*

Chapter Notes

> CW: Discussion of the events of the prologue but not in detail.
>
> Let me know if I missed anything!
>
> (Rewritten and beta-ed (thank you Mlonk!) as of 7.12.25)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The truth is this: Mt. Lady, known as Takeyama Yuu to friends and family, had always wanted to be a Hero. Her Quirk was somewhat unique—Or well, there weren’t any popular Pro Heroes with a gigantification Quirk anyway, but being able to turn into a giant was perfect for Hero work. No one could hurt her when she was that big, a gunshot would feel like a pinprick, and a stab would be like a scratch. Takeyama knew she had what it took, so she trained and eventually debuted with pride. She thought herself invincible when in her giant form, and that would be her downfall.

Yokohama, the city without Quirks, the city without Heroes. Takeyama assumed the Villains there wouldn’t pose a threat, not without a Quirk. She had been confident that she would be the one to get into that city and save the civilians from harm, she just wanted to be a Hero people could rely on when in trouble.

Unfortunately, she did not have the experience to question how an anonymous informant would get the information needed to get into Yokohama. She did not question why she of all people was the one to get that information.

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In the days following Mt. Lady’s death the story spread like wildfire, a young and possibly overconfident Pro Hero broke into Yokohama and

was ruthlessly killed for it.

Despite only debuting recently, Mt. Lady had quickly earned herself a reputation and a fan base. To see their Hero, one who usually greeted everyone with a smile, distressed and begging for her life lead to a massive public outrage.

There were some people, of course, that felt Mt. Lady had it coming. No Hero who has ever entered Yokohama has returned, no matter how skilled. To assume that she, a rookie Hero, could beat those odds was a move of utmost arrogance.

Regardless of if people believed she was a victim or a fool, they all agreed upon one thing. Those two boys, the ones who so causally joked and teased before killing Mt. Lady, must be brought to justice.

It was certainly shocking to some to see Villains so young, to see two teenagers—children really—kill someone with barely a glance. Those who did watch the live stream were haunted by the casual attitude and bickering between the two murderers as Mt. Lady sat helpless and begging for help. The way they acted like nothing was amiss, like killing another person was as insignificant as killing a fly.

The world agreed that those two boys must be brought to justice, not only for killing Mt. Lady but also for the horrific way they went about it.

Faced with such a media outcry, Pro Heroes all across Japan promised to lend their aid in capturing these boys, no matter how hard it may be. Despite these promises, people found it hard to believe that the two boys would actually be caught.

Public opinion quickly changed when a joint press conference was held, one lead by all three of Japan's top Heroes.

When All Might, Endeavor, and Hawks took the stage people saw their faces and knew they would stop at nothing to see those boys brought to justice.

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Much like two days prior, a live stream began.

Unlike the last one, which started with the intent to cause harm and be a warning, this stream set out to be a comfort to the people grieving Mt. Lady's loss.

All Might, Endeavor, and Hawks took the stage with grim faces.

For a moment there was silence, not even the stray shutter of a reporter's camera could be heard.

Hawks, known for his extroverted personality, took a step forward first. His usual charisma and charm seemed to be gone, instead his face was pulled into a frown.

With a glance towards his fellow Pros, Hawks begins, "First of all, I would like to thank you all for attending today. I know everyone is in shock right now but, with a matter as important as this, I believe it's best we address it as soon as possible."

"What happened was horrific," He continues, "There’s no way to dance around that, a Pro Hero was killed in a needless show of power. Mt. Lady was a good Hero and did not deserve to be hurt in such a way, to have her dreams crushed so soon."

To those in the audience, there would be no way to tell exactly what Hawks is thinking. He had been trained to keep his composure after all, no matter the situation his face will never reflect his true thoughts. He will smile and be a source of comfort for those who need it.

Internally, though, Hawks could not help the dark feeling that began to grow. Just what had lead to those two boys, clearly not adults yet, to a life of crime and murder? Had they decided to go down that path themselves? Or, like Hawks, had they…

Hawks' face, grim but yet determined, seemed to sharpen for just a moment, "In light of this I, Hawks, promise I will not rest until those boys are brought to justice.”

In the end it doesn't matter how those two ended up where they are, they made the choice to kill Mt. Lady and Hawks will be the one to make them regret it.

The reporters in the crowd shuffle, perhaps wishing to ask questions despite the sombre atmosphere. Before any of them can make an attempt, Endeavor moves to centre stage.

Opinions are always mixed about the #2 Hero, some praise his dedication while others point out he is too extreme and careless. In the end, no matter how big the critic, no one can deny Endeavor's capability when it comes to taking down Villains. When the man sets his mind to it, there is no Villain that can escape his Hell Flames.

"For years I have strove to be the best Hero I can possibly be, to ignore such an affront to Hero society would be a failure in my books. We Pros will find these boys as soon as possible and I will personally see they are delivered the punishment deserved." Endeavor's tone is sharp and cold, a direct contrast to the pulsing heat coming from his flames.

No other Hero could not get away with speaking so sharply but, given Endeavor's personality, it feels only right.

With one last look, one that seems to promise pain for anyone who gets in the way of Endeavor's promise to take those boys down, the flame Hero takes a step back.

The second he does, All Might confidently strides to the front of the stage. All Might, who is known for his bright smile and dedication to saving people, looks nothing like himself. His face, both stern and serious, is pulling into a frown.

Of course, everyone knows All Might is strong, there's no way he could get to the top of the charts if he wasn't . The thing is, though, when faced with a man full of smiles and kind words it can be hard to remember just how strong he is, just how much pain he can cause.

To the people of Japan, the civilians and Heroes alike, All Might is one of the safest people to be around. He brings a sense of comfort wherever he goes, much like when a child believes their parents to be infallible.

Looking upon him now, the reporters in the crowd can't help the tinge of fear that shoots down their spines. This is not an All Might who smiles at children and promises to protect everyone, this is an All Might who is unhappy, mad even, at the loss of a fellow Pro Hero.

In a powerful voice, All Might speaks, "It is my duty as the #1 Pro Hero to protect everyone, from children to the elderly, civllains to my fellow Pro Heroes… As the symbol of Peace I aim to keep everyone, and I mean everyone, safe."

All Might, with his head now lowered and his hands clenched, continues, "I am ashamed that Mt. Lady had to suffer so much and I was none the wiser. My promise to you, the media, the public, Pro Heroes, and most importantly the family of Mt. Lady is this: if justice is not served by the month's end then I have no place being a Hero. I will not allow those boys to dance on Mt. Lady's memory."

The room remains silent for a moment, everyone shocked into silence

by the sheer power and sincerity in All Might's voice. Such a declaration will cause chaos if not held up, but, with the reassurances of the Heroes they so look up to, not a single person in that room feels any doubt. Those boys will be shown justice, now the only question that remains is how.

The first hand raises, somewhat unsure if questions are being taken, and suddenly the room is in chaos. Reporters yell and stretch to be seen and have their questions answered,the three Heroes share a look before calling for quiet.

Hawks, ever the extrovert, gestures to a raised hand in acknowledgement. The reporter stands and a microphone is passed along to her, without hesitating the woman speaks, "Yokohama is completely sealed off, how are the Pros planning to enter to find these boys?"

Hawks nods, "That's true, and frankly we're still unsure how Mt. Lady got in there in the first place. Rest assured, we are in contact with the Yokohaman government and if that fails, well—I'm sure we can find a way through that barrier ourselves." The last part is spoken in a way that both comforts any worrying citizens and promises that there is no escape for the boys. The reporter nods and sits back down, seemingly happy with the answer. More hands raise and Hawks points out another.

The next reporter, with the eyes of a snake and the tendency to over pronounce his 's' sounds, is quick to ask, "Do the Pros know who these boys are yet?"

Endeavor scowls at this but, thankfully, allows Hawks to answer once again, "We know as much as you do, two boys named 'Chuuya' and 'Dazai' from Yokohama. Like I said we're waiting on news from the Yokohaman government, I'm sure they will be happy to provide information on these boys and possibly even hand them over to us."

The snake man seems to want to protest this but, after someone tugs on his sleeve, nods and sits down.

A third reporter is chosen, one who stands with confidence and looks each Pro Hero in the eye before speaking. "Those boys mentioned the Port Mafia, if they really are part of that organisation then what repercussions can we expect when the Pros retaliate against them?"

A good question, too good almost. Everyone knows of Yokohama, nicknamed the Quirkless city, and with that, most know of the Port

Mafia. To those uninformed that name is whispered in rumours, spoken with a mocking tone or used as a warning to young children. The Port Mafia is a point of interest but not a worry for the vast majority, not when its members are composed of Quirkless people.

To those in the know, however, the name strikes fear into their hearts and demands both respect and obedience. If the killing of Mt. Lady was done by senseless new recruits then the Port Mafia would, theoretically, be more willing to give them up. If it was an order from the top then things get more complicated. How a reporter seems to know about the threat posed by this group, none of the three Heroes are sure.

All Might swiftly speaks before Hawks can formulate an answer, “The Port Mafia may be frightening to Yokohama citizens, but they do not scare me. There may be a chance of violence should the Port Mafia refuse to hand those boys over, but we Pro Heroes will continue forward until justice is served.”

The reporter levels All Might with a serious look, one that seems to doubt his words for a moment. That moment passes and the reporter sighs but nods, seemingly knowing that the Pro Heroes will not be giving up the chase so easily.

The conference continues on pretty much the same way for a few hours, each question answered and everyone reassured that the Pro Heroes will find a way to punish those boys. While nothing could erase the horror felt by seeing that live stream, many felt comforted by the dedication shown by the Pro Heroes. A hope soon began to grow that in a month’s time, no one will have to worry about those boys running around anymore.

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“Hey Chuuya, who do you think is stronger, you or All Might?”

Chuuya looks up from his (Dazai’s) paperwork and takes a moment to stare at his partner who, unsurprisingly, has spread himself out across the floor, phone held precariously above his head. Chuuya rolls his eyes before looking back to his paperwork, "Who the fuck is that?"

Dazai laughs, the sound authentic enough that it gives Chuuya pause. His fishy partner has about a thousand different laughs and smiles, something that keeps outsiders from knowing he's being genuine or not.

Chuuya isn't an outsider though, so he carefully sets aside the sound of Dazai's almost genuine laugh to think about later. "What's so funny, huh?"

"Ah, Chibi," Dazai sighs, amusement evident in his voice alone, "You're so dumb sometimes. All Might is the pride of Japan! The symbol of peace that keeps us all nice and safe from the scary Villains!"

Now it's Chuuya's turn to laugh, “The symbol of peace? What a joke… Obviously I'd win."

Dazai nods with a smirk, “Yea, I think so too.”

-

Since starting UA high school the class of 1A has been put through a lot, far more than they really should have given their ages.

The attack on the USJ had, for a majority of them, been their first encounter with real Villains. Unsurprisingly, the nightmare that occurred that day wasn't easy to forget. Fighting for their lives, seeing Aizawa-sensei beaten and bloody by an enemy they had no chance of defeating—it was something that landed most of them in therapy.

For some unlucky souls the horrors continued, three students then had to experience fighting the infamous Hero Killer. For Midoriya, he will always remember being unable to move while Stain stalked closer to his friends, he will always remember the sheer terror Stain imposed just by speaking.

Before joining UA, Midoriya had thought he knew what it felt like to be scared. He thought he knew what a Villain was like, how they talked and acted.

When the sludge Villain attacked him and, later that very day, when he attacked Kacchan, it had been scary. Midoriya remembers being scared for his life, scared that no one was going to help Kacchan in time, scared that the Villain would win.

The thing is though, the Villains seen by the public are very different than the truly dangerous ones. Midoriya is quickly learning just how much work Heroes do to keep the public happy, to keep them feeling safe.

Before joining UA, he would have never been able to guess just how petrifying a real Villain can be.

The sludge Villain had been scary but compared to Shigaraki he was nothing.

Shigaraki had, with ease, created a strong sense of fear the moment he appeared in the USJ. He way he spoke and acted reminded Midoriya of a child, one with far too much power and not enough self control.

His impulsivity left Midoriya scrambling, one moment he was upset and the next he was stretching out a hand to kill someone. He gave out orders to kill Aizawa-sensei with such chilling casualty and then, without so much as blinking, he yelled and swore like a child throwing a tantrum.

The Nomu, so big and unbeatable, had been chilling. Midoriya had watched as Aizawa-sensei, a man he had begun to admire, was smashed into the ground again and again. He had thought his teacher was going to die and Midoriya wouldn't be able to do anything, how could he when the Nomu could withstand attacks from All Might himself?

Stain was terrifying, he had killed so many Pros and was proud of it. He was skilled too, a step above Shigaraki who yelled out orders to his henchmen. His proficiency with blades and his Quirk was a deadly duo, one that left Midoriya short on breath and unable to focus with each passing moment he couldn't move.

The public doesn't know about all that though, they aren't able to imagine just how terrifying it is to be up against a Villain like that. A Villain that isn't just in it for petty reasons, one who will surrender the moment things look bad.

No, these Villains are the real deal. The ones who live and die by their ideology, the ones who have no problems killing anyone who stands in their way.

Midoriya knows when a Villain is truly scary, he knows the signs and the feelings, he knows it. And yet, when he joined that live stream, a decision made out of curiosity and boredom, those two boys did not feel like that.

Somehow, they felt worse.

At first, he thought the stream was something innocent, then maybe a prank, but when Mt. Lady began to beg for her life he knew it was all too real. She was scared, terrified, and those boys were not playing around.

Before the gun was even drawn Midoriya knew he should have turned it off, should have ran for Aizawa-sensei or anyone with authority but, as is usually the case, it is human nature to observe a tragedy. He continued watching with bated breath as a new type of fear settled into his bones.

Watching the boy, Dazai, move the gun around made his heart tighten and jump with every movement closer to Mt. Lady. There was something in the nonchalance that struck Midoriya to his very core, something that had him begging for Dazai to pull the trigger already. When the gun went off it felt like the bullet had hit him instead, a head shot with barely a glance, an insignificant moment for the boy and yet it terrified Midoriya so much that he suddenly had the urge to run into his mother's arms.

It had felt so illogical, why was he so scared when those boys were a world away? Upset, sure, but scared? So shaken he could barely think straight?

What was it about those two that had stuck Midoriya so hard? What was it that made him feel like he was once again standing in front of Stain without the ability to run away?

UA had quickly cancelled classes that day and the day after. Midoriya was glad, as much as he could be, for it gave him time to grieve for a Hero that he watched debut, it gave him and his classmates time to huddle together and try their hardest to erase the image of splattered brains from their memories.

Two days after the murder of Mt. Lady classes were back on, or rather one class in particular was back on. Principal Nedzu, shortly after cancelling classes, had sent out emails to every student giving them information about therapists and support groups, along with that he arranged a day for every homeroom teacher to spend however much time is needed addressing every student's fears going forward.

When 1A arrived for said class, Aizawa-sensei, opposed to his usual style, was already there and wide awake. Although, some would note, maybe it would have been better if he was asleep. The bags under his eyes seemed darker than normal, surely a sign of his own unrest over the past few days.

Once everyone settled down, Aizawa-sensei begins, "Today I will be breaking down exactly what happened in that live stream and what will happen in the coming days, I will also answer any and all

questions. To do that we will be discussing what happened and not vaguely, if you are uncomfortable at any point leave the room. There is no shame or judgement in this classroom, you got that?"

The class nods but no one leaves just yet. Midoriya thinks some of them may be curious about what the Pros are planning, others might just want the comfort of Aizawa-sensei's rationalism. Aizawa-sensei does not lie about serious things, he will tell them the truth and they can trust him in that, if he says the Pros have a plan then they must have one.

Aizawa-sensei takes a deep breath before beginning for real, "How many of you saw it live?" The underlying question is, of course, how many of them saw Mt. Lady being shot.

Everyone raises their hands.

Their teacher grimaces before continuing, "You have all been through far too much for your age, the USJ is a testament to that but this is different isn't it? Which felt worse, the USJ or watching the live stream?" He looks around the room, clearly looking for an answer. While usually Aizawa-sensei would just pick someone this time he waits patiently, eyes never lingering on a student too long.

Eventually, Yaoyorozu raises her hand before answering, "Personally, I felt worst this time. I- I don't know why, but it just felt so much worse."

Aizawa-sensei nods, "Does anyone have an idea why?" Silence descends on the class once again and, after a few minutes of waiting, Aizawa-sensei rephrases his question, "What disturbed you the most?"

At this new question, Kaminari hesitantly raises his hand, "It sounds so stupid compared to what happened at the end but… They were talking about going to an arcade and making bets about who would win and I- I do that! I challenge my friends to games all the time and it just, it felt wrong? Like they were talking about normal stuff while doing such a horrible thing."

Nodding Aizawa-sensei agrees, "Yes, you're right."

Clearly not used to hearing those words from his teacher Kaminari looks shocked, "I am?"

Aizawa-sensei hums in agreement, "Of course, this doesn't apply to everyone but what Kaminari said is right." He moves across and

begins to write names on the whiteboard, each one a Villain they had faced, he then wrote down the names of the two boys. Turning around he continued, “These boys are murderers, probably involved in a lot more crime than we think. So why are they scarier?”

“It might be because they are your age,” he starts, “These boys are the same age as you all, they go to arcades and bet on who will win, they have nicknames for each other and inside jokes. They act like someone you would see on the street, a friend you would make at school. They act like that while holding a gun to someone’s head and shooting them.” Aizawa-sensei pauses to let his words sink in, in that time he moves back to the centre front of the room. “Shigaraki and the Nomu were frightening because they wanted you dead and were determined to do that, these boys are frightening because they have the capacity for murdering without a second glance and yet act completely unbothered. They don't fit the usual standard of a Villain, one who is without the ability to be kind.”

The class begins to shuffle, a few people look like they are debating leaving, and a few others look enlightened. What Aizawa-sensei was saying made sense, Midoriya had never seen a casual side of Stain or Shigaraki—they were always fully focused on winning the fight and achieving their goal. Dazai and Chuuya ,however, acted like they were chatting after school, like they didn’t have someone’s life in their hands. He had never thought of it before but Villains are human, they enjoy the same things and act just like everyone else. Knowing that makes him feel sick, the idea that Villains aren’t some different species entirely that only have the capacity for evil.

Aizawa-sensei continues, "Of course, that isn't the only reason you might be feeling this way. During the USJ attack you all had some degree of agency, the Villains were coming at you and you could fight back. These two boys didn't offer such an option, instead they hid behind a screen where no one could stop them."

That also makes sense, now that Midoriya's thinking about it. After all, one reason why Stain was so terrifying was how his Quirk got in the way of the fight or flight reaction. When Midoriya was frozen there was nothing he could do, there was no way he could save anyone even if he wanted to.

Maybe, the unconscious knowledge he was truly powerless, was why Midoriya felt so shaken by the live stream.

Midoriya glances over at Iida, his friend's face is pulled together in

frustration to match his clenched fists. If Midoriya had to bet, he would say Iida is thinking back to Stain too.

Aizawa-sensei, perhaps noticing unrest among the class, speaks again, "I want to stress that it is normal to feel this way. Even the best Pros out there have fights where they are scared, fights where they feel like there is no way to win. Things may feel helpless right now, but it won't be like that forever, I promise."

It's a comfort to hear those words, although not a very big one. While Midoriya might feel better now, each time he remembers those two boys and his lack of ability to do anything, all those negative feelings will come back.

A darker part of Midoriya feels even more despair. How could he ever feel better when those boys are still out there? They could be killing another Pro right now and no one would be the wiser.

Or worse, they might kill another Pro and let the whole world know.

A moment passes, one where Midoriya tries his best to fight against that dark part of himself, before Tsu raises her hand.

Tsu speaks with her usual bluntness, although there is a clear lack of confidence, "Sensei, what do the Pros have planned for taking those boys down? Ribbit. If they don't face any punishment then…"

She doesn't need to finish her sentence, everyone in the room is thinking the same thing.

Aizawa-sensei doesn't shy away from the question, something that helps Midoriya's settle the nerves in his heart, “The barrier that surrounds Yokohama has been standing since the dawn of Quirks. Many Pros have tried to get through and not many have succeeded, we really aren’t sure how Mt. Lady got into the city. Somehow she did and got involved with the Port Mafia, I’m sure you all know that name but not the significance behind it.”

“The Port Mafia is made up of Quirkless individuals, but that does not mean they are something to scoff at. I can’t tell you the specifics as it’s more classified information but there is a reason Pro Heroes are taking caution when discussing how to get a hold of these boys, so I want to make it clear now,” Aizawa-sensei levels them with a serious look, “None of you will get involved with this, we Pro Heroes will handle everything.”

After letting that sit for a moment, perhaps in the hope it would actually stick for once, Aizawa-sensei continues, “The HPSC has contacted the Yokohaman government so hopefully we can get some information from them, knowing the full names of those boys and any points to worry about would be helpful. They also might let us through the barrier willingly, if not we'll come up with a plan to get inside ourselves. Principal Nedzu did mention he has a contact in Yokohama, so if we don’t get what we need from the government there is a second option.”

It's hard to push back the negative thoughts rushing around his head, even with Aizawa-sensei's reassuring words.

Midoriya half-heatedly listens as his classmates ask questions, some reasonable worries and others… Well, it's a good thing Aizawa-sensei has a good poker face.

Without his permission, his thoughts turn back to that live stream. Instantly after it had ended, after Mt. Lady was shot and that Dazai kid smirked towards the camera, Midoriya had been struck still by shock. His mind replayed the scene over and over again, each time he felt the overwhelming urge to do something. To help Mt. Lady, to save her, but…

But, at that point, it was far too late. That's not to mention how it would have been impossible anyway, Yokohama is too far away. Midoriya's grasp on his Quirk is better than before, largely due to his time with Gran Toreno, but he's not quick enough to travel to a whole different city in a matter of minutes. Not yet, anyway.

The urge to do something was still strong though and so, perhaps against his better judgement, Midoriya had found a re-upload of the live stream and had gotten to work.

Hero analysis has always been a talent of his, even as a little kid Midoriya would watch the news and excitedly scribble down information about Heroes. Most of it didn't make sense, he wasn't the best speller back then, but still, it's the thought that counts.

Now, as a teenager studying to be a Pro at UA, Midoriya had felt it was only right that he use his talents to help however he could.

Figuring out the location was pretty much a bust, after all, no one knows much about Yokohama and it's landmarks.

Fortunately, though, Midoriya was able to spot a few things that stood

out. One of the major things, the things that made him doubt his own sanity, was the realisation that those two boys might have Quirks.

Midoriya knows that Yokohama isn't totally Quirkless but, with the nickname for that city, it's really hard to remember that fact.

(It's hard to remember that fact when, for so long, Midoriya had such a keen interest for Yokohama. A Quirkless city, a place where he might belong. A place where he could be something without the need of a Quirk.)

Still, Midoriya had pushed aside his shock so he could get back to work. With this new hunch there was so much more Midoriya could do, even if it did turn out to be all wrong.

After about two hours of theorising, something that Midoriya would usually find immense joy in, he had come up with something that felt right. Well, more right than the other ideas he came up with.

Now, as he watches Aizawa-sensei dutifully answer questions, he feels some doubt about it all. What if he's wrong? What if he tells Aizawa-sensei, who then would tell the other Pros, and someone gets hurt because of Midoriya's messed up theories?

But no, Midoriya must do this, even if he's wrong. If there is even the slightest chance that his theories might help the Pros, that they aren't going in blind, then it's worth it.

With that in mind, he sat quietly until everyone had their questions answered and Aizawa-sensei dismissed the class. Midoriya waved his friends off and waited until it was just him and Aizawa-sensei before speaking, “Aizawa-sensei? I had something I wanted to tell you.”

Aizawa-sensei, not looking bothered at someone staying back at all, gestures for him to speak.

“Well,” Midoriya starts, “I noticed a few things when watching the live, a few things about those boys and I thought I should say something? Just in case it’s helpful.”

His teacher doesn’t stop him so he continues, “Well, I was initially confused as to why Mt. Lady didn’t use her Quirk, if she had then the ropes binding her would have broken. Then I realised that one of the boys, Dazai, always kept a hand on her neck. I think he has a touch-activated Quirk, probably an erasure one like yours Sensei.”

Aizawa-sensei nods, “I had a similar thought as well, do you have any ideas about the other boy?” It feels good to be encouraged and not immediately shot down, something that Midoriya is all too familiar with.

With this encouragement, he moves to the other boy, “At one point Dazai says something like, ‘Chuuya move the camera closer’ and it does come closer! But neither of them move, and he was addressing Chuuya specifically so I doubt there was someone behind the camera. I think he has a telekinesis Quirk, or maybe some form of levitation.”

Aizawa-sensei looks thoughtful for a second, which is the longest second of Midoriya's life, before he places a hand on Midoriya's shoulder, “I hadn’t thought of that, good job problem child. Now go get something to eat.”

As stupid as it sounds the nickname comforts him more than the hand on his shoulder.

-

Aizawa Shouta is no stranger to violence, not with his job.

He's also not a stranger to how violence can mentally effect someone, no Pro Hero alive can claim to be unaffected by the work they do and any that do are certainly lying to themselves.

The USJ incident had been bad, he had never been in as much pain as he was during that day and hopefully never will be again. It was one of the worse things he had experienced as a Pro, which is saying something.

And yet a live stream only a few minutes long had managed to rival that.

Even now, sat in a conference room surrounded by Pro Heroes he still feels uneasy.

Principal Nedzu, after spending the past couple days locked away in his office, had called for a meeting of UA staff, plus Hawks and Endeavor, to discuss what should happen next. Honestly, Aizawa struggles to imagine how they are going to deal with those two boys.

Something has to be done, both to punish them and bring comfort to the public, but it just doesn't seem possible.

Any Pro worth their salt knows about the Yokohama barrier, knows how it's impossible to get through. Over the years many Pros have tried, from singular Pros vying for fame to huge group efforts.

Well, Aizawa acknowledges, it was impossible before Mt. Lady had somehow done it.

Of course, the barrier isn't the only problem to worry about. Not many Pros know about it but, given what Aizawa has heard, it isn't something to ignore.

He is brought out from his thoughts when Principle Nedzu begins speaking, “Thank you all for being here, I know everyone is itching to get out there but we must think and plan carefully our next moves. The Yokohaman government has sent us some files on those boys, but I’m afraid they aren’t much help.” As he speaks the power point behind him flicks to the next page, two information pages spanning across the screen.

Name: Dazai Osamu

Age: ~15

Ability: No Longer Human

Ability description: N/A

Affiliation: Port Mafia

Notes: N/A

Name: Nakahara Chuuya

Age: ~15

Ability: Upon the Tainted Sorrow

Ability description: N/A

Affiliation: Port Mafia

Notes: N/A

The pages contain barely any information and within seconds the room turns into uproar. Someone, Aizawa isn't sure who yells out, "That's all they give us?! They obviously have more!"

Privately Aizawa agrees, it's obvious the Yokohaman government intentionally didn't hand over certain information. There is no way they know the names of the Abilities but cannot give a description, it's clear that they gave away just enough so the Pros couldn't accuse them of anything while also giving them basically nothing. It's infuriating but unfortunately, there isn't much to do about it.

Principal Nedzu shushes the room and everyone falls into an angry silence, a single hand raises a few moments later. Principal Nedzu gestures for the Pro to speak, "I'm sorry but I don't understand what it means by 'Ability', is that just their word for a Quirk?"

Ah yes, Abilities, the other problem they have to worry about. Everyone knows that Yokohama has the lowest Quirked population in the world, so low in fact it's easier to round down and say they have no Quirked people. That doesn't mean they are defenceless, no, they have power so strong that a decision was made to keep it a secret from the public.

Abilities, some say they are undeveloped Quirks, others say they are where Quirks come from. There is a lot of uncertainty about the topic but, as far as Aizawa is aware, three facts remain true no matter who you speak with.

1. Abilities are not genetic like Quirks.

2. Abilities do not have negative drawbacks.

3. Abilities are stronger than Quirks.

Aizawa was first informed about Abilities years ago, back when he was deemed useful enough to know. Being able to erase Quirks, and possibly Abilities, made him invaluable in case of an attack by an Ability user.

Initially, he had been sceptical about the strength of these so-called

Abilities, they might be powerful but there was no way to say Quirks will always be weaker, right?

It was when he spoke to Principal Nedzu that he was forced to set aside his doubts.

According to the Principal, one of his contacts in the USA worked for an Ability organisation and, as luck would have it, had recently recruited a new member with the Ability to drag someone into a story and keep them trapped there, helpless to the will of the Ability user.

Aizawa had asked what the drawbacks were, perhaps the story must be written on the spot? Or maybe it had to be a certain amount of words? Principal Nedzu had shaken his head, simply telling Aizawa that any body of text worked no matter the length. All that had to be done was for the victim to read the words, which given the human nature to read words without thinking about it made that Ability deadly.

Nedzu wouldn't lie about such a thing, which hadn't been a comfort to Aizawa.

Principal Nedzu explains all this to the room, even relaying the story of the American Ability user.

Once done another Pro speaks up, “So these kids are stronger than us and that’s it? We don’t even know what their Abilities are!”

It is then that Aizawa remembers what Midoriya had told him, now feels like the best opportunity to bring it up. The kid hadn't seemed very confident when he brought the ideas up, which Aizawa will have to do something about later. Midoriya is smart, doubting himself will only lead to disaster once he's a debuted Pro.

Aizawa is quick to speak up, “I have an idea of what their Abilities may be.” Curious eyes turn to him as he continues, “One of my students is good at Quirk analysis, he told me that given the information present Dazai might have a touch-based erasure Ability while Nakahara may have some form of telekinesis.”

Principal Nedzu nods in approval, “I was thinking the same thing! This student of yours is quite perceptive.” If Aizawa feels proud of the praise of Midoriya then no one has to know about that.

Now with more information to work on the Pro Heroes gathered begin chatting amongst themselves, each trying to figure out a way to defeat

these boys. Personally, Aizawa doesn't bother. It's only a matter of time until Nedzu explains his own plan which, without a doubt, will work better than anything Aizawa could come up with.

As predicted, it only takes a few minutes before Principal Nedzu begins speaking again, a certain glint in his eye that feels eerie to look at. “I have a contact in Yokohama, while he can’t give us information on the boys he has agreed to get a group of Heroes through the barrier and back out again. I have already made a team up to be the ones entering.”

The powerpoint changes once again, this time with 5 empty boxes in total. The boxes are split into three and two with the labels ‘Front Line’ and ‘Distance’ above them. At a click of a button, the three boxes grouped together now have pictures of, All Might, Endeavor, and Hawks in them.

Principal Nedzu gestures to the screen, “The top three Pros will work as the main fighting force, you’ll take the two boys on directly and focus on incapacitating them. Once the fight is over you three will be responsible for getting the boys to the barrier point where my contact will let you out”

Nedzu presses another button and two more pictures appear, this time of Dazai and Nakahara. Dazai’s picture is placed directly underneath Hawks’ own while Nakahara’s is in the middle of both All Might’s and Endeavor’s. “Hawks, you’ll take on Dazai alone. I’m almost entirely certain his Ability is touch-based so you will have an advantage given how you control your feathers from a distance. There is also a chance his Ability does not work on mutant Quirks, so even if he does get close you’ll still be better off.” Hawks nods at Nedzu’s words.

Turning his attention to the top 2 Heroes Principal Nedzu continues, “You two will take Nakahara, we do not know the range of his Ability so having two-on-one will be more beneficial. His Ability may be touch activated like Dazai’s, in that case, Endeavor’s flames will be able to ward him away.” Endeavor seems disgruntled by having to work with All Might but, thankfully, he doesn't say anything.

Nedzu then turns his attention to Aizawa and before the Principal even speaks he can feel the dry eye and headache. The powerpoint gets two more pictures, this time of Aizawa himself and Snipe. “Erasurehead, if your Quirk works on Abilities then you will be tasked with erasing Nakahara’s Ability when the moment is optimal. If not then your capture weapon will be vital in ensuring the boys cannot

escape once we have them. Snipe, you will have a single attempt to shoot at Dazai, if you miss then I doubt he would hang around for a second attempt."

Aizawa nods at his tasks but notices Snipe tilt his head in slight confusion, "Why not that Nakahara kid? Surely he's more of a threat."

A grin takes place on Nedzu's face, one that sets everyone on edge immediately. "Nakahara has a more combat-orientated Ability I believe, so it's likely he does most of the fighting while Dazai takes a more passive approach. They are clearly friends, I imagine they care for each other. So what do you think will happen when Nakahara sees his friend, who does not have a combative Ability, get shot while fighting at a disadvantage?"

It dawns on Aizawa what Nedzu's plan really is, "He'll lose focus, slip up."

Nedzu nods, "Exactly. We're going to use their care for one another to our advantage."

It's a cruel method, that much Aizawa can acknowledge. In the end though, those two boys had made their decision when they killed Mt. Lady for the world to see. Whatever comes next is the retribution they should have expected.

(There is a part of Aizawa, small and buried deep down, that hates the idea of attacking two kids.)

Chapter End Notes

Hi again :))) Hope everyone enjoyed this super long chapter, just over 5000 words! I can't promise every chapter will be this length but I'll certainly try! Long chapters are the best to read after all~~~

A few world-building notes!
- This is set just after the Stain arc in BNHA, however, I wanted SKK in the dorms sooo class 1A moved in early.
- Regarding Aizawa and Dazai's Quirk/Ability, I imagine that Abilities can affect Quirks and vice versa. So Dazai can nullify Quirks and Aizawa can erase Abilities…. Although, I wonder how that would affect Arahabaki? ;)))
- Who is the contact that will let them in? Who was that reporter that knew a little too much?? Well, all will be revealed my friends in due time.

When I was writing this chapter I kept getting comment notifications, which was the best motivator ever. Thank you to everyone who commented and kudo-ed!! I am heavily encouraging more comments, especially if you have any theories about the fic so far- I love seeing what people think may happen.

Thank you so much for reading!! <3333

Chapter 3: Confrontation

Chapter Summary

> *‘Aizawa watches as Nakahara loses the red glow around his body and begins plummeting to the ground, helpless as gravity breaks free from his control.’*

Chapter Notes

> CW: gun violence, violence in general (not in great detail), mentions of being burnt, breaking bones
>
> Let me know if I missed anything!
>
> (Rewritten and beta-ed (thanks Mlonk!) as of 7.12.25)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If there’s one thing Chuuya hates, something he just can't stand dealing with, is when people assume he’s an idiot. They take one look at how easily he takes out a group of twenty enemies and decide he must only be good at fighting, they assume that since he has the brawn he mustn't have any brain to go with it.

Of course, it certainly doesn’t help that those same people then look at the ‘genius’ that is Dazai and assume he does all the thinking for them both. Which, sure, Dazai makes all the plans and is freakishly informed of everything that could possibly change said plans—but he doesn’t do that because Chuuya is stupid. Dazai makes the plans because he is, and it pains Chuuya to admit this, better at accounting for any problems.

The opposite is true as well, Chuuya might do a majority of the fighting but that doesn't mean Dazai is incapable. It's just that, when working together, Chuuya would prefer keeping the suicidal wimp with the build of a twig out of the way.

On solo missions Chuuya makes plans that work fine and notices all the things a rookie wouldn’t, it just takes him a few minutes longer than what it would take Dazai. In the same vain, Dazai is able to take down opponents bigger than him without any backup.

So yeah, he has been wondering what the hell that live stream was about.

Everything about it felt wrong compared to Dazai's usual methods, from dragging a hero around to find the 'perfect sky view' down to very clearly saying his name. It was a small detail compared to the other stuff but, having dealt with Dazai for this long so far, it was glaringly obvious to Chuuya.

That bastard has plenty of nicknames to choose from, so many that Chuuya hears the nicknames more than his actual name. It's always 'Slug' this and 'Chibi' that, at this point, Chuuya responds to any insult that leaves Dazai's mouth and 90% of the time it's a new nickname Dazai thought up.

The point is, calling Chuuya by name was an intentional choice, so he returned the favour assuming that was what the bastard wanted. Chuuya is good at that, just guessing what Dazai is up to and going along with it. Usually, he corners the bastard later and manages to weasel some answers out of him.

However, after the stream ended Dazai refused to explain anything no matter how much Chuuya threatened him. Instead Dazai just looked at him in that way. The way that screams 'I'm up to no good but you'll have to figure it out yourself.'

It's infuriating because Chuuya knows whatever Dazai is planning will end up affecting him too, like the time they were sent on a mission to take out a rival group. Things were going fine, great even, then one of them started blowing the building up around Chuuya. Sure, it didn't matter much in the long run and he still beat the group easily, but still, it sure would have been nice to know about. Shitty Dazai had claimed he 'forgot' about it, how he has the nerve to bold-faced lie to Chuuya's face like that is a mystery. That, along with the sixth sense he has developed for Dazai's shenanigans, means he is 100% sure something is going to go down.

He does have a few ideas about what the Mackerel's motivations may be, although it feels like he's missing a piece of information. That live stream was an intentional move, one to apparently 'warn' the pro heroes of Japan to stay out of Yokohama.

Chuuya, admittedly, isn't all that up to date with the world outside Yokohama. There isn't a need to be, not when Yokohama keeps him so busy.

Still, Chuuya doesn't need to know about those lot to be confident they won't take this 'warning' sitting down. Killing one of their own,

and in such a public manor, is s sure fire way to start a few riots.

Of course, that could have been Dazai's intention all along. Maybe Dazai wanted to piss the Pros off intentionally, to get their attention and get under their skin. That doesn't make sense though, why would he do that? The whole set up, and whatever comes after, will be too much trouble to write off as one of Dazai's whims.

So, Chuuya is missing something. There has to be a piece of information that Dazai is withholding from him, a piece of information that would make everything make sense.

That final piece of information comes to him a few days later, just after he's finished reporting back after a mission. The Boss had sent him off on a mission, one that kept Chuuya occupied enough not to think about shitty Dazai and his schemes.

Thankfully, both the mission and the report had gone well. Chuuya, having done this hundreds of times by now, had expected to be dismissed quickly after passing along his report to Mori-san.

What he didn't expect, however, was the absentminded comment made as Mori-san flipped through the paper report, “Before I forget, good work on with live stream Chuuya-kun, I'm sure it will be quite effective."

Quite effective? Effective in doing what?

Chuuya's confusion must show on his face as the Boss laughs a little, “Ah, so Dazai-kun didn’t tell you? Somehow I’m not surprised.”

Chuuya feels a headache already forming, or perhaps that’s Arahabaki demanding he go and beat Dazai to a pulp, honestly, it’s hard to tell. He shakes his head, “No, he didn’t.”

Mori-san nods in understanding, “I see. It's fortunate I kept a spare copy of the mission brief, hm?" Without further ado, he slipped a piece of paper across the desk for Chuuya to take.

Internally, Chuuya swears out Dazai for keeping him out of the loop like this.

Externally, he takes the paper with a bow and is excused shortly after by Mori-san, who makes no move the hide the amused smile on his face.

While Chuuya does itch to read the contents of the mission brief and know exactly what he's being dragged into it, he knows it's smarter to walk away from the Boss's offices before doing that. Typically, when Dazai hides missions from Chuuya it never ends well. If it were just a simple mission, then Chuuya might have been able to temper his annoyance and anger a bit.

As it stands, he knows this mission will be a lot bigger than he's expecting. It will be bigger and more dangerous, which is all the more reason why Dazai should have told him already!

So, yes, Chuuya waits until he's a few floors down from the Mori-san's office before unfolding the mission brief.

MISSION ASSIGNMENT

Needed agents: Dazai Osamu, Nakahara Chuuya

Mission length: Undetermined

Mission objective: Take down All For One / League of Villains

Sub-objective: Gather information on Pro Hero society

Additional information: Due to an increase in [Pro Heroes] and the [League of Villains] attempting to enter Yokohama agents [Dazai Osamu] and [Nakahara Chuuya] are required to take out the [League of Villains] and stop [Pro Hero] interference.

Ok, so maybe Dazai really did mean for that live stream to be a warning. That bastard likes to take the lazy route when possible, so it makes sense he would just put out some warning video and call it a day.

…

Then again, it still makes no sense for Dazai to do that. Being the fucking genius he is, Dazai should have expected retaliation for his live stream stunt. On top of that, the main objective of the mission is some… League of losers or whatever. It makes no sense for Dazai to target a hero, especially when it'll just end with Yokohama getting even more attention.

So, that bastard must have known the reaction his live stream would create. He was probably counting on it even, maybe even expecting the heroes to try and start a fight….

A chill runs down Chuuya's spine, one that warns him of the chaos to come.

A fight, sure, but against who? All the Pro heroes of Japan? If Chuuya uses Corruption, then he'd probably be able to take most of them down.

That just doesn't feel right though, it doesn't feel realistic. They'd probably take a smaller team if they wanted to get into Yokohama for the fight, a small team of the best fighters. The best would be the top ten…

"Hey Chuuya, who do you think is stronger, you or All Might?"

Bastard.

-

Dazai is given exactly no warning before a wild Chuuya appears and throws a punch right at his face. While he is very used to his partner's antics by now, dodging seems like too much effort, so instead he takes the hit. With his cheek stinging, Dazai turns to Chuuya with the most upset face he can muster, "Chuuya is so violent and for no reason." To really sell the act Dazai makes sure to pout a little and is beyond delighted when Chuuya scoffs. Chibi always gives the best reactions.

"No fuckin' reason? The Boss just told me about this new mission, mind explaining why you didn't bother to say anything?" Chuuya nears yells, now, to an outsider they may believe Dazai is about to get murdered. But Dazai knows Chibi well enough to categorise his anger levels, this is only about a 4/10, so a couple of punches to Dazai and maybe the nearby walls and he'll be fine.

Knowing Chibi so well is a necessity, that way Dazai knows just how much he can annoy his partner before Chuuya storms off and ignores him for a few days.

A hand grabbing his collar brings his attention back to the Chuuya in

front of him, “Well?”

Dazai shrugs, “I have no idea what you mean, Slug.” That earns him being shook back and forth at rapid speeds, how fun.

“Bastard! Give me the plan already! I’m not fighting fuckin’ All Might with no prior warning, you got that?” Chibi is very demanding in his tone, which almost makes Dazai want to refuse to tell him anything. After all, it's just too amusing to see his partner caught off guard mid-fight. Although, another part of him is pleased that Chuuya figured out who his main opponent will be already, an above-average Slug indeed.

Deciding to be nice, just this once, he concedes, “Chibi spoiled the surprise, so I guess I can tell you.” Once Chuuya lets go of his collar with a satisfied look on his face, Dazai begins laying out the plan. “Mori-san wants us to defeat All for One and his little League of Villains, and it just so happens that that League of wannabes has their eyes on attacking class 1A of UA high school.”

Chuuya interrupts, “What the- Explain it better, idiot! You know I don't keep up with all that hero shit."

Disappointing, but not surprising.

Dazai rolls his eyes, "That doesn't sound like my problem."

And just like that, Chuuya has his fists around Dazai's collar once again. Which, while amusing, is getting a little old now.

With a sigh, Dazai begins explaining in a Chiba-friendly way, "The League of Villains should be self-explanatory, All for One is their creepy leader. For whatever reason, he's decided that attacking a group of fifteen year old hero wannabes is the most effective way to be evil."

Chuuya is silent for a moment, likely thinking over the information, before nodding, "Alright, sure, but if our mission is to take down the League then why bother with that class?"

"Would Chuuya believe that I just felt like getting an education?"

"Absolutely not."

"Fine, fine," Dazai relents, "The sub-objective is getting information on pro hero society, which will be far easier in a school that creates said

pro heroes."

A look of dread soon takes place on Chuuya's face, almost like he's hoping Dazai won't say what he thinks he will. In reaction to this Dazai smirks, "That's right Chibi! We're going to school!"

Immediately Chuuya shakes his head, "No. I'm not going to any school, let alone one for hero nerds."

Dazai sighs and gestures for Chuuya to let go of his collar and sit down. Prior to the vicious attack on his face he had been enjoying a nice book (The Ultimate Guide to Suicide - Water Methods) in Chuuya's office. He would have gone to his own but there's paperwork there and frankly, Dazai doesn't want to do them, if he waits a few days Chuuya will do them for him anyway.

Anyway, it doesn't take long for Chuuya to join him on the fancy sofa that Chuuya had insisted be put in for some reason. Chuuya crosses his arms in a physical way of showing his defensiveness, in contrast, Dazai makes sure to adopt a more open position. "Here's what will happen Chibi, the top three or so pro heroes will come into Yokohama to defeat us. We'll give them a good fight but in the end, we lose, then before we can be tried for murder the principal of UA will give us a deal to do a 'reformation' course."

Dazai continues without pause, "After that, we stick with 1A to get information on pro heroes and when the opportunity strikes take down the League, sound good?" It's a rhetorical question, of course, too many things are in motion now for a plan change. Will that stop Chibi from answering? No, of course not.

"Not good," Chuuya answers as if on cue, "First of all, how the hell are they getting in Yokohama and how are you so sure that principal guy will give us a deal? Also, most importantly, I don't wanna go to some hero school!" Chuuya huffs with annoyance but Dazai ignores it like usual.

"They'll get in because an acquaintance of mine happens to know Principal Nedzu, who has already gotten in touch with him and asked to be let in. As for the deal, I know we'll get it because we are unfortunate, talented teenagers that were taken advantage of." Chuuya looks at him sceptically, his face perfectly conveys his judgement about that last sentence.

Obviously, neither of them are the pity cases that the pros will expect but, with a little bit of acting, no one will be the wiser. Dazai explains

this to his partner, “Right now they probably hate us but, when it comes down to it, heroes want to see the best in people. If we act a little sad, maybe a drop some information that makes it seem like we were forced into such a dark life, they will surely take pity on us."

Chuuya shoots him an unimpressed look, clearly still not on board with going to UA.

“You’re so hard to please Slug,” Dazai ignores the other’s sound of offence, “I don’t want to go to UA either, but it’s the easiest way…. The plan is also in motion already so you have no choice!”

Which, in truth, it is far from the easiest way. It is the plan that gets him out of doing actual Port Mafia work for the longest time though, which is the main reason Dazai decided to go with it.

That earns him a snack around the head, “God I hate being your partner.” Chuuya’s tone is both annoyed and defeated, a sign that he'll go along with Dazai's plan without complaint.

Now, the only thing left to do is get the exact information on which pros will be arriving and fine-tune the battle plan, after all, Dazai would hate to be defeated too early. It's not everyday he gets to fight the strongest pro heroes in all of Japan after all.

The top three will definitely make an appearance, possibly with that Erasurehead guy.

Which, now Dazai's thinking of it, maybe he should warn Chuuya about that guy. His Quirk works much like Dazai's No Longer Human, except all he needs to do is look at someone while activating his Quirk. Hypothetically, Chuuya could be mid-fight and suddenly be left without his Ability…

Dazai internally laughs, the thought of Chuuya being all confused out of the blue is just too good! Well, Dazai couldn't possibly warn Chuuya about him now!

-

The day of the mission arrives far too quickly for Aizawa’s taste.

The group of them, all six including Nedzu, leave for Yokohama just after the sunrises. It's early, maybe too early, but no one knows just how long this fight will end up being. Fighting at night would be a stupid move when in unfamiliar territory, especially when they have

little to no clue just who they'll be fighting over there.

Sure, the plan is to take on Dazai and Nakahara, but there is always the possibility of back up arriving. The quicker they take down those two boys, the quicker they can get out of Yokohama and back to safety.

Before leaving they had been fitted with earpieces and small body cameras, the earpieces would allow for communication between the Pros inside Yokohama and Nedzu, who will be waiting outside the barrier. The cameras will be linked up for the Principal to view in real-time, that way he can adjust the plan if needed and keep records of the fight for future reference.

They arrive at the barrier with no fanfare, only a single man stood waiting for them. The man, dressed in a neat suit and round glasses, steps forward to introduce himself once they have all left the transport vehicle, “Greetings everyone, my name is Sakaguchi Ango and I’ll be getting you into the barrier today.”

Aizawa nods in greeting while Principal Nedzu stepped forward, “Thank you for the help, Erasurehead and Snipe will be the first ones entering,” Nedzu gestures to them both before continuing, “The other three will enter once they have gotten into position.”

Sakaguchi nods, “Alright, are you ready now?”

There is no need to go over the plan again, not when Aizawa could repeat it in his sleep. Honestly, for the past few days, he’s been itching for the fight to happen already. So, despite his nerves, he nods at Snipe and then Principal Nedzu. With that confirmation, Nedzu gives them an encouraging smile, “Do your best, Plus Ultra.”

All Might and Hawks give them encouraging smiles, Aizawa doesn't bother to return one. With how early it is, Aizawa is sure any smile he'd give would turn into the creepy one Hizashi and Nemuri tease him about.

Without further ado, Aizawa and Snipe set off with Sakaguchi.

For a few minutes, they walk in silence along the barrier's edge. In truth, Aizawa has never been this close to the barrier before, there just wasn't any need for it. He's heard people talk about it though, about the shimmery barrier that is somehow both translucent and opaque at the same time.

Looking at it now, Aizawa can understand why so many people talk about it. If things were different, Aizawa wouldn't have minded taking some time to sit and admire it. Right now, though there are more pressing matters to focus on.

In front of him Sakaguchi quietly leads the way, he hasn't said a word since they left Nedzu and the other Pros. Aizawa knows Nedzu trusts the man, he wouldn't have went with this plan if he didn't, but Aizawa can't quite bring himself to say the same.

“Where are we going?” Through his many years as a teacher, and many more as a Pro, he has mastered the perfect tone to speak in, firm enough that it’s obvious he’s serious but not too emotional. Almost like he doesn’t care about getting an answer or what it may be.

Sakaguchi spares him a quick glance before looking away again, “The barrier surrounding Yokohama is impossible to get through, however, it would be impractical to cut off all ways of contact with the rest of Japan.” A few moments after he finishes speaking they arrive at what looks to be a covered entrance to an underground bunker, crouching down Sakaguchi unlocks the doors and opens one wide for all three of them to enter. “It was decided to make underground passages to allow for the transport of goods and ,in an emergency, people.”

Snipe and Aizawa share a look, one of brief distrust, before they walk into the tunnel. Sakaguchi follows behind them and closes the door with a thunk, each step took echoing down the tunnel. The walk isn’t a long one but the silence is unbearably enhanced by the soft echoing, Snipe, who likely feels the same, attempts to start a conversation. “So… Why'd the barrier get set up anyway?”

“Ability users aren’t too common and yet have always caused far too much trouble, the idea of those powers becoming commonplace must have given some poor government workers heart attacks,” Sakaguchi explains with a sigh, the look on his face giving Aizawa a sense of déjà vu. He's thinking of a specific troublemaker, Aizawa guesses.

His explanation does make sense, even with strict laws against public use Quirks have always been the major factor behind incidents. With Abilities being stronger than Quirks Aizawa can only imagine the chaos that would unfold.

In no time at all they arrive at the other side and, one door later, Aizawa and Snipe find themselves inside the barrier. The buildings around them give off the impressing of a busy city street and yet not a

single person is in sight, in fact, Aizawa can already see multiple signs of abandonment. Noticing Aizawa's questioning gaze Sakaguchi explains, "This area was abandoned some time ago due to an increase in gang activities, now it's used as storage space for the Port Mafia."

Storage space? Could this be where Mt. Lady had entered? Another question comes to mind soon after that, "How do you know Dazai and Nakahara will be here?"

"The Port Mafia have a sense of responsibility. If you make the mess you need to clean it, that sort of thing. Those two will be here, at some point anyway," Sakaguchi explains easily. Throughout the entire conversation his face remained still, almost like none of the their questions bothered him. That could mean he is trustworthy, or maybe a good liar—Aizawa isn't sure which it is yet.

Unaware of Aizawa's internal debate Sakaguchi bows shallowly to them, "I'll leave you to get into position. After the fight, I will be waiting at the tunnel with the door open, so do be quick."

He turns to leave but, with only a moment of contemplation, Aizawa quickly speaks, "Wait, I have one more question."

Sakaguchi glances back, his face still as impassive as before.

"Why are you helping us?" Aizawa asks, the question something he'd been thinking about since meeting the man.

The way Aizawa sees it, there isn't much of a reason for Sakaguchi to give up those two boys like that. It's too risky, who knows how the Port Mafia may react if two of their own are practically shipped off. That's not to mention the risk of bringing five Pro Heroes into Yokohama, what makes Sakaguchi trust that they'll stay true to their word?

For a moment Sakaguchi is silent, his eyes glancing between Aizawa and Snipe. Eventually, he sighs, "The Port Mafia… They have an important role here, that's why get they away with so much. Getting the world outside of Yokohama involved is a problem, one that we need to nip in the bud now."

Truthfully, that only gives Aizawa even more questions. An important role? Does that mean, on some level, the Port Mafia is accepted by the government here?

Sakaguchi doesn't wait around for anymore questions, with a final nod

he turns and walks away, leaving Aizawa and Snipe alone in enemy territory. The two men share a look, one that vaguely says ‘what have gotten ourselves into’, before beginning to scout out the best place to hide out.

Aizawa does his best to push any questions out of his mind, instead focusing on evaluating the merits of each possible vantage spot. Eventually, they decide on a large block of flats just on the corner of the street. If things go well the two boys should walk past them into the fight, hopefully allowing the Pros to limit where they can run to. The height of the building will keep them well hidden until it's time to use their respective Quirks.

They settle in, Aizawa crouching near the roof access door and Snipe preparing his guns near the edge. They do not attempt to make small talk, something Aizawa is grateful for.

When the other three Pros arrive it suddenly feels more real, Aizawa’s body itches to do something but he holds back. The boys aren’t here yet, he can’t give away his and Snipe’s position so quickly either.

There is part of him, a small part that he tries to push away, that feels doubt over this whole thing. Those two boys need to see repercussion for their actions, that much is true, but this… It feels like overkill to Aizawa.

Three, technically five, Pro Heroes versus two teenagers?

It'll be fine, Aizawa reassures himself, the other Pros are adults, they know when to back off and pull their punches. If those two go down too easily, if they aren't as strong as Nedzu expected, then the three Pros down there are more than capable to handle it.

Minutes tick by and all five of them stay deadly silent, none of them wanting to risk their positions being found out.

More time goes by but, just when Aizawa gets sick of the nerves eating away at him, the sound of laughter breaks the settled quiet. A quick glance at Snipe confirms that it wasn’t one of their own, although that confirmation would soon become redundant when a voice echoes across the empty buildings. “You say that every time Chibi and yet never do anything about it, I’m beginning to think you’re a liar!”

Quietly, Aizawa sneaks to the edge of the building and takes a peak, as suspected the targets are walking side by side with no one else in

sight. They haven't quite made it to Aizawa and Snipe's position yet, so the other three still have a few moments before the two boys round the corner and the fight commences. The two continue to talk, or rather argue if the yelling is anything to go by, without noticing Aizawa's steady gaze. In what feels like a lifetime later they finally reach the corner and turn in, only stopping when they notice the three Heroes waiting for them.

Distantly, Aizawa can hear Dazai speak, "Oh? It looks like we have intruders, how troublesome."

The other boy, Nakahara, slips into a fighting stance while nodding, "Seems we do."

Across from them, All Might takes a step forward and his bellowing voice is far easier to hear, "Young boys! Surrender now and we will not hurt you."

The two boys seem unbothered by the threat of violence, which either speaks of their confidence or naivety, only taking a glance at each other. A second later Nakahara speaks, "Hear that shitty Dazai? Maybe you should surrender then, save me the trouble of protecting your ass."

Dazai huffs, "So rude Chibi, I can handle myself you know."

The other Pros, seeing that their offer of mercy is being ignored, share a look at each other. Without warning Hawks zips forward, aiming right for Dazai. While Nedzu had warned him to keep a distance from the boy, it was agreed upon that Hawks would be the best way to start the fight, a swift attack like that would be hard to dodge even with prior warning. For a moment Aizawa is sure the attack will hit but, just at the last moment, Dazai reaches into his pocket and-

Bang.

Hawks swiftly pulls up, just barely dodging the bullet. Dazai takes a step back and keeps his eyes locked on Hawks, his gun already pointed upwards. From beside him, Nakahara breathes out a laugh, "Hah, can't even hit a bird Mr 'perfect aim.'"

Dazai doesn't spare him a glance as he responds, "This bird is a quick one, just like a certain Slug I know." His tone sounds both relaxed and annoyed, not at all on guard or worried. Aizawa had thought the two of them were only joking around in that live because Mt. Lady had no way to fight back, now, though, he's starting to think they always do

this. That type of attitude… It rubs Aizawa the wrong way.

Nakahara doesn't grace his friend with a response, instead, he turns his attention to All Might and Endeavor. A second later and the boy is covered in a red glow, "C'mon then, let's get this fight over with!" In a matter of moments, the boy has shot forward towards the top two Pros, once close enough he lifts a leg and aims a kick at All Might's stomach. All Might easily jumps backwards, a grim expression on his face.

"Very well, you leave me no choice." All Might gears up to send one of his famous punches towards the boy but is forced to stop when Endeavor jumps in front of Nakahara. The flame Hero sends a wave of fire towards the boy, clearly intent on burning him at close range. The amount of flames is excessive, especially when, once the flames settle, Endeavor looks around confused at the lack of Nakahara.

From Aizawa's vantage point, he could see how the boy jumped into the air when the flames flew outwards, how he stayed hovering just above Endeavor with a smirk on his face.

Aizawa taps on his earpiece, "Nakahara is above you." He watches in real-time as the flame Hero looks up and attempts to shoot another wave of fire, only for it to be once again dodged.

A second later his earpiece crackles on again but this time from Nedzu, "Nakahara's Ability is stronger than we expected, don't let your guards down." All Might seems to nod at the new information but, before he can speak, another gunshot rings out.

Aizawa looks back at the other fight, Hawks continues to circle Dazai while dodging his bullets. A few of his feathers come loose and shoot down towards the boy with deadly accuracy, they get closer and Aizawa is sure it's going to be a hit. Then again, he was sure the last attack was going to hit too.

Just as the feather gets to the boy a blue light is emitted, a second later the feather flutters down to the ground useless.

Part of Aizawa wants to be happy knowing that Dazai does have a touch-based erasure Ability, the other part realises that defeating him will be far more difficult now. If Hawks can't attack from a distance then they are only really relying on Snipe's bullet taking the boy down.

The earpiece crackles again, "Hawks, continue attacking Dazai

however you can, at the very least keep him distracted." As instructed Hawks sends down some more feathers, each one getting their own flash of blue light before falling to the ground.

"Hey, Chibi! I don't suppose you want a feather for that tacky hat?" Dazai shouts over at his partner as he begins walking backwards, eyes never glancing away from Hawks. Aizawa, against better judgement, admires his focus. Not many of his students can say they have the same talent of staying focused, in battle or otherwise.

Looking back over Aizawa can see Nakahara dodge a blast of air from one of All Might's attacks, which ends up hitting a building, before yelling back, "Fuck off about the hat already!" Nakahara leaps from the ground onto the side of the building that had taken All Might's attack. With a swift movement, he lands near the collapsed rubble and places a hand on it, not long after the same red glow that surrounds him covers the pieces of wall.

A rather large chunk of wall is sent flying out towards Endeavor, just barely clipping him on the shoulder as the flame Hero made an attempt to dodge. Nakahara continues to shoot out wall at All Might and Endeavor while expertly dodging attacks, not even a moment later Nedzu speaks once again, "Nakahara's Ability is also touch-based, do not allow him to touch you."

An uncomfortable thought enters Aizawa's mind, if Nakahara did touch them would he be able to throw them as easily as he does the chunks of wall? He sincerely hopes they do not find out.

Taking a quick glance back Aizawa finds that Hawks is now attempting dive attacks, each one seems to be driving Dazai backwards and into the zone of the other fight. Is that an intentional move by Hawks? By bringing the two fights together it may be easier to overwhelm the two boys but, at the same time, it also limits the attacks of the Pros.

Nakahara throws another chunk of wall at Endeavor, who responds by running towards the boy. The boy who is now almost back-to-back with Dazai.

Aizawa sees the moment it happens in slow motion, Endeavor shoots off a particularly large wave of flames just as Hawks swoops down to attack Dazai. Unfortunately, both boys take a dive out of the attack zone leaving Hawks and the wave of fire with nothing in between. For a heart-stopping moment, Aizawa thinks Hawks won't be able to avoid

being burnt, but at the last moment, he pulls upwards successfully avoiding most of the fire. The tips of his feathers seem a little crispy along with his clothes, which are now slightly blackened. Hawks wastes no time in yelling, “Hey, you almost burnt me!”

Endeavor does what could be seen as an apologetic bow but more closely resembles a shallow head nod.

Aizawa ignores the annoyance he feels at that, instead focusing in on hiding where Nakahara had ran off to. It seems that, during the commotion, Nakahara had slipped around Endeavor and is now running towards All Might.

If All Might managed to land a hit, then there would be no doubt the boy would be out of commission for the rest of the fight. Due to Nakahara’s Ability, however, they cannot take that risk, for now All Might is stuck punching upwards to create gusts of wind.

(Aizawa is partially glad All Might isn't able to hit the kid, he's seen how much power is packed into those punches.)

As Nakahara quickly approaches All Might, he scoffs, “You guys are real shit at teamwork.”

A gunshot rings out once more and Aizawa’s eyes find Dazai, who he had completely lost sight of after the near miss, shooting repeatedly for Hawks. Hawks continues to dodge the bullets but, to Aizawa’s horror, it seems they are getting closer each time.

Before there was a good amount of distance between the Hero and a dodged bullet. Now, however, Aizawa can see the edges of Hawks’ wings barely pull out of the way in time, which frankly adds another layer to this whole mess. Dazai is aiming for Hawks’ wings, likely to get him out of the air and easier to hit. That sort of tactic is smart but not something a 15-year-old should be coming up with, the combination of attempting to use Endeavor’s own fire to burn Hawks feels like a warning. A warning that these two boys are more of a threat than expected.

Frustratingly, it seems Endeavor has abandoned the plan as he begins attacking Dazai. While the flames may be effective, it does mean that Hawks can’t get any closer to the boy without being toasted, a fact that seems to please Dazai somewhat.

“What’s wrong bird boy,” Dazai yell up at Hawks while shooting a round at Endeavor, “Don’t wanna get any closer?”

Despite wearing a mask, Aizawa gets the impression Snipe has the same exasperated look on his face when Endeavor huffs with anger at being ignored. The Pro makes to shoot a burst of fire at Dazai, something that makes Aizawa even more annoyed, when he is abruptly hit and flown across the street.

It seems that Nakahara, in the few moments Aizawa had looked away, had gotten his hands on one of the many abandoned cars around the street and took a shot at the distracted Endeavor, a shot that would have definitely broken a few of the man's ribs.

Through the earpiece Aizawa can hear Nedzu checking that Endeavor is ok and instructing him to stay in place, he lets the chatter fall into nothingness as the feeling to do something comes back in full force.

Something in Aizawa is warning him that the end is coming, that he will need to use his Quirk soon and be ready for it. Deciding to trust his gut, Aizawa blocks out any distractions and focuses solely on Nakahara. For a few minutes nothing seems any different, the boy continues to jump out of the way of attacks and launch his own back, not even breaking a sweat whilst doing so.

Then, Aizawa sees it. A brief moment when Nakahara uses his Ability to jump upwards to escape an attack, a moment where he's still in the air completely focused on All Might. He's high enough that a fall would hurt but, as long as he doesn't fall on his head, wouldn't kill him. He's relaxed too, enough that any major disruption would throw him off.

Erasure activates.

Aizawa watches as Nakahara loses the red glow around his body and begins plummeting to the ground, helpless as gravity breaks free from his control.

Everyone seems to pause for a moment as Nakahara hits the ground, a crack audible even from up on the building's top. Despite the pain he must be in, the boy jumps back up, his left arm dangling uselessly at his side. Aizawa keeps his eyes on the boy at all times to ensure his Ability stays erased but can still hear the sounds of gunshots. A second later Dazai yells, "Ha! That was an impressive fall Chuuya!" His voice doesn't sound worried at all, it's more akin to amusement.

Nakahara takes a few steps backwards and keeps his eyes set on All Might, "I cannot stand you!"

Dazai shoots back almost as quickly as his gun, “Fall then—Oh wait, you already did~”

Aizawa is, admittedly, somewhat worried and disturbed, these two don’t seem like friends at all. Laughing and teasing when your friend just fell a substantial height and broke his arm? Not normal.

Regardless of his own reservations about the relationship between the two boys, Aizawa makes sure to keep his eyes on Nakahara as the boy continues to move back out of All Might’s range.

Principal Nedzu must have picked up on the clear lack of care between the two of them as he speaks just a few moments later, “Move to backup plan 3.”

In backup plan 3 they take the two boys down separately with harsher attacks that don’t rely on their relationship. If Aizawa wasn’t focusing on Nakahara he would have noticed Hawks seemingly pushing Dazai in a specific direction, he would have noticed when a wave of flames ambushed Dazai and caught his coat on fire. Dazai let out a panicked noise, one that drew the attention of Nakahara, as he attempted to put the flames out. Hawks took another dive at him causing the bandaged boy to be forced to dodge while putting the flames out, the most distracted he had been the entire fight.

Using this brief window Aizawa hears Snipe aim and shoot, the pained swear a second later confirms he had hit the mark. Snipe had been told to aim somewhere non-lethal but would still hinder the boy, he was also told to use special bullets that knock the victim unconscious after being hit. Assuming he had managed that, Dazai should be out of commission right now, which only leaves Nakahara.

Aizawa notices when Nakahara’s face flashes worried for a moment before it changes to determination. It’s admirable that he hasn’t surrendered yet, most people faced with this situation would have given in by now. This boy however, keeps getting up and fighting, even when Dazai has already been taken down.

Eventually, the fight must come to an end.

All Might manages to knock Nakahara down with a strong blast of wind, the boy falling right onto his broken arm with a yelp. The momentary pause between Nakahara falling and getting up gives Snipe just the right amount of time to get a shot in, with the use of his Quirk it hits perfectly. Not two moments later and Nakahara no longer fights to get up, both he and Dazai are out cold on the street floor.

Aizawa finally blinks and shares a look with Snipe, he grins and speaks into his earpiece, “Principal, mission complete.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone, I really really hope you liked this chapter, I’m kinda scared the fight wasn’t as good as people were expecting haha. It was kinda hard to write because I had to find a good balance, like SKK are strong enough that it’s satisfying to read them beating the Pros but also not too strong that it feels unrealistic. And by that, I mean like too strong that the Pros think it’s suspicious that they lost in the end, which also brings up Nedzu. Honestly, trying to balance Nedzu and Dazai so they are both smart but not too smart is going to be a pain. It already is and they haven’t even interacted yet T-T. I am also not confident in my fighting scenes so hopefully, it isn’t too bad. I'm also kinda worried Dazai's POV was OOC, ahhh the struggles of a writer~~~

Fun facts!:
- Originally the contact was going to be Fukuzawa who saw the live stream and wanted to get SKK out of Mori’s grasp somehow. I then realised that it would make more sense for it to be Ango as then Dazai has more control over the situation.
- Once again, this has no plan so I keep changing things based on what the comments are saying. Like, someone says ‘oh I think xyz will happen’ and I go ‘Oh yea good point, lemme just steal that idea.’ It’s kinda fun and also helps me keep the characters from getting too OOC.
- When I was writing the bits with Nedzu, especially last chapter, I kept thinking about that one Gordon Ramsay line. 'I found a contact with criminal connections and set up a covert meeting with a drug dealer.' I think it fits him.
- When I first started this chapter the Chuuya POV was a lot shorter and then went straight into the Aizawa POV. I kept having trouble writing the Aizawa POV though so I decided to have fun and write some SKK interactions :)

Ah man, all I can think of is if the fight came out good. The Pros should have gotten beaten around more huh... Oh well, I'm not re-writing it. Please do let me know what you thought of the fight, oh and also how you think this fic will end! Because again, I only have a loose idea and frankly you readers have a bunch of good ones. If there are any grammar errors let me know because my only beta is Grammarly, which doesn't work all that well sometimes haha.

Thank you so much for reading! <33333

Chapter 4: An offer is made

Chapter Summary

> *'There is silence for a moment, and then the class breaks into chaos. Almost everyone is freaking out, someone is crying, Bakugou is yelling again and- Is that Kaminari hiding under his desk?'*

Chapter Notes

> CW: Mentions of injuries gained in the last chapter (not graphic)
>
> Let me know if I missed anything!
>
> (Rewritten as of 7.12.25)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dazai is, very rudely, awoken by the harsh clanking of metal. He's already in so much pain, what with getting set on fire and being shot, so why couldn't they let him sleep a little longer?

Although, judging by the meagre amount of light streaming in through the window, he must have slept for longer than usual. Whatever sleeping drug Snipe had put in those bullets had worked better than expected, maybe he should look into getting some for personal use.

Looking around, Dazai knows exactly where he is, prison! Or rather, a middle-security holding centre meant for interrogations before being sentenced. The grey walls, metal bed, and general feel of the place scream prison but Dazai had done his research and knew with 90% certainty that he and Chuuya would be sent here. The pros need them somewhere locked up, secure, but nothing too extreme yet as they still need to get the police involved.

Although, Dazai muses, they could have been a little nicer about it. The handcuffs fit a little too snugly and might just be cutting his circulation. Not to mention the fact they took his coat but left him in the rest of his bloody and slightly burnt clothes, surely all of this isn't good for his gunshot wound? If he dies from infection then the pros will probably rejoice but that also sounds very painful, so not the ideal death he is hoping for.

A loud clank brings his attention up to the cell door where a security guard glares at him with clear hatred, Dazai meets his gaze head-on.

“Get over here.” The guard demands, on a normal day Dazai might refuse the order to see what would happen. Perhaps the guard would force him out? Maybe bring some others in for backup? Or maybe, in a fit of annoyance and anger, the guard would strike him down right there. Today, however, he must tone down his... 'Dazai-ness' as Chuuya would call it.

For this mission he needs to be a poor teenager who only has Chuuya to care for him, so sad and depressed that he has lost all morals, so far gone that he sees no problem in killing other people. Not too far gone though, else the pro heroes will think him a lost cause.

Everything about this mission will involve balancing being bad enough but not too bad, smart enough but not too smart.

So, instead of causing trouble, he stands and walks over to the gates, passively letting the guard apply more restraints before opening the cell and dragging Dazai out.

They walk in silence, although it seems the guard wants to say something. Dazai can easily tell that he won’t though, he’ll stay quiet for now and let this rage simmer. He must have seen the live stream and found it particularly disgusting, must have taken offence to it on a personal level.

When they reach their destination the guard just shoves him inside, clearly not trusting himself to speak yet. Inside the room is the typical set-up you would see on TV, multiple stations with the intention of creating a record for whichever criminal was unfortunate enough to get caught. There are a few more guards inside the room, one that shoves Dazai along to a metal table. One side has a computer screen and keyboard along with many papers and pens, the other side has a link to chain handcuffs down. Dazai sits and allows his handcuffs to be chained up and watches as another guard sits opposite him.

The guard, Okumura if the name badge is anything to go by, types a few things on the computer before speaking bluntly, “Name.”

“Dazai Osamu.”

“Age.”

“15.” That answer gets a few alarmed looks from the other guards in the room.

“Birthday.”

“June 19.”

There are a few more questions, boring ones that he hardly pays attention to. Dazai had thought being arrested would be more interesting than this, after all, everyone in the Port Mafia makes such a big deal about avoiding the police.

Then again, had he been arrested back in Yokohama it likely would have been. The police would freak out upon finding out he is the infamous Demon Prodigy, the Port Mafia would then storm the place to get him back out, not to mention how mad Chibi would be. Ahhh, that would be far more entertaining than answering simple questions and getting his fingerprints stamped. Maybe, once this mission is over with, Dazai can go get himself arrested in Yokohama.

Getting shoved in front of a camera, with the instruction to face forward, is by far the most interesting part of the whole experience. The guard looks unimpressed when he smiles for the picture, not that Dazai pays him any attention. Maybe if he asked politely enough they would let him keep a copy of his mugshot, he could even make a matching set with Chuuya’s.

Getting logged in the system was never the main event anyway. No, the main event is when he’s led into an empty interrogation room and left chained to the table.

In order to get what he wants from all this Dazai will need to make sure this goes perfectly, play the part of pitiful, manipulated teenager just right to catch the attention of his target, the principal of UA.

Principal Nezu has an intelligence Quirk, so he’ll likely be sitting behind that one-way mirror attempting to analyse Dazai. Now, if Dazai could be picky, he would rather avoid dealing with the rat-bear-mouse all together. Having someone that matches his own intelligence be an important part of the plan leaves more room for being caught.

So, in order to avoid being seen though by Nezu, Dazai must play this very carefully. The best way to do this would be to have layers, ones that he intentionally allows Nezu to see through to make him feel smart.

The outer most layer will be the closest to his usual personality, although with a few tendencies tuned back and the pitiful factors ramped up to a ten. For the teachers at UA, this will be enough to create a worrisome image of a teenager dealt the wrong hand in life.

The layer just below that will be for Nezu, a layer with just the right level of cunning intelligence. Dazai will never dumb himself down, no matter the circumstance, but he wants Nezu to think his intelligence is being wasted. That, if given the right resources, he could do so much more.

The last layer is the final defence, one last mask to keep his true self away from messing the plan up. If any of those masks slip up or get seen through then the mission is in danger of failing, especially if Nezu sees through the entire thing.

Chuuya, on the other hand, shouldn't need to worry about masks and such, all he needs to do is act the same as usual, albeit a little more caring for Dazai. While that task may be very difficult for such a small-brained Slug, Dazai has confidence, especially since Chuuya's personality is perfect for the goal he wishes to achieve. With such a strict moral compass the Chibi is sure to gain the trust of the pros quickly, which would make Dazai more trustworthy by association.

The door opens and in walks a familiar face. Erasurehead, otherwise known as Aizawa Shouta, walks steadily into the corner of the room and leans gently against the wall. The urge to say something to the pro about the fight they were both in is tempting, but Dazai doesn't want to let anyone know he was aware of the man's presence there just yet. It would make sense for him to have a guess, something along the lines of him having searched Aizawa up due to their similar nullifying talents before and realised he must have been present when Chuuya fell.

A plain-looking man enters next, a policeman or maybe detective, and takes the seat across from Dazai. Another man enters, this time in a blue policeman uniform, and-

And he has the head of a dog.

Instinctively he pulls back slightly, his body fighting to tense up as he keeps his visible eye locked on the dog-man. Out of all the possible mutant quirks that could have walked through that door it had to be the one animal he can't stand, the one animal that could break his carefully crafted masks. Sure, Dazai can keep it together when around those cursed creators, but his precision drops significantly.

Not for the first time Dazai finds himself cursing Mori and his methods internally.

Evidently, he must have pulled some type of face upon seeing the dog-

man as he growls slightly, “You have a problem with mutant Quirks, kid?” For a second Dazai doesn’t register the words, still hung up on the fact the dog-man growled, god, will he start slobbering next?

Once he does register the words he is hit with how stupid a question it is, he’s from Yokohama. There are no quirks there and any transformation Abilities are temporary, so it’s only logical he would be creeped out by a mutant Quirk at first. None of that particularly bothers Dazai though, just the damn dog head. “Nope, just dogs.”

The officer across from him looks confused, “What?”

Dazai huffs while keeping his uncovered eye on the dog-man, “I don’t like dogs, mutant or not. It’s not hard to understand.” While revealing one of his few fears may be a stupid move, Dazai has a feeling it will give him an advantage. Being scared of such a common thing will humanise him, if that’s truly possible, to anyone watching. It could also even end with the dog-man leaving the room, which would be the ideal situation.

If the dog-man doesn't leave then so be it, Dazai will have to pull himself together and focus on the plan.

The three other men seem to have a silent conversation before the man sitting in front of Dazai sighs, “Kaiinu-san, could you please leave?” The dog-man seems somewhat unhappy about this but leaves with a shallow bow, Dazai does his best not to look too relieved.

With that out of the way the man speaks again, “I am Detective Tsukauchi Naomasa, now, Dazai-kun, would you be willing to answer a few questions?”

Dazai relaxes a bit now the dog-man has left and flicks his eyes over to Aizawa, just to show he noticed that the man didn’t get an introduction, before nodding, “Sure, but only if I get to ask a question.”

Tsukauchi seems hesitant but nods, “I can’t guarantee I can answer but you can ask.”

“How is Chuuya?” Dazai asks and makes sure his tone is both relaxed and interested, he wants to sound like he cares for the Chibi but is trying to hide it. Typically, he wouldn’t bother asking about the health or whereabouts of Chuuya because there is simply no need, no one could truly hurt Chuuya apart from himself. This time, however, he needs to seem more concerned and, hopefully, Chuuya will do

something similar in his interview.

Tsukauchi takes a moment to deliberate his words before responding, “He’s doing just fine, no need to worry. We’ll be interviewing him just after you.” Again, not worried but it’s nice to know Slug hasn’t keeled over too soon. It’s also useful to know Dazai is being interrogated first, if Nezu offers the deal like planned then the Slug should have an easier time in his own interrogation. The detective doesn’t wait too long before speaking again, “How long have you been in the Port Mafia?”

A good question to gain some pity, “Officially, two years.” Dazai notices Aizawa stand a little stiffer in the corner, likely doing the maths that a 13-year-old joined the Mafia. Tsukauchi too seems affected by it, perhaps he’s one of those types that try to protect children above all else, almost like Odasaku in a way.

Despite his pale face, Tsukauchi continues, “Officially?”

Dazai hums slightly before answering, “I lived with someone who was… Affiliated with the Port Mafia and a few other gangs. When he joined I went along too.” Dazai hopes someone picks up on the lack of familial terms, an orphan who was forced into a life of crime is far more pitiable than a depressed child chasing death. The bandages covering most of his body should already be concerning them, revealing a sad history will add to that nicely.

The detective writes something down and, still looking faintly sick, asks another question, “Why would he take you to join?”

He takes a moment before answering, almost like he needs to think about why someone would want him in the Mafia. “My Ability has no exceptions to its nullifying, it’s rather useful,” Dazai smirks a little in what he hopes is an arrogant way, “He also believes me to be a quick learner, if that’s true, well, I know I’m better than that Chibi at least.”

“So you could say he had you join for your Ability and intelligence?” Tsukauchi is trying not to sound upset but it failing, which is great news for the plan. The more people that fall for the ‘young child forced into the Mafia to be used for his talents’ the smoother everything will go. Part of Dazai wishes he could be present for when the detective finds out about Chuuya’s past, even excluding his time before the Sheep, Dazai is confident that Chibi’s life will cause a tear or two. Dazai nods in response to the question, carefully making it so he seems unaffected by the topic.

It seems the detective needs a moment to collect himself as the next question doesn't come for a few more minutes. "And your Ability, can you tell us more about it?"

"No Longer Human nullifies Abilities and their effects." Confirming what they should already know and giving just a tiny bit of new information, knowing that he's immune to the effects of Abilities, and by extension Quirks, is very valuable knowledge indeed.

Tsukauchi nods, "Let's move on now, can you explain what happened when Mt. Lady entered Yokohama?"

"Well, she got in and broke Port Mafia supplies. Me and Chuuya were sent to deal with her." His explanation is far too simple but that's intended. If Nezu really is as smart as rumoured then he likely has an idea about how high up the command he and Chuuya are, the rest of the pros and police are a different story. By keeping his story simple it's more believable that he isn't of much importance.

The detective is smart as it seems, "Who sent you there?" A name wouldn't really matter, not when the pros know nothing about the Port Mafia and its members, but that's only a part of what the detective wants. If Dazai answers something like 'the Boss' then that gives away that he gets direct orders from the Port Mafia boss, thus revealing how high in command he is. It would also tell the police whether Mt. Lady's death was an attack by the Port Mafia or just two boys attacking on their own. That's a lot of important information from a simple question.

"My superior."

"And who is that?"

Dazai shakes his head, "I can't tell you that."

This being the first, and if things go to plan last, interrogation Tsukauchi mustn't be too worried about getting details from him just yet. A few names that his team can research maybe, something to give to the press, in future sessions is where he would press for more names and information. Again, those sessions shouldn't happen at all so no information is at risk, not like they could get anything out of him anyway.

For now, Tsukauchi nods while writing, "Do you have any idea who let her inside Yokohama?"

“Maybe it was your little friend,” Dazai watches with mild amusement as Tsukauchi tenses at the question. Smirking he leans forward in his chair and looks over at Aizawa, “Who got you in? I’m dying to know which organisation helped.”

Aizawa meets his gaze head-on with an impressive poker face, “Why would I know?” The real question is ‘What makes you think I was there?’

“I’ve done research before,” Dazai starts, “My Ability is quite similar to your Quirk, so I know who you are Erasurehead. Chuuya never loses control of his Ability like that, so I knew from the moment he fell from the sky that you must have been around. You’re here now too, so do tell, who let you in?”

Aizawa stays quiet, he must be thinking over what would be best to say in this situation. His answer soon becomes irrelevant as the door opens and in walks exactly who he wanted to see, Nezu. The bear-mouse walks in confidently, and both Tsukauchi and Aizawa bow in greeting to him, Tsukauchi even goes so far as to offer Nezu his chair. The principal takes him up on that offer and jumps up onto the chair before laying his beady eyes on Dazai, “You have been quite the surprise.”

Dazai tilts his head slightly with a clearly fake smile, “A good surprise I hope?”

Nezu laughs a little, “I had expected two arrogant teenagers, but you seem a little smarter than that.” The bear-mouse takes a moment to observe him before continuing, “I’m curious about you.”

This is where things get real, so to speak. Nezu is testing him, trying to determine just how smart Dazai is. This is where his acting becomes important, too smart and Nezu will be suspicious, not smart enough and he will lose interest. To strike the balance Dazai adopts a more genuine facial expression, one that seems a bit confused, curious, worried even, but still confident. He’s confident in himself and that’s what will bring Nezu to make the offer, the offer he needs to get so the mission can succeed.

A silent moment later Nezu smiles and nods, almost like confirming something to himself. “Very well, I have an offer for you and your friend.”

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Like most days, Chuuya wakes up and immediately begins swearing Dazai out. That much is normal, what isn't normal is waking up with a broken arm, a gunshot wound, and being locked up.

For a moment he remains laid down on the uncomfortable metal bed, really just letting everything sink in. Dazai already told him to go easy on the pros, that in the end, they had to lose the fight for the plan to work. That part didn't bother him, no, it was the fact stupid Dazai keep information from him yet again! Had Chuuya been informed that the pros brought along a nullifier then he wouldn't have used Upon the Tainted Sorrow so much, he certainly wouldn't have used it to fly upwards either, which wouldn't have left him with a broken arm.

For a good hour or so Chuuya stews in his anger at Dazai, only briefly interrupted when he got taken to get a record created. The whole process was boring really, the questions were all standard ones, although it did annoy him when his fingerprints got stamped. At some point before he woke up they must have taken his coat and hat, hopefully, he could get those back, and then they refused to give him his gloves back after the fingerprints. Without his gloves, hat or Dazai around Chuuya could feel the buzzing of Arahabaki threatening to take control over him.

Logically, he knew that there was no way for that to happen unless Chuuya wanted it to, but still, the gloves helped to keep his focus when the other options where unavailable. Unfortunately, no amount of demanding made the guards see reason and give him the gloves back. After that, he was dumped back into his cell and promptly ignored.

Getting out of this place would be a pain if the plan falls through, without his Ability Chuuya would have to rely on hand-to-hand. Finding Dazai would be another problem entirely, not to mention if he starts fighting people they might intentionally hide Dazai or use him as a trap. Of course, Corruption would solve most of the major problems but it also creates an even bigger one, if too many pros turn up over a delayed time then Chuuya will spend far too long in his Corruption form. The bigger issue would be if Dazai could get to him in time and get them both out, which he probably has a plan for but still. Once again the Mackerel didn't inform him of any backup plan so Chuuya will just have to trust the idiot has one.

A guard snaps Chuuya out of his thoughts and, for a moment, he thinks they might know he's thinking about which way would be most effective to beat them all up. That doesn't seem to be the case though,

so Chuuya relaxes a tad while following their commands. Just like the last time he got taken out of his cell the guard straps him with more restraints and leads him off to a different room, predicatively he's led right into an interrogation room.

Soon after he's been chained to the table three people enter the room, the first two aren't too significant to Chuuya but the last one catches his eye. Dazai had described the principal of UA to be a 'bear-mouse thing', which at the time Chuuya had dismissed as nonsense. Looking at the guy now he can admit Dazai was right, but that's not the point. The point is that if the principal of UA is coming in here right away then a deal has likely already been struck.

Two of the three sit down in chairs across from him, Chuuya pays them attention but does keep an eye on the homeless-looking guy in the corner. For a second no one speaks, so he decides to break the silence. "Where's Dazai?"

The man shakes his head, "I'm not allowed-"

Chuuya cuts him off, "I don't care what you're allowed to do or not, tell me what you've done with him." According to Dazai's plan, he should act a little desperate here, really make it seem like it's just the two of them against the world. Admittedly, he finds it easy to act this way. That idiot gets hurt far too much and it's always left to Chuuya to deal with it, so yea, maybe he's authentically worried about him. Right now he's probably sitting in a cell picking at his gunshot wound and letting it get infected.

The principal, Nezu if he remembers correctly, answers for the other guy, "Dazai-kun is doing fine, we just had an interview with him actually." The bear-mouse gestures to himself then the man beside him, "I am Nezu, principal of UA high school and this is Detective Tsukauchi Naomasa. The detective has a few questions to ask you, but first, I have an offer to make."

Chuuya leans back a little and hums, "I don't know if I believe you about how the Mackerel is, but if you have an offer I assume you gave it to him first?"

Nezu nods, "Yes, he was quite agreeable in that regard. Now, I've been told you'll only consider saying yes if we pass along a certain phrase?" Ah yes, the code phrase.

For situations like this the two of them have different phrases that sound innocent enough but pass along information between them.

Typically a phrase will include some way of saying ‘going along with the plan’, ‘won’t end well’, ‘caution needed’ etc. If Nezu says the right phrase then Chuuya can trust that the deal he’s getting is the same one Dazai agreed to.

Chuuya nods for him to continue, with that prompting Nezu speaks again, “The good doctor works well under pressure.”

Chuuya keeps his face passive despite the sigh of relief he wants to let out. That particular phrase is a good one to hear, ‘The good doctor’ refers to Mori and ‘works’ means mission, that word combo tells Chuuya things are going according to the mission set by Mori, that it’s working. ‘Well’ says the deal is a good one, ‘under pressure’ implies that there are a few complications. So, in full the phrase means ‘Mori’s mission is going well, the deal is advantageous for us but with some negatives.’ The fact Dazai had used ‘under pressure’ and not say, ‘in emergencies’ shows that the negatives aren’t a large issue. Something small like having to keep the handcuffs on or something.

“What’s the offer?”

Nezu smiles before explaining, “For a reduced sentence the two of you will come to UA and give our students some practical fighting experience, of course, you’ll still need to serve some time in prison.”

That… isn’t right, is it? If it was Chuuya crafting a phrase around that he would use something with more weight than ‘under pressure’, hell he probably would have used a different sentence entirely. Something like ‘The good doctor struggles to work in emergencies’, so, either Dazai thinks differently on whether that’s a good deal or Nezu is offering a different deal to Chuuya. Having worked with Dazai for some time now he knows how the guy thinks, what he thinks is a good deal or not and that one? Yea no, not that good.

Chuuya gives Nezu a look, “And that’s what Dazai agreed to?”

The bear-mouse looks serious for a moment before shaking his head, “Not at all!” He exclaims with a grin, “I had a hunch that phrase would tell you about the offer, so I thought to test it. It seems I was right!”

If this guy turns out to be a Dazai 2.0 then Chuuya might go insane, dealing with one is already a hassle. Fighting back the urge to do something stupid Chuuya sighs, “What’s the real deal?”

“Ah! Yes,” Nezu starts, “the two of you will join UA, specifically class

1A. While there you will help the students with their fighting and planning skills and also protect them should the League of Villains attack again. You'll also be attending morality and ethics lessons and therapy sessions in the hopes of turning you two into upstanding members of society."

That sounds more like the type of deal Dazai would agree to, it doesn't sound that bad at all. Heh, maybe he'll get to fight some of those hero kids too, see if they're any good or not. With a grin, Chuuya responds, "Yea, that sounds fine to me."

-

Aizawa has 1A's homeroom in ten minutes, which, normally, wouldn't be a point of worry. While they might be annoying at times, his class is capable of staying quiet when he needs them to be and a majority of them do try in lessons.

Today, however, he is not looking forward to it due to the announcement he must make. How in the world is he going to break the news that the two murderers that traumatised them just a week before will be joining their class? Had he been given prior warning about this then he would have slowly brought it up to the class, get them used to the idea and all that. As things typically go with Principal Nezu Aizawa only first heard of this when the deal was offered to Dazai, afterwards, he had cornered Nezu for an explanation. What he got was, "Those two are very interesting, when I think I have them figured out they do something that changes my mind. Besides, you feel bad for them don't you?"

Which is somewhat true ,yes. Originally, Aizawa had felt no sympathy for the two boys. Then he learnt that Dazai had joined the Port Mafia at 13 and that he had been involved with gang activities for years before that. The boy is smart, has to be to catch Nezu's attention, and yet was clearly manipulated into joining the Mafia. And for what? A useful Ability and intelligence? Nakahara wasn't any better either, the kid didn't tell them the whole story but Aizawa can make a few assumptions from what he did say. Both of them were dealt a bad childhood which is no fault of their own, if they had a different upbringing would they be the same? No, they wouldn't be.

He feels bad for them, that much is certain, but there is part of him that refuses to get too attached.

Aizawa sighs and starts making his way to class, there won't be an

easy way to break the news to his class but hopefully, he can soften the blow. When he arrives at the classroom everyone is already present and sat in the correct seats, great, they can get this started quickly.

“There’s an important announcement I need to tell you,” He starts and the class falls silent, “Recently, me and four other Pro Heroes got into Yokohama and engaged those two boys in a fight. We won.” The class bursts into noise, most of the class cheers, some start insulting the two boys, Midoriya starts muttering like usual. A quick flash of his Quirk silences the class once more, “Don’t interrupt, there’s more.”

“Yokohama is known as the Quirkless City, which is for the most part true. However, a small percentage of Yokohama possess what is called an Ability, these are powers similar to Quirks but also very different,” Aizawa flicks on the projector so that the three main facts about Abilities are shown, “First of all they are not genetic, having two Ability user parents does not guarantee an Ability user child.”

He continues while ignoring the muttering from Midoriya once again, “Abilities have limitations, but not negative drawbacks like Quirks. Finally, Abilities are stronger than Quirks, these three facts are vital for dealing with Ability users.”

As expected not that many students seem the believe that last point, least of all Bakugou who scoffs loudly, “Hah, yea right. I’ll blow any Ability user sky high!”

Aizawa barely suppresses the urge to roll his eyes at the boy's arrogance, “Those two boys are Ability users.” With another click the board projector changes the image, this time it shows the two boys’ mugshots along with their names and Ability names. “Dazai has a touch-based nullification Ability while Nakahara has a more powerful version of Uraraka’s Quirk, you’ll learn more detail in the coming days. The two of them put up more of a fight against the top 3 Pros than I expect any of you could currently, so don’t underestimate Abilities.”

Whispers break out across the class with varying levels of volume. Eventually, Iida raises his hand. Once Aizawa gesture for him to speak the boy goes ahead, “Sensei! I would like to know why we are being told about this?”

Well, no time like the present. “When we interviewed the two we found some distressing things, there is a very high chance the two of

them were manipulated into joining the Mafia at a young age. Principal Nezu… Well, he took an interest in them," Aizawa pauses for breath before continuing, "Rather than being sent to prison, the two of them will be joining 1A. The goal of this is to rehabilitate them while also offering all of you some real-life fighting experience with tough enemies, they'll also act as protection should anything happen to you all."

There is silence for a moment, and then the class breaks into chaos. Almost everyone is freaking out, someone is crying, Bakugou is yelling again and—Is that Kaminari hiding under his desk? With a headache already forming Aizawa slams his hands down on the nearest hard surface to demand the class's attention, fortunately, it does work and the noise level drops significantly. "Look," Aizawa starts, "I understand this is alarming, but be reassured that those two will be under constant supervision by me or another Pro. If they try anything we have a plan already in place to subdue them."

Some of the class seems reassured by this but a large portion still looks on the edge of a breakdown. "If anyone does not want to be in class with them then I will arrange for you to join 1B when they are present, does anyone wish for that?" Aizawa falls silent and watches as some of his class consider the offer. In the end, no one raises their hand, which is slightly surprising to Aizawa. Mentally he makes a note to speak to everyone individually before the duo officially joins, just to make sure everyone is truly comfortable.

With that issue settled Aizawa simply nods and continues on, "In the next couple of days Dazai and Nakahara will move into the dorms while you guys are in class, after that, they will officially join the lesson."

"Wait... They're gonna live with us?" Kaminari exclaims with horror and the class breaks into chaos once again. Ugh, those two haven't even joined yet and are still giving Aizawa the largest headache he's ever had. Whatever did he do to deserve this?

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is my least favourite so far, solely based on the fact writing it was like pulling teeth. I wrote like 3/4 of Dazai's POV and then I lost about 1/4 of that so I had to re-write it, Chuuya's POV was much better to write so I got through it in the end. Speaking of Dazai, hopefully, he isn't OOC here, I tried to capture his more analytical side. If it worked I have no clue.

Despite my dislike for this chapter I actually drew art for it, I would have added it in the fic directly but seeing art that isn't to my taste in an otherwise good fic totally throws me off, so I thought I'd just link it here. To those who don't want to see it, it's just SKK as that one Barbie and Ken mugshot meme :))) I'm not the best at drawing but I had fun doing it, I might do some more art for this fic later if the inspiration comes.

I've started re-watched BNHA, specifically the parts relevant to this fic, so I can get all the details and stuff. I haven't watched it in a good couple of years so it's good to refresh, although I'm not sure how much I'll have to watch. This fic might end after the kidnapping arc, or maybe after the provisional license exam. I have an idea for the ending I want however I need enough time to realistically have SKK come to that idea without it feeling forced, so yea, we will see. Worst case it ends after Overhaul arc, which would be an awful lot of writing for me haha. I might re-watch the 'Dazai, Chuuya, fifteen' episodes too as a little treat.

I can now say with confidence that SKK will meet 1A in the next chapter! If you have any ideas of shenanigans they may get up to, let me know! I'd love to include some that people have suggested :))))

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 5: The mission begins

Chapter Summary

> *'Chuuya scoffs, “Kitchen sure, but why the hell can’t we sit in the common area alone? You think we’re going commit a crime with a sofa cushion?”'*

Chapter Notes

> CW: Dazai typical suicide mention
>
> Let me know if I missed anything!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The aftermath of telling 1A about their new classmates was a staggered effect. They were, of course, shocked and worried at first but after Aizawa had taken the time to reassure them and answer all their questions the class seemed more agreeable to the idea. Even the ones more outwardly scared of the notion went along with it and, naively, Aizawa had thought that meant they weren’t going to be too badly affected by it all.

The next morning, however, he saw the tense posture and anxious faces and knew this was going to be just as difficult as he had expected. Dazai and Nakahara wouldn’t be arriving for another day, and yet the class seemed on edge almost like they expected the two boys to jump out from around the corner at any moment. While Aizawa would love to sit and reassure the class once more he gets the feeling it won’t be of much effect, the best way for 1A to feel more at ease with the idea is to see first-hand that the two boys aren’t a threat any more. The first few days with them will be hard, Aizawa will have to keep a close eye on the whole class, but hopefully, after that nerves will settle.

There’s another reason why he can’t sit them down and that is because of the parent-teacher conference he has to attend. Regardless of if 1A is alright with Dazai and Nakahara joining the class, there is still the matter of parental approval. Aizawa expects this conference to be messy, those two boys had a nationwide effect on people after all, he severely doubts anyone would agree to the whole thing without further convincing. Having two murderers in class with their children, living in the same dorms as their children, no matter how pitiful the

boys are that's still a hard ask. Especially given the prior attack on the USJ dampening the trust parents have with UA staff… The only saving grace is that Nedzu promised to do all the talking. Even with that promise the sight of the room filling with confused parents makes Aizawa want to turn tail and leave.

Once all the parents find a seat Nedzu begins, he speaks clearly and swiftly and in a matter of moments the room falls into a shocked silence at the news. A second later, just like their children had done, the room erupts into chaos. Questions are being yelled, explanations demanded and Aizawa's headache from the day before comes back in full force. Nedzu somehow takes all this in stride and simply calls for quiet, when everyone manages to be silent he speaks, "I understand your worries but rest assured we will be keeping a close eye on them both, any misbehaviour will not be taken lightly."

Someone, who Aizawa immediately identifies as Bakugou's mother, stands up, "I wanna know why those murderers are gettin' special treatment! No other villains have gotten this deal right?" Her voice carries loudly across the room, she doesn't sit down after either. Instead, she keeps a steady glare at Nedzu despite the way her husband tries to tug her back down.

Nedzu does not wavier under her gaze, "Of course, you are right! This will be the first time UA will be offering a rehabilitation course. For regular Villains, we would not have made such an offer, but I feel these two boys have extenuating circumstances."

Another parent, this time Sero's father, scoffs as he stands, "And what circumstances are we talking about? Because neither of them seemed reluctant during that damn live stream." Multiple other parents chime in with agreements as the noise level slowly picks back up.

"Quite, please, and I'll explain," Nedzu waits for the muttering to quiet before continuing, "While we were interviewing those boys we learnt some distressing information. Dazai, the bandaged boy, told us he joined the Port Mafia when he was 13 with an unknown amount of years before that spent working with gangs. Nakahara joined just a year ago and although he didn't say it outright I have reason to believe he grew up on the streets. It is very clear to me that the two of them had no choice in joining the Port Mafia." Quite a few people seem caught off guard by that like they expected two arrogant boys who joined for some power rush.

Not all are swayed by that, Kaminari's mother is the next to stand,

“Even if they were manipulated into joining like you said they’re still Villains, if they wanted to they could have left the Port Mafia already.” Multiple others agree with this statement and Aizawa isn’t entirely surprised they seem to think this way. In today’s society Heroes and Villains are very black and white, Heroes are good and Villains are bad, there are no exceptions. No one cares about the reasons why Villains do what they do, no one feels sympathy for them, most people only care about Villains when they get to watch a Hero beat them up. For a long time, Aizawa had been the same, it’s hard not to be when that’s the society norm, then he started working a particularly gruesome case. The culprit had turned out to be a fellow Pro, something that still disgusts him to this day.

Aizawa is used to dealing with this sort of opinion, he is used to hearing people praise Pros he knows aren’t nearly as nice in private, he is used to Villains who commit crimes to keep their families alive being destroyed by the media. He is used to all of this and yet… And yet something about this time rubs him in the wrong way. Aizawa remembers the way both boys asked about the other’s health first and foremost, he remembers the tinge of real worry in Nakahara’s gaze when Tsukauchi didn’t answer his question, he remembers the way the two boys joked together like any teenager would. He’s not an idiot, those two boys are far more dangerous than they have any right to be but hearing grown adults insulting them like that, suggesting that they could have just not been manipulated if they were truly good people… It’s unfair.

Before Nedzu can respond Aizawa stands, he sets in place a glare that has never failed to shut someone up before talking, “You have all grown up with the privilege to choose to be good or bad but it would be moronic to assume that is the standard everywhere. In some places you must kill before you get killed, the fact you insinuate that a child is at blame for not resisting such an environment is appalling,” He pauses for breath and watches in satisfaction as the parents seem taken aback by his bluntness, “If there is even a slim chance that these boys can change, that if they were given the right resources from the get-go they would have become good people then it would be negligent for us to deny them that chance.”

The hall is silent and Aizawa resists the urge to feel regret, the parents of his homeroom class might hate him now due to his word choice. That would be rather troublesome to deal with but whatever, he’ll deal with that later. Besides him, Nedzu nods, “Erasurehead is right of course! These boys have potential, if they do take these lessons to heart then they will be incredible Heroes. Besides,” Nedzu pauses and

adopts a calculating look, “If it were your own children you would wish them this second chance, right?”

Aizawa looks out at the expressions of the audience and feels slight relief, maybe it won’t be too hard to convince them all after all. There will be questions still, demands for certain things to be put into place for student safety but all of that can be finalized in this very room. Hopefully, things will go a little smoother from here on out.

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A few hours after the parent-teacher conference the principal of UA holds yet another conference, this time with the press. Much like the previous conference, Nedzu announced his plan to reform the infamous duo and was once again met with outrage and confusion. Online forums immediately jumped into discussion and debate, while most were against this decision and demanded the two boys be punished more seriously there was a small percentage of people who saw the merits of a reformation course. Much like the never-ending online debates the conference continued for hours as Nedzu answered every question with precise words.

Towards the end a certain reporter was called on to ask her question, when she spoke it was not in the same outraged and snobbish tone other questions had been spoken in, no, her voice was steady and determined to get an answer. “Principal Nedzu, if these boys refuse to change and it takes months upon months to see even a small change will you give up on them?”

Nedzu shakes his head, “No no, of course not. As long as they do not harm any students then I will provide as much time as necessary to see development.” Not a moment later the room fills with more reporters vying for attention, each one shouts repetitive questions while waving their hands around. As such, Nedzu’s attention is drawn away from the woman rather quickly as he answers another question.

The woman waits a moment before slipping out of the crowd of reporters and towards the exit doors. The security guards posted on the doors do not spare her a second glance and so she walks freely out the doors and soon after the building as a whole. The streets are more crowded than they should be for a weekday, but she supposes it makes sense. When UA is making such an announcement, who wouldn’t want to take time away from work? She continues walking for a few miles, eventually slipping down a side street to an awaiting sleek black car. The woman climbs inside and gives the driver a nod to start driving,

once the vehicle begins moving she relaxes and begins dialling a number on her phone.

The woman can't help but sigh as the phone rings, "Those lads can have someone else verify next time…"

The phone picks up and a sly voice answers, "I trust everything is going well?"

"UA will only give up on them should harm come to a student." She explains.

The man on the other side hums in thought, "Well, I'll have to hope Dazai-kun won't irritate Chuuya-kun into violence. I'll see you back at headquarters then, Kouyou-kun?"

"Of course."

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The UA conference appeared on every news channel in Japan, everyone seemed eager to discuss the ramifications of two Hero murderers joining a Hero school. In such a case, anyone who owned or was simply near a TV could not avoid being informed about the future whereabouts of the two boys. That was the case for a certain bar, one that was hidden from the sight of Pro Heroes.

Inside that bar, a young man scoffs before turning away from the TV, "These new players joined the game too late…"

From behind the bar, a deeper voice spoke, "This is rather unexpected, but perhaps we could use this… moment of pity to further our agender."

"How would we? Those brats remind me of stupid Stain too much, I don't want them joining my party anyway."

The older man makes a noise of agreement, "Perhaps you are right. I merely think pitting UA's pity project against the very Pros who thought to 'reform' them, well, that would break the trust anyone has for the Pros."

For a moment the other man stays silent, likely thinking over the proposed plan. "Yes… the chaos of distrust will hit the Pros hard and a large-scale attack after that will bring Hero society, will bring All Might down to his knees…. Those two are valuable players after all."

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Chuuya watches with mild discomfort as the car pulls up to UA's front gate, reporters are crammed into every available space with cameras already pointing at the car. He'll have to walk past all of them to get into the school, the pros in charge of escorting him will keep anyone from touching him but still, it's a lot of people. It doesn't help that no one had offered him a change of clothes yet, really, how long will they have him walk around in bloody clothes?

The car slows to a stop and the homeless-looking guy from the interrogation room, whose name he found out is Aizawa Shouta, unbuckles his seatbelt to leave the car. From what Nedzu told him, this Aizawa guy is the homeroom teacher of 1A and an underground hero. That last part is what interests Chuuya, if he works more discreetly then his Quirk can't be anything too flashy, something that isn't obvious at first or even second glance. Whatever it is Chuuya bets it's useful in detaining people, his reasoning is that otherwise, the guy wouldn't be preparing to walk through a crowd of reporters just to escort Chuuya into the school. The guy might look non-threatening, but there has to be a reason why he is escorting Chuuya and not Dazai.

Aizawa opens the car door and cameras immediately begin flashing, he climbs out and gestures for Chuuya to do the same. At some point before leaving for UA the Ability-nullifying handcuffs had been swapped for Ability-nullifying arm bands, they had somehow done this when Chuuya was asleep. When questioned Nedzu had told him that the armbands had some 'extra functions', which sounded suspicious as hell. They did allow for better movement though, such as shimmying across the back seat and out the door Aizawa held open.

If the cameras were excessive before then they started working overtime when Chuuya actually stepped out. Immediately people began yelling questions and for a moment he debates the merits of getting back in the car, his debate comes to an end when Aizawa gives him a look before shutting the car door. Resolved to his fate Chuuya walks forward with Aizawa trailing close behind, instead of being blinded by the flashing cameras he chooses to stare at the floor. Ignoring all the yelling is easier than expected as most of it just blends into indecipherable noise, it's still annoying to deal with though. There must have been another way into UA right? A back door or something that wouldn't be hounded with reporters that are giving Chuuya a splitting headache?

Thankfully, once they pass through the gate there aren't any more reporters. Chuuya relaxes a bit the further they walk away from the reporters, just before the actual entrance to the UA building Aizawa signals for him to stop. In what quickly turns into a mistake, Chuuya takes a look up at the building to judge the scale. Not as tall as the Port Mafia's headquarters but still decently tall and in a very odd shape, what puts him off the most is the many students peering out of the windows and looking directly at him. It's weird to be the centre of attention like this, usually when he's around this many people it's to take them all down not to stand around and be stared at. While he can't actually make out any faces from this angle the knowledge that his future classmates are likely up there somewhere watching him is freaky, the fact he's going to school at all is freaky. During his time in the Mafia, some people have tutored him in certain subjects, mainly maths so he can deal with money, but he'd never actually been to school. To save himself from staring back at the building any longer Chuuya turns around and instead watches as Dazai stumbles out of a car, this is met with louder yelling and more camera flashes.

The idiot rights himself and begins walking to the gates like Chuuya had done not a moment before, his uncovered eye jumping from person to person. Had the situation been different Chuuya has no doubt he would have been posing for the cameras already, as it is all Dazai does is wave when a reporter shoves a camera closer to him. Must be eating him up inside not pulling stupid poses and saying outrageous things to the reporters, not like he can blame anyone but himself for it anyway. If the idiot wants to act a certain way then Chuuya isn't going to stop him, especially not if that act means he has to actually behave for once.

When Dazai and his hero escort cross through the gate a large metal wall descends behind them, completely blocking anyone from entering or seeing through the gate. That doesn't solve the problem of half the student body watching from the windows, but whatever, they won't be hanging around out the front of the school for much longer. He hopes not anyway.

Aizawa dismisses the other pro, which is a bold move, before gesturing for both him and Dazai to begin walking down a path leading left. Chuuya waits for Dazai to start walking first, that way he could seamlessly position himself on the idiot's right side. They might have stuck a deal with the pros but frankly, Chuuya doesn't trust them at all, obviously, he's at a disadvantage without his Ability but his hand-to-hand is nothing to scoff at. Aizawa's Quirk is still a mystery, however, which is really bugging him, if he knew more about Quirks

then guessing would be easier. As it stands now he only knows a couple of things about Quirks, but maybe he could think about this in terms of Abilities? Right, if this situation was swapped and the Port Mafia was escorting two heroes somewhere who would be the best non-offensive Ability user to bring… Well, Dazai obviously. So, this guy might have a nullifier Quirk? That would make sense actually, someone had gotten rid of Upon the Tainted Sorrow during the fight so it could have been Aizawa.

Which reminds him actually, he has yet to get back at Dazai for not informing him about the nullifier. Without waiting a second longer Chuuya uses his unbroken arm to hit the bastard in the arm, the yelp of pain he lets out is very satisfying.

“Ow Chuuya! What was that for?” Dazai whines.

In response to this Chuuya rolls his eyes, “You know what bastard.” Aizawa doesn’t say anything from behind them, maybe he’s attempting to observe and analyse them. Whatever, there’s something else Chuuya needs to talk to Dazai about anyway. He lowers his voice a tad, not low enough for Aizawa to be unable to hear but that’s fine, “Your gunshot wound?”

Dazai responds in a similarly quiet tone, “Fine, yours?”

“Arm hurts but I’m good,” Chuuya responds, “Surprised you didn’t intentionally infect the wound.”

Huffing Dazai shakes his head, “Stupid Chibi, infection is a terrible way to kill myself.”

Aizawa takes a sharp intake of breath behind them, so he was listening in after all. “What was that?” he asks with a forced relaxed tone.

Dazai glances back at the man before shrugging, “Nothing~~ Oh! I meant to ask Sensei,” he speaks the last word in an almost sarcastic tone, “Are we going to get new clothes? Being beaten and bloody would make a terrible first impression on our new classmates, you know?” Chuuya is glad he asked because again, the broken arm and bloody clothes are not very comfortable. So glad in fact he won’t point out that they already had a first impression to the class and that was shooting one of their beloved heroes in the head.

For a second Aizawa seems unwilling to let the subject change like that and gives Dazai a serious look. Unfortunately for him, Dazai is

the master of changing the subject, so his stare is met with a look of indifference. Eventually, Aizawa must give up on it as he sighs, “Yes, you’ll get new clothes. I’m also going to take you to Recovery Girl to treat your injuries.”

Dazai hums in agreement. It doesn’t take long after that for the trio to arrive at 1A’s dorms, which is another tall and oddly shaped building. Aizawa leads the two inside and through to the common room, the dorm isn’t fancy by any means but definitely a step up from Dazai’s shipping container. The common room is pretty spacious too despite the large sofas angled towards a wall-mounted TV, of course, Chuuya’s own place is far better looking than this but he’ll make do. Aizawa stops in the middle of the room and begins speaking, “This is the common area and that,” he points to an archway along the wall, “is the kitchen. As of right now, you need either myself or at least two students to be in either room with you.”

Chuuya scoffs, “Kitchen sure, but why the hell can’t we sit in the common area alone? You think we’re going commit a crime with a sofa cushion?” Dazai snickers next to him, clearly agreeing with his thoughts.

Their new teacher sighs, “No but those are the rules. Show some change and we can adjust them.” Before Chuuya could make a comment the man turns and begins walking towards a hallway near the back, his silence forcing both boys to trail after him like ducklings. There are five doors in total in the hallway, two on the right, one on the left, and one at the end. Aizawa gestures to the two right ones, “These are your rooms, the doors have sensors on so we’ll know when you leave the room. The room at the end is the bathroom, use it as you please. My room is here on the left.”

Dazai and Chuuya share a look, sleeping separately in enemy territory is against everything they typically do on long missions. When they are required to be away from headquarters for long amounts of time it’s safer for the two of them to stay side by side when possible, that includes at night. Typically, one of them will stay up while the other sleeps, which is beneficial for two reasons. One, no one can attack them by surprise and two, it’s easier to get restful sleep when an ally is looking after you. In this situation, however, they have no say in the sleeping arrangements. Not to mention, if the pros know how much they rely on each other then they might get separated. The mission could still be completed that way, but it’d be easier to do it together. Plus, Chuuya doesn’t trust that Dazai won’t end up getting beaten up by some hero in training.

Dazai looks away first without acknowledging the silent conversation that transpired. Instead, he walks forward and opens both of the doors. He takes a look around both rooms before coming back out and nodding seriously, “Hmm, yes. Chuuya you take that one.” He points to the door farthest from the bathroom.

Aizawa once again has a serious look on his face, maybe he thinks Dazai checked for cameras or escape routes. That isn’t the whole case though, Chuuya can just tell from the bastard’s face that whatever comes out next will be an insult. Still, he asks, “Why that one?”

“I like the view from mine… Besides, yours is smaller and a Chibi like you doesn’t need as much space as I do.” He explains with a shrug, like what he said is common knowledge. This pisses Chuuya off because really, when is the idiot going to drop the height thing? They don’t even have that much of a height difference dammit! Possibly sensing Chuuya’s intent to cause him pain Dazai quickly ducks into his claimed room and shuts the door tight. “I’m getting changed now! So you can’t come in unless you’re a pervert Chuuya!”

“I wouldn’t wanna see that anyway!” Chuuya responds, not quite yelling but much louder than his indoor voice usually is. Without sparing a glance at Aizawa he turns and enters his new room, he’ll get changed before that idiot and wait outside his door as an ambush. With his door shut, he takes a glance around the room himself, single bed, desk, wardrobe, nothing looks out of place. A school uniform sits innocently on his desk along with his hat and gloves, Chuuya feels himself smile at that. He probably won’t be allowed to wear his hat during school hours but it feels nice to have it back, the gloves though he will be wearing.

Getting dressed with a broken arm means he takes longer than he would have liked but it does give him time to think things over. The separate rooms aren’t ideal but they will just have to deal with it, having Aizawa just across the hall would have been a bigger issue if they had been genuinely caught, as it stands he shouldn’t cause too much of an issue. Not when he doesn’t even notice a code phrase being exchanged right in front of him, what Dazai did and said earlier wasn’t entirely a jab at Chuuya’s height. He checked both rooms and made it seem like he was only checking the size and using it to insult Chuuya when in reality he was checking for cameras and microphones. What he said, ‘I like the view from mine…’ was confirmation there are no cameras. He hadn’t made a similar comment about possible microphones though, something like ‘That room has an echo’ or ‘That room is too quiet’ would respectively let Chuuya know

there was or was not a microphone. Maybe Dazai didn't spot any on such a quick look, once Chuuya's arm isn't as broken he'll have to look around himself.

Despite his best efforts by the time he is fully changed and opens the door, Dazai is already standing outside with Aizawa. His first thought is disappointment he won't get to ambush Dazai, the next thought is just laughter because, man, Dazai looks bad in the uniform. There's just something about the bright red tie, green accents, and bandages that just looks terrible.

"Don't laugh at me," Dazai grumbles while glaring at Chuuya, if he was trying to be intimidating then it failed miserably. If only Chuuya had a camera right now, maybe he can get one of the 1A kids to take a picture for him.

Aizawa chooses then to speak, "Nakahara, you can't wear gloves or a chocker with the uniform. You'll have to leave them in your room." That very quickly ruins Chuuya's mood, he's already forgoing the hat and now both his gloves and chocker?

"No, I wear them everywhere. No exceptions." Which is true, he only really takes them off to sleep and bathe. Walking around UA without them will just put him on edge, even with Dazai by his side.

Aizawa must see something in his expression or tone as he doesn't insist on anything, instead, he stays silent for a moment before speaking, "The gloves or chocker, you can wear one. The other needs to be taken off."

Still not ideal and for a second Chuuya is about to push him further, if the idiot Dazai gets to keep his bandages then surely Chuuya can keep both the gloves and chocker? The only reason why he doesn't is due to the hand Dazai places on his shoulder, he applies some pressure so that Chuuya can't ignore him. Dazai isn't wearing Ability nullifying arm bands, possibly because the pros underestimate his Ability, so Chuuya immediately feels the cold rush of No Longer Human banish Arahabaki's whispers from his mind. He relaxes a tad, not because Arahabaki was fuelling his anger, but instead at the physical reminder that Dazai works better than gloves do in the long run- which makes sense, given the fact the gloves are more of a placebo effect than anything else. As long as they stay next to one another then Chuuya doesn't have to worry about Arahabaki, so really the gloves should be the ones to go. Then again, there is no guarantee the pair of them will stay together for the entirety of their time at UA.

Dazai speaks in a teasing tone, “If you get rid of the chocker maybe I won’t see you as such a yapping dog any more~” Whatever kind of moment was created is broken then as Chuuya swipes Dazai’s hand away with a huff. He takes the chocker off quickly and shoves it in his blazer pocket, that way he could put it back on at a moment's notice.

Aizawa, who watched this exchange in silence, nods at him, “Alright, we’ll stop at Recovery Girl next before heading to introduce you to 1A.” He gestures for the two of them to walk ahead, probably to make sure they don’t wander off on the way. Just like last time, Chuuya waits for Dazai to move first before following on his right, he would rather not turn his back to Aizawa, especially without his chocker, but there isn’t much of a choice here.

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Aizawa stays silent on the walk to Recovery Girl, only speaking to give directions when necessary. Dazai and Nakahara are… interesting people. They’re constantly bickering and throwing insults at each other without as much as a second thought, and yet still clearly cared for each other. The first thing they said to each other was a check-in on their injuries, not to mention how Nakahara seems prepared for a fight. Of course, the boy hasn’t done anything too confrontational yet but Aizawa has been a Pro for a while now, he can see the subtle signs. Staying on Dazai’s right, the side of his face that is covered in bandages, always being just a fraction behind Dazai, a fraction closer to Aizawa. If Aizawa was to attack right now then, should Nakahara notice in time, then he would be able to block it quickly. Like he said, subtle but there.

Dazai himself doesn’t look too on edge but he isn’t relaxed either, the entire walk he has been scanning the environment around them. Aizawa isn’t sure how smart the kid is exactly, he might just be taking note of things he sees, or he might be creating some escape plan. They do all this while joking around and laughing, which Aizawa can’t decide if that is worrying or impressive. Worrying that no teenager should be that good at hiding their true actions behind childish arguments, impressive that they can split their focus so easily.

It’s when they are almost at Recovery Girl’s office that Aizawa notices something… odd. On the back of Nakahara’s neck, just barely visible from behind his shirt collar and orange hair lies a string of text. On closer inspection, which means Aizawa squints and tilts his head forward, the string of text becomes a code, A258. He hadn’t noticed before as the chocker covered it just perfectly, which he now doubts is

a coincidence. Unwillingly his eyes flick over to Dazai's covered neck, if the bandages were taken off would they find a similar code on his neck? Perhaps it's some sort of identification number used by the Port Mafia? At this point in time it's unlikely Nakahara would tell him, so for now Aizawa will have to settle with informing Nedzu.

When they enter Recovery Girl's office the woman herself has already set up a station and is waiting for them, "You two must be the new students, sit down and I'll fix you right up."

Dazai and Nakahara share a look which leads to the shorter of the two sitting down in front of Recovery Girl first. Wasting no time she reaches over and places a kiss on Nakahara's forehead, an action that causes laughter from Dazai and bewilderment from Nakahara. In between laughter, Dazai manages to say, "Was that Chuuya's first kiss?"

Nakahara's face turns red, either in embarrassment or anger, "That doesn't count and you know it!" After speaking he jumps up and makes his way to Dazai only to pause and begin moving his left arm around. Judging by the look on his face the Port Mafia mustn't have any Ability users that can heal as quickly as that.

"How does it feel?" Recover Girl asks.

"Ah, it feels great. Thank you." Nakahara gives her a nod of appreciation and speaks in a much softer tone. Initially, Aizawa had expected to have a Bakugou 2.0 on his hands but that might not be the case. All the yelling at Dazai had put him under the impression Nakahara is like that to everyone, but it seems there is a real possibility that he's a lot better mannered than other people. He also thanked Recovery Girl without being asked to, something Aizawa doubts a cold-blooded murderer would do.

Recovery Girl smiles in acknowledgement, "My Quirk healed your injuries at the expense of your energy, so make sure to get some sleep tonight." She waits a moment before looking at Dazai, "Alright, your turn."

Dazai seems to think for a moment, "Hmm, no thank you."

Neither Aizawa nor Recovery Girl had expected this response, somewhat confused Aizawa asks, "Why not?"

The boy rolls his eyes like the answer is obvious, "My Ability is touch-based remember? Your Quirk won't do anything to help me." Ah,

Aizawa understands now. He had assumed the boy's Ability was activated on will but it must actually be on at all times, which would render Recovery Girl's Quirk useless.

"I see," Recovery Girl starts, "I am a trained doctor however, please sit down and I can check on the wound."

The first dismissal had been reasonable but there is no excuse to not let Recovery Girl check on the wound, and yet Dazai doesn't move for a few moments, almost like he's thinking of an excuse to not get the wound checked out. A bad feeling settles in Aizawa's gut about this, so he keeps a close eye on the boy.

Not even a second later Nakahara shoves the boy forward, "I'm not gettin' in trouble if you die of infection, just let her take a quick look, stubborn bastard." Dazai shoots him a dark look but sits down in front of Recovery Girl nonetheless. For a moment, he looks terribly tense, something that Aizawa files away for later, but the next moment he looks completely unbothered. His reluctance to be treated is curious and possibly related to his earlier comment, the 'terrible way to kill myself.' comment. Aizawa doesn't want to jump to any conclusions just yet but things aren't looking good, once again the most he can do in this situation is inform Nedzu and keep an eye out for any similar behaviours in the future.

"Do these bandages cover over injuries?" Recovery girl asks.

"Nope. I just think they look stylish, don't you?" Dazai responds in a more childish tone. Recovery Girl does not give that a response, likely thinking the bandages do not look stylish at all. If they really are a fashion statement then Dazai must not have a good eye for style then, which sounds a little hypocritical coming from Aizawa but whatever.

While Recovery Girls checks over just the gunshot wound, Dazai refused to move his clothes enough for her to see anything else, Aizawa busies himself with explaining how the next few days will work. "After this, you'll introduce yourself to 1A, including an in-detail explanation of your Abilities," Nakahara groans a little but Aizawa ignores him, "After that, you'll spend a couple of lessons with the class just to get used to things. While 1A has their practical heroics class you two will be introduced to your therapists."

"I'm assuming fighting happens in this practical heroics class, if we aren't there then how are we going to give them experience like Nedzu wants?" Nakahara asks.

“That’s just for today, starting tomorrow you’ll be following them to every class including practical heroics. Well, almost every class. You two will have lunch earlier than the rest of UA, that way during lunchtime you can have extra morality and ethic classes with me. Therapy will be on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday after school, don’t be late.” Aizawa explains and once again ignores any groans of protest.

Dazai then stands, seemingly done with the check-up, and retakes his place next to Nakahara. The shorter boy gives him a look and then gestures with his head to Recovery Girl, Dazai simply sighs before glancing back at her, “Thanks.” It doesn’t sound genuine at all but it’s somewhat surprising that Nakahara got him to do that in the first place. Who would have guessed that the one that’s almost always yelling actually has enough manners for both of them

“Well then,” Aizawa moves towards the door and opens it, “Time to meet 1A.”

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Aizawa had gone into the classroom ahead of them, which feels like a stupid move really. Leaving both him and Dazai out in the hall alone like this, they could easily make a break for it. Chuuya doubts they would get far, but still, it’s a possibility.

Dazai hasn’t said anything yet, so he’s probably still annoyed that Chuuya had him get checked out. Given the circumstances, it made more sense to get the actual doctor to look at the wound, especially since Chuuya doubts he’ll get a moment to check it himself. He explains as much to Dazai and is met with a moment of silence, for a second all he can hear is the soft sound of Aizawa speaking to his class before Dazai collapses against him. “Chuuya doesn’t trust me?” he whines.

“Not with your own health, no,” Chuuya says as he shoves the other teen off his shoulder. Dazai can’t be that mad then, not if he’s whining like a child again.

Before Dazai could offer a rebuttal Aizawa calls out to them, “You two, come inside now.”

Dazai gives him a look, “You go in first.”

To that Chuuya rolls his eyes, “Yea yea, I was going to anyway.” For a second he feels nervous, this is a big moment in their plan after all. If

they can't get into 1A then things begin to fall apart, not to mention that Chuuya had never been in a class setting before. Then he remembers that he has faced much worse things than a class of teenage hero wannabes, so the nerves melt anyway. With his usual confidence, Chuuya opens the door and walks right in with Dazai following close behind.

The effect of their arrival is immediately obvious, the room is deadly silent with tension so thick you could cut it with a knife. Chuuya stops walking once he is beside Aizawa, that's when he turns to face the class. Most of the class have expressions of fear or apprehension, and a few stare straight at Dazai with an almost angry look. So they won't all be pushovers then, good to know.

"Go ahead, introduce yourselves along with your Ability name."

"Nakahara Chuuya, my Ability is called Upon the Tainted Sorrow." He explains easily, knowing that Dazai wouldn't introduce himself first.

As expected, once Chuuya had spoken Dazai follows suit, "And I'm Dazai Osamu, my Ability is No Longer Human." If Chuuya was looking at the bastard, then he would expect him to have some sort of teasing look on his face. As it stands, Chuuya somehow found himself in a staring contest with some purple-haired kid and he's going to win dammit.

Muttering breaks the class's previous silence and a few moments later someone scoffs, "What kinda names are those? Why the fuck would you call 'em that?"

If Dazai wants Chuuya to respond to that then he's in trouble because right now he's focusing on this staring contest and not some loud-mouthed kid. Fortunately, Dazai takes it upon himself to respond, "Right, because what you call Quirks is soooo much more creative. Also, we don't get a say in the names."

Chuuya's eyes are starting to sting a little but he does not blink, not when the loudmouth says something else and not when Aizawa prompts them to give further explanation of their Abilities. Perhaps seeing that Chuuya is preoccupied, Dazai goes first this time, "No Longer Human nullifies whatever Ability or Quirk I come into contact with, that includes any effects as well."

Blink.

Ah, the kid blinked! Feeling good about himself Chuuya finally turns

away and brings his attention to Dazai. As predicted he has an irritating look on his face, not the worst Chuuya's seen though so he'll take that small blessing. He decides to take this brief moment of Dazai not speaking to explain his own Ability, "Upon the Tainted Sorrow is gravity manipulation. It can affect whatever I touch, minus Dazai of course."

Aizawa gives them both a tired look, "That wasn't very detailed."

In response Chuuya fires back, "Want me to explain how gravity works? 'Cause I think it's pretty fucking obvious." Also, why the hell would he explain in detail how his Ability works? Chuuya might be under the pro heroes' control right now but that doesn't mean he's going to tell them everything, no, that would be stupid and unrealistic. If things go south then having a few tricks up his sleeve is more important than following the pro's orders.

Dazai sighs in an exaggerated way, "Sorry about him, he's not trained~"

Another dog joke? God, when will this guy drop that? The worst part is that if Chuuya insults Dazai or attacks him then the Mackerel will just say 'Oh look you proved my point!' Which would further annoy Chuuya and it becomes a cycle of beating Dazai up, which doesn't sound that bad actually.

Aizawa intervenes before that, much to Chuuya's disappointment, "Stop, both of you. I'm starting class now so go sit down, the rest of you can ask them any questions later." He gestures to the only two open seats, both in the front row on opposite sides of the room. Chuuya decides to take the window seat, for obvious Dazai-related reasons, and doesn't spare a single glance at Dazai before making his way over there.

The people around him seem a bit nervous when he sits down, but Chuuya doesn't care that much. Dazai finds his seat across the room and they share a look, a look confirming everything is going to plan. Now that they've made it into 1A the mission can truly begin.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is the longest yet, clocking in at just about 7000~ words. Fun fact, originally I was going to add more SKK interacting with 1A because I thought what I had planned for the chapter would be too short. Then I was writing it and checked the word count and realised no additions would be needed to hit, and

go beyond, the average 5000 words per chapter I have going so far.

Let me tell you all a mini story, so, I was hunting around the BSD fandom wiki as I am to do often when writing chapters for this fic. Now, I wanted to include that little bit about A5158 being on Chuuya's neck buuuut I wanted to make sure I actually had the right numbers because my memory is terrible. I went to Chuuya's page to look at what Ango calls him to get the right numbers, but alas, no Ango. I then go to Ango's page to see what he calls Chuuya, but he doesn't have a relationship section! At all! Ango fans everywhere are outraged I am sure. Anyway, I eventually found out the correct numbers but it also said that's Chuuya's Ability code? So then I was like huh, can I still use it as correlation to Arahabaki? Then I decided yes but some lovely comments informed me that the actual code used in reference to Arahabaki is A258, so I have gone back and changed that :)))

I listened to the Japanese SKK VA's cover of 'Uragiri no yuuyake' while writing most of this, it's soooo good. I actually had a moment where I went 'Oh it'd be fun for SKK to sing karaoke' Then a second passed and I thought 'Oh yea I'm writing an SKK fic, I can make that happen.' So yes, karaoke SKK is on the horizon <3

By the way, I totally forgot to say this in an AN before this but the events of BSD have been pushed back a year in this fic. So Dazai joined at 13, SKK met at 14 etc. I did this so SKK would have more time together as partners :))

I know the SKK and 1A interaction was short but next chapter will have a lot more, I promise! Oh yea, I know who Dazai's therapist is going to be, but I'm stuck on Chuuya. If anyone had any ideas, please let me know!

Thank you for reading!! <333

Chapter 6: The first day

Chapter Summary

> *'The silence continues until Aizawa returns with two lunches in hand and, to Dazai's delight, a milk carton.'*

Chapter Notes

> CW: I don't think there are any, but let me know if I should add something!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dazai is not dead, which is a huge disappointment to many people including himself. Not for lack of trying but still, he's alive and being alive means he must find some entertainment in the whole thing. That's a hard task but lately, he's been trying to enjoy the smaller things in life, (like Chuuya, mentally he makes a note to repeat that joke later) such as fresh bandages, canned crab, and tormenting people that are scared of him. He's indulging in that last one now, a fact that makes being in UA far more tolerable.

After their little introduction, Aizawa began class like nothing was amiss. Something was amiss though and even now Dazai can feel stares boring into his back, as he had been the one to actually pull the trigger and kill Mt. Lady the class seem more scared of him than of Chuuya. Ironic, given that Chuuya could easily kill them all in a matter of moments even with the Ability nullifying handcuffs. If he had any empathy he might feel pity for the kids sitting around him that are clearly on edge, he doesn't though so he finds the whole thing quite entertaining. Even just shifting in his seat causes the kid behind him to begin sweating, he knows this because he makes a comment about it every time without fail. When Dazai leans forward the kid audibly sighs in relief, so naturally he took it upon himself to lean back and forth repeatedly. So far he has heard 16 different ways to phrase 'this sweat dulls my sparkle', his favourite so far being 'moisture like this is so anti-twinkle.' The next fight he and Chuuya get in he will find a way to use that line and it will be glorious.

Dazai leans back and fights a smirk as the kid makes a sound of discomfort, absent-mindedly he wonders how quickly he could make someone cry. He'll have to pretend to be more reserved for the next few days, maybe only cause trouble when Aizawa is present to stop

retaliation, hide behind Chuuya a little, things that will make him seem less of a threat. Oh, maybe he could even irritate that blondie from earlier into hitting him and then act all pitiful afterwards, really drive home the misguided pitiful teenager thing. After an appropriate amount of ‘settle in’ time he can start acting out a bit more, throw in a few more suicide references, make a few kids cry etc. Dazai hadn't really planned out how to act while at UA so he may as well just go with the flow for now.

Oh, he might even make a bet with Chuuya to see how long it takes for Dazai to make someone cry, judging on the reaction from the kid behind him it would only take an hour, maybe less, of concentrated attention. He would have to pick the right target though, a few of these kids don’t look like the crying type.

For example, the kid sitting next to him. To the untrained eye, he would look largely unaffected by Dazai’s presence, but it’s painfully obvious to Dazai that the kid is just as scared as his classmates. His chair is pushed as far away from Dazai as it can go, not to mention how he is physically leaning away. It’s a valiant attempt at looking unbothered, even more so when the kid glances at Dazai. Their eyes lock and the kid turns away a moment later, still somehow acting all brave. Tormenting the kid behind him loses its fun when a new target is presented to him, a target that will be tougher to crack and have a more enjoyable reaction as a result.

The guy has a mutant Quirk, evident by the huge tail slung over his shoulder, which Dazai has always found himself curious if No Longer Human would work on mutants. Transformative Abilities are always temporary, which is to say that the user has a fully human state to return to when their Ability is nullified. Mutant-type Quirks are different though as the person is permanently like that, if he had to guess then Dazai would say No Longer Human wouldn’t work, or at least not in the same way it works on Abilities. It would be hilarious if he leaned over and touched the guy right now and his tail just disappeared, the chaos that would cause would be very entertaining. It would also be useful information to get this early on, should the plan go sideways then it would be best to know all variables to plan for fights. Naturally, Chuuya could take them all down in a matter of moments but it’s nice to have a backup plan where Dazai actually does something.

A few minutes later Aizawa turns his back to the class and Dazai swiftly takes the opportunity to act on his hypothesis. Given how close the desks are it only takes a little leaning out of his chair for his bare

hand to come into contact with the tail, not a second later the kid whips his head around to stare at Dazai in shock and fear. That's exactly the reaction he was hoping for, although the fact the tail doesn't disappear is somewhat disappointing.

What's even more disappointing is when not a moment later Aizawa has his hand on Dazai's wrist pulling his arm away, "What are you doing?"

Dazai looks up at his serious tone and pouts, "I wasn't going to hurt him, Sensei, promise," his tone is equally sarcastic and innocent, "There aren't any mutants in Yokohama, you can't hate me for being curious, right?" Aizawa does not say anything, perhaps using the time to think up an appropriate response. In contrast, Dazai uses the time to lean backwards, to his delight the kid behind him makes yet another comment, and locks eye contact with tail-guy once more, "Hey," he starts, "If I cut that tail off would it grow back like a lizards?"

Tail-guy looks faintly sick at the idea, so the answer is probably no. Aizawa does not look pleased by his question but Dazai could not care less, he's already gained some useful information and entertainment so whatever happens now isn't a concern. "Don't ask questions like that. You can't go around touching people just because you're curious either, apologise to Ojirou-kun." Aizawa says in a stern tone.

Dazai slumps down in his chair before waving his still-captured arm around, "Fine fine, my deepest apologies." Not a single person would believe he is actually apologetic from his tone or actions, but what can they do about it? As far as Dazai knows UA doesn't incorporate physical punishment, then again he isn't a typical student so the typical rules might not apply… Oh well, maybe the pros will be nice enough to put him out of his misery.

Above him, Aizawa sighs before letting his arm go, "Have you even been listing to the lesson?"

"Of course not," Dazai responds with a grin. He had listened for the first few minutes but quickly abandoned that in favour of tormenting his new classmates, not to mention that the current topic does not interest him at all. Despite never attending formal school he's already far more knowledgeable than anyone else in this class, the only topic that may be interesting would be history. Of course, Dazai is familiar with Yokohama's history but he never bothered to learn about the outside world much, it may however come in handy knowing about

the origins of Quirk and pro heroes later in this mission. Aizawa was talking about something else though, current news or something boring like that. Dazai already knows what the current news is, most of it is about him after all.

“Well, you need to start listening then,” Aizawa turns to the other side of the room, “Nakahara, what about you?” If Dazai knows the Chibi well, and he is very confident he does, then his answer will be…

“Oh, uh, yes?”

Ah, such a predictable Chibi. While there is no doubt that Chuuya was paying attention to Aizawa he likely stopped listening to the lecture just as quickly as Dazai had. Rather than actually learning he would have been playing the perfect guard dog by keeping himself on the lookout for any immediate threats while assessing which order he should take out their new classmates should the need arise. Having someone as diligent as Chuuya gives Dazai ample time to slack off, partnering with the slug does have its benefits.

Clearly seeing through Chuuya’s terrible attempt at lying Aizawa sighs once again, “You two will be sitting exams with the rest of the class at the end of term, I would recommend paying attention.”

Aizawa then turns his back and begins making his way back to the front of the class and Dazai sticks his tongue out childishly at the man. High school exams, written or physical, will be a breeze for both of them.

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The lesson didn’t last much longer after Dazai’s interruption, since he and Chuuya had arrived late they had missed most of the morning classes. That means next up is lunch, which will surely be an interesting event. Aizawa told them that typically they would have early lunch to be separated from the rest of the student body but today is an exception, although he hadn’t explained what exactly will happen. Where will they sit? Dazai doubts they’d be allowed in the dining hall, so maybe the staff room. That doesn’t sound too bad, while he had already researched UA’s staff it would be helpful to know how they act in a more private setting. Not to mention that All Might himself might be there.

Mori had been brief with the information regarding All for One, either because he wants Dazai to figure things out himself or because he simply doesn’t have that much on the guy. For now, Dazai knows this;

All for One is All Might's biggest enemy and has been since the dawn of Quirks. How that works, Mori hadn't elaborated on, but Dazai guesses All Might's Quirk must be transferable. That raises the question of who his predecessors were and, most importantly, who his successor is. It isn't relevant information but it would be handy to know, anyway, for some reason All for One is no longer satisfied with ruling the underground of the rest of Japan and now wants Yokohama under his control. An ambitious decision, even more so when his little League of Villains is also trying to take down hero society as a whole. Any information he can glean from All Might about the man would be very helpful.

Dazai shelves those thoughts as Aizawa gestures for him and Chuuya to get up. With only a little bit of reluctance, he does so, when the duo get close enough Aizawa speaks, "You'll be in the staff room for lunch today, follow me." Without waiting for a response he begins walking out of the classroom, likely wanting to beat the crowd of students that will soon be leaving lesson.

The walk, which was spent in silence, doesn't take too long and soon they arrive at the staff room. Aizawa enters a code, which Dazai observes to be 0812, before holding the door wide open, "I'll get you something to eat, any preferences?"

Chuuya walks through the door first, "Whatever is fine."

Dazai trails along a moment after, "I want crab!" Just before he enters the room he pauses and leans into Aizawa, despite this his voice is no quieter than before, "Oh, you should get Chuuya some milk, he needs it to grow you see."

Aizawa nods passively at the comment while Chuuya curses him out, not that Dazai is paying him any attention. Instead, he shoots Aizawa a thankful smile before finally entering the staff room, predictively multiple pro heroes stare at him with clear distrust. No All Might, which is a shame, but there are a few others he made note of during his research. Despite being the ones in control the pros seem to be waiting for him and Chuuya to do something, this turns into a stand-off between them and Chuuya who is waiting for the same thing. It's amusing to see but Dazai can't be bothered standing here for who knows how long so he'll make the first move.

The room itself is fairly simple in layout, on the opposite wall from the door is a small kitchenette area decked out with a microwave, kettle, and sink. The counters are crowded with empty cups and

different snacks, altogether creating a very well-used appearance. Filling the space between the kitchenette and the door sits a large sofa and coffee table, the latter having cup stains engrained into the wood. Across from the sofa, and right to the door, is where the teachers all find themselves seated. Six tables, arranged in back-to-back rows of three, fill the remaining space in the room. The only other thing of note is the cupboards and filling cabinets that line the walls where possible, overall the room seemed like any old staff room you could find anywhere in the country, the only major difference being the pro heroes that occupy the space.

Taking Chuuya by the arm, he can't see too confident after all, Dazai makes his way over to the sofa and promptly plops down. It's surprisingly soft, maybe better than the one in Chibi's office even, would it be inappropriate to take a nap right now? Probably, but it would annoy Chuuya so maybe…

As if sensing his intentions Chuuya elbows Dazai from where he sits beside him. He doesn't say anything, which gives Dazai the chance to misinterpret his actions and make a fuss, "Owww, Chuuya! Why'd you hit me?"

The pros still watch on cautiously as Chuuya rolls his eyes, "I don't need a reason."

Dazai pouts at him with a response on the tip of his tongue when something catches his eye or rather someone. One of the pros glances between them like he intends to say something but isn't sure if he should yet. His appearance is very distinctive, what with the blond hair pointing upwards, so it doesn't take Dazai long to remember his name from the research he did. Present Mic, real name Yamada Hizashi. At UA he teaches English and along with being a pro hero he also runs a wildly popular radio show. Public opinion of the man is good, he rarely causes property damage or hurts innocents, an all-rounder really. His Quirk, Voice, would be rather annoying to deal with should they have to fight the man. Being close range guarantees burst eardrums, that would make nullifying his Quirk troublesome. If it came down to it then the best course of action would be to have Chuuya manipulate large objects into hitting the man, that way they could both could keep their distance and hopefully avoid any hearing damage.

Yamada takes his momentary silence as an opportunity to speak, "You two are the new students, yeah?"

Dazai turns his attention on the man, “Yep.” He could have answered with more words, something that would make it easier to continue the conversation but doing that would make things too easy for the pro. If he really is the ‘ultimate extrovert’ as the media say then he can put the work in.

To his credit he doesn’t seem off put by the one-word answer, “Well, it’s nice to meet you both! I teach English, so you can call me Yamada-sensei.” He flashes them a smile and Dazai vaguely wonders if the first half of that sentence was honest, it likely wasn’t given they had murdered a fellow pro in cold blood. Maybe he’s already fallen for the pitiful teenagers act, or maybe he’s just trying to be polite.

Dazai glances over at Chuuya and has to bite back a laugh. His facial expression… well, at least he’s trying to hide his thoughts of ‘what the fuck’ even if he isn’t doing that well at it. It has to be the hairstyle that’s causing such an expression, or maybe it’s the tiny but well-groomed moustache. Even if they fail this mission, which they won’t, getting to see Chuuya’s dramatic expressions would make all the work worth it.

An awkward silence settles in the room only to be broken a few moments later by Yamada, “So, you kids got any hobbies?” It’s a painfully bland question for the situation, one that Dazai is almost tempted to answer in the most outrageous way possible. ‘Killing people’, ‘torture’, ‘attempting suicide’, any of those answers would cause big reactions by the pros in the room, which could be fun. But he also has the chance to poke fun at Chuuya with his answer, ah what a hard decision…. Actually, it’s an easy decision, Chuuya’s reactions are far more fun than anything the pros could do.

“I enjoy the small things in life,” he starts with a mischievous smile, “Like Chuuya!”

As expected Chuuya hits him in the stomach with no mercy, “Stop callin’ me short! You’re barely any taller than me!”

Dazai shrugs, “You look pretty small to me.”

In an impressive show of restraint, Chuuya simply glares at him, clearly wanting to hit him but holding back. Instead of following through on the unspoken threat of violence he instead turns to face Yamada, “I like arcade games and riding my bike.”

Yamada nods with an encouraging smile, “You have a bicycle? That must be fun.”

Chuuya gives him an incredulous look, “Bicycle? No, I have a motorbike.” A metal death trap that Dazai hates being on, mainly because Chibi uses his Ability when driving far too often. What if he forgets Dazai is on the back and tries to drive up a wall? Chuuya had argued that it would be impossible to forget he was there due to two factors. One, how tightly Dazai squeezes Chuuya and two, his near-constant screaming when they go around corners. Maybe his points are valid, but still, if he has a choice then he avoids the bike as much as possible.

One of the other pros gives Chuuya a scandalous look. The pro in question goes by Midnight, real name Kayama Nerumi. She’s fairly popular, mainly due to her revealing outfit and personality. Her Quirk might pose Chuuya a challenge depending on how quickly and high it can spread, but Dazai should be able to easily nullify it at the source. Less of a threat than Yamada but she could still be annoying to deal with. “Aren’t you a little young to be driving?” She asks in an almost teasing tone. Either she’s already forgotten about the extent of their crimes or she’s trying to lighten the mood, Dazai can’t tell.

“I don’t think me driving underage is all that important, not compared to the other illegal shit I do,” Chuuya answers casually, the room then falls back into an awkward silence as the pros are no undoubtedly remember their fallen comrade.

The silence continues until Aizawa returns with two lunches in hand and, to Dazai’s delight, a milk carton.

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When Dazai was told he would be getting a therapist he had quite a few expectations. In his mind he expected some plain-faced pro that he could easily manipulate into giving false reports about his mental health, he expected to have the upper hand in all interactions with said therapist. He would go into a session and put on a good show, act like a disturbed little child and then go about his day. It didn’t matter who the therapist was in that scenario because he’s very confident when manipulating people and even if they were resistant then he had a rather simple backup plan. With all the things Dazai has been through and seen if he were to dump it all onto one person without giving them a break, well, they would probably go insane. Having the therapist quit on him could help further the mission after all.

He did not expect for the therapist to be the principal of UA, Nedzu. The mouse-bear looks on at him with a smile, perhaps unaware of the

wrench he has thrown into Dazai's plan. If Nedzu's intelligence really is as impressive as everyone seems to believe then manipulating him will be a lot harder, had it been anyone else… Why isn't it anyone else actually? Yes, Dazai intentionally showed off a bit by identifying Aizawa, he wanted to catch Nedzu's attention after all, but being his personal therapist? That seems like too much interest, Nedzu couldn't have possibly seen through him already, right?

The principal pours two cups of tea, unaware of Dazai's thoughts, "Do let me know what you think of the tea, it's my favourite blend." Nodding Dazai takes the cup, part of him wants to analyse Nedzu's actions and attempt to pre-determine if the plan has been seen through. However, common sense dictates that he acts as normal as possible in this situation, if Nedzu has ulterior motives then he's bound to slip up at some point. Besides, Nedzu will need proof of their plan to do anything about it- which Dazai was very careful to make sure no such evidence exists. The only feasible evidence Nedzu could collect would be a confession from either him or Chuuya, which won't happen. Chuuya is beyond stubborn and loyal, even on his deathbed he wouldn't rat the Port Mafia out, not to mention that he simply doesn't know that much about the plan anyway. Dazai doesn't have the same stupid loyalty but that doesn't make him an easier target, no, not even the worst torture could get Port Mafia secrets out of him. Nedzu will be forced to lose interest if Dazai acts boringly normal.

Taking a sip of his tea Dazai makes a show of contemplating the flavour, "It's alright."

Nedzu nods at his words, "I'm glad to hear that!" He sets his cup down and picks up a folder, when he opens it Dazai can see it's filled with the information they have on him, which to say isn't a lot. The mouse-bear takes a second to read the information before looking back up at him, "I'm sure you're curious as to why I'm your therapist."

Dazai shrugs in a way that should come across as nonchalant but otherwise doesn't respond. Seeing that Dazai has no intention to verbally respond Nedzu continues, "You see, Dazai-kun, I think you're a lot more intelligent than your peers. As a teacher, I couldn't live with myself if I didn't allow that intelligence to grow under my care."

"I'm flattered! Ah, if only Chuuya was as kind as you are." Dazai responds in a childish tone. What he really wants to say is, 'How smart do you think I am?'

Nedzu laughs a little, "The two of you do seem to have a rather

unique relationship! Having such a blunt partner, well, I'm sure it keeps you from getting too arrogant." Chuuya is the only one who calls him an idiot that's for sure, everyone else sees him as a freaky genius.

With a false smile stretched across his face Dazai sighs dramatically, "Chibi is so mean you know, he totally ruins my self-confidence!"

Closing the folder Nedzu nods, "Well luckily for you I am here to help with that! As this is the first session, let's get to know each other shall we?" The mouse-bear then pulls out a chess board and Dazai has to fight back a grin, what an accurate analogy. This game between the two of them really will end up resembling a chess game in a matter of time, both making moves whilst trying to anticipate the next move of their opponent. It may be hard to win this little game but it will surely be interesting, having someone who can match Dazai's intellect might turn out to be more fun than expected.

Given that the white pieces are on his side Dazai takes the first move by moving a pawn to the centre of the board, Nedzu matches this with a pawn of his own. That isn't surprising, having control of the centre gives you an upper hand after all. As for the next move, Dazai decides to take a more direct attack by moving his bishop to c4.

Nedzu studies the board for a moment before moving his knight to c6. The opening caused by the bishop being moved allows Dazai to move his queen out straight to h5, in response Nedzu moves his own queen out to e7. Smart move, now Dazai is forced to change to defence by moving his knight to e2.

Nedzu moves his knight to b4, which is very close to Dazai's bishop. Of course, as long as he keeps the piece out of the knight's reach it should be fine, it's somewhat unnerving though. Still on the defence Dazai castles king side, being taken out this early would just be embarrassing.

Nedzu continues on the offensive by taking a pawn with his knight. Dazai then moves one of his pawns, which unfortunately leads to his rook being taken by Nedzu's knight. It's starting to look bad for Dazai but he's confident he can get out of this one way or another, hopefully, he'll be able to take Nedzu's knight in a few moves and return his focus on getting the king in check. Dazai moves his previously untouched bishop out of the way just for Nedzu to once again move his knight, just what is he planning? On Nedzu's next turn, he moves his queen to b4, which allows Dazai to take the knight

that took his rook. He would prefer for Nedzu's queen not to be anywhere near his king but it isn't too bad right now, he'll focus on getting Nedzu's king in check for now.

They continue like that for the next few minutes the silence only broken by the soft clank of the wooden pieces being set down. To someone else they would argue playing a game of chess in silence isn't really getting to know each other, Dazai would disagree. In just one game he will be able to grasp Nedzu's planning skills along with how easily he can read other people and anticipate their moves, the same could be said about what Nedzu will learn about Dazai. In that case, perhaps he should throw the game? By making a mistake that should have been easily avoided Nedzu will lower his expectations of Dazai's intelligence.

The chance comes to put Nedzu in check, he'll be able to easily break free of it so Dazai doubts he could win here. In that case, he'll go for it. When Nedzu defends against the check Dazai might lose his queen, which would put him at a heavy disadvantage. That could work out for his plan though, after his queen is lost then he can make some mistakes that will lead Nedzu to the win.

With one of his pawns Dazai takes out the bishop protecting the king, this naturally leaves his queen open to be taken by Nedzu. However, instead of moving his remaining bishop to take the queen Nedzu just sighs and then faces Dazai with a grin, "It's been a long time since someone challenged me like this! I'm afraid I'll have to forfeit here."

Forfeit? There are still a few moves Nedzu could make that would get his king safe so the question is why doesn't he? Either he's not smart enough to notice the possible moves or he gave up on purpose… Much like Nedzu said, it's been a while since someone challenged him like this.

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"Nice to see you again, Nakahara-kun!"

For a second Chuuya debates turning around and leaving because what the hell? Why out of every possible pro that could be his therapist did it have to be the guy with the worst hairstyle? Earlier he had introduced himself as Yamada but even then Chuuya was too busy staring at the spike of blond, it was just so distracting. Distracting in a bad way.

Knowing he can't just leave the room Chuuya instead sits in the chair

opposite to Yamada, eyes still trained on that hair. Really, with the way he's acting, it's like Yamada is an active threat and not his therapist. "Yea, hi." Chuuya greets and finally drags his eyes away from the hair only to be confronted with the worst-looking moustache he's ever seen. What's with this guy and his terrible hair decisions?

"Since we've only just met let's get to know each other," Yamada smiles encouragingly, "How about we take turns asking each other a question?"

An ice-breaker like that shouldn't include any serious questions, so it should be fine to go along with it. Nodding Chuuya relaxes into his chair a little, "I'll go first, why does your hair look like that?"

Yamada laughs loudly at that, "I get that question a lot! I just think it looks cool." That phrase eerily reminds Chuuya of a certain bandaged idiot. Yamada continues, "For my question… You said you like arcade games, which one is your favourite?"

In truth Chuuya has two favourite types of games, racing and dancing games. Racing games are good because he actually really enjoys playing them, basically, he likes the content even if Dazai beats him sometimes. Dancing games are good because his idiotic partner has the grace of a fish when dancing, which means Chuuya always wins when they play. He explains as much to Yamada who grins in response, "You two seem like close friends."

Chuuya scoffs, "Absolutely not, I could never be friends with that guy." He scrunchies his nose up at the idea, ugh, if he and Dazai were real friends he would probably get even more annoying. Right now they're just partners, he'd like to keep it that way.

Yamada looks at him expectedly and Chuuya belatedly realises it's his turn to ask a question now. With the hair question already asked he feels like there are no more questions he wants to ask but the opportunity to gather information shouldn't be passed up on. He should figure out how much of a threat this guy is, "What's your Quirk?"

"Oh, it's called Voice! I can make my voice insanely loud, I can also control the pitch," Yamada explains with a gesture to the contraption on his neck, "This device helps me to direct it." Chuuya doesn't want his eardrums burst so hopefully he won't have to fight this guy, well he could fight at a distance but that isn't really his style. Of course, if the plan goes well there won't be a need to fight anyone.

Yamada continues speaking, “Your Ability is called Upon the Tainted Sorrow, right? That’s a pretty cool name, how’d you come up with it?”

“Oh, I didn’t,” Chuuya speaks casually only to be met with Yamada’s slightly confused face. Ah right, pro heroes don’t know that much about Abilities, let alone how they behave in a fight. That information shouldn’t be all that important to keep a secret, especially given the fact that he and Dazai are expected to ‘give 1A experience.’ They’ll have to fight that class at some point so he’ll just explain it to Yamada now, “When you use an Ability, words will appear that relate to your power, the name is in there. The amount of words that show up depends on how much you’re using it.”

An interested expression appears on Yamada’s face, “Oh wow and that happens with every Ability?”

“Yep, oh wait it’s my turn to ask a question isn’t it?” Chuuya asks. Technically, Yamada asked two in a row but he won’t call that out. To his credit the pro looks a little sheepish upon realising that, still, he nods and gestures for Chuuya to ask a question. Chuuya thinks for a moment before speaking, “You have a hero name right? What is it?”

“Present Mic!” Yamada announces with pride. Present Mic huh? Not the weirdest name he’s ever heard but still a little odd, then again hero names as a whole tend to be odd. In the Port Mafia, people just go by their name, when code names are used it’s only on missions where secrecy is necessary. While Chuuya thinks about the oddity of his name Yamada thinks of another question before speaking, “You said you have a bike earlier, how’d you get it?”

Before he can stop it memories spring to mind, memories now coloured in a bittersweet light. Thinking about The Flags hurts, even now a feeling of discomfort settles across his shoulders when he recalls them, recalls the end they came to. In the months after everything went down he had tried to keep busy, knowing that any moment spent dwelling on his friends might end with a bottle of wine. Besides, the Boss had been all too happy to give him extra missions. He isn’t going to tell all that to some pro he just met though, not a chance in hell. Instead, Chuuya shrugs in a way that he hopes comes across as nonchalant, “A friend.”

Yamada nods in understanding, for a moment it seems like he has picked up on Chuuya’s melancholy but in the next, that feeling is gone. Instead, the man smiles and leans in, “So, I gotta ask, if you and Dazai-kun hate each other so much how’d you two meet?”

A smile tugs at Chuuya's face upon recalling that memory, what he wouldn't give to kick that bastard into a wall again. Shifting upwards in his chair Chuuya begins explaining, "Heh, well that bastard was snooping around for information. I kicked him right into a wall, it was great."

"Really? What happened after that?" Yamada encourages him to continue. Chuuya does exactly that, his mind focusing on recalling all the details from when he first met Dazai to accurately tell the story. It's important to get everything just right, that way Yamada will agree with him that Dazai is beyond irritating and understand why they can never be friends.

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At the end of the therapy session, Aizawa appeared with Dazai in tow to take them both back to the dorms, which Chuuya is somewhat dreading. Well, not dreading but certainly not looking forward to it. Unlike when they first arrived the dorms will now be full of students, without the restriction of being in class anything could go down. If the students feel that their, or more accurately Dazai's, actions offended them then an argument, maybe even a fight could break out. If that does happen then Chuuya will obviously fight back, even if that lands him getting kicked from UA. Dazai must have been thinking the same as when they arrived at the dorms he sent Chuuya a calculating gaze before nodding.

Aizawa pauses before walking through the doors and shoots them both a look, "Remember the rules and behave, alright?"

Dazai nods his head as Chuuya answers, "Yea yea." A moment later Aizawa deems this response satisfactory and enters the building with both boys following close behind. As soon as Chuuya and Dazai enter the main room things go quiet, once again the air turns stale with tension.

Glancing around the room Aizawa takes note of which students are present, "Iida-kun."

Said student stands at attention, "Yes, Sensei?"

Aizawa gestures back at Chuuya and Dazai, "If these two do anything, and I mean anything, alert me immediately." That implies he's going to leave them in the main room with the students. Less supervision is nice but also increases the chance of a fight breaking out.

The kid, Iida, seems apprehensive but agrees nonetheless, “Of course.”

With one last warning glance at him and Dazai, Aizawa begins walking to his room and soon disappears from view.

The minutes after that are tense and full of nervous glances, with their teacher gone 1A doesn’t seem to want to move. From his left Chuuya feels Dazai nudge him, the bastard wants him to make the first move doesn’t he? 1A will probably feel threatened if he does move first, but that isn’t really a concern of his.

Near the main sitting area is a single armchair that looks pretty comfy, with that goal in mind Chuuya walks forward and dutifully ignores the flinches back from the students. He can hear Dazai following along behind him, very much a silent shadow. They pass a coffee table where most of the students find themselves seated, some unfortunate soul must have left their gaming device on the table. Chuuya says ‘unfortunate soul’ because he already knew that Dazai would scoop the device up upon passing it, if the kid ever gets it back then it’ll be a miracle.

Chuuya finally arrives at the armchair and sits down, for a second he actually believed that Dazai would sit elsewhere. That was wishful thinking however as the idiot promptly lays himself across Chuuya’s lap, the game console already loading up. Chuuya gives him a half-hearted shove, “You couldn’t sit anywhere else?”

Dazai doesn’t even spare him a glance, “No～～”

Chuuya doesn’t get the chance to respond as someone suddenly yells, “What the hell!!” Looking over at the guy it seems to be the same loudmouth that was yelling this morning, great, that guy is going to become a problem Chuuya can already tell. With Dazai laid over him there isn’t much Chuuya can do but keep steady eye contact with the guy, something that causes him to yell once again.

“What are you looking at carrot-top?!”

Chuuya feels anger build under his skin which is only amplified when Dazai snickers at the insult. “Fuck did you just call me?”

The blondie takes a step forward and for a moment Chuuya debates shoving Dazai off his lap to meet the guy standing up. Before he can do that, however, some other kid grabs hold of the blondies arm, “Woah, Bakugou calm down! You can’t fight in here.”

The kid, Bakugou, shoves his hand off, “I’m not sitting here while two murderers try and act all normal,” He waves a hand around angrily, “Having them here is a fuckin’ joke.”

Chuuya rolls his eyes, he wants to be here as much as Bakugou wants him here it seems, if he had a choice then he wouldn’t have come anywhere near UA but due to shitty Dazai here he is. It looks like the redhead wants to say something but is interrupted when someone else stands, “Bakugou is right.”

“Todoroki?” Someone else responds slightly confused.

“These two don’t have any remorse for what they did, it doesn’t make sense to have them here,” Todoroki says while staring at Chuuya. If he wants an apology then he isn’t getting one, not a sincere one anyway.

The class break out into whispers while Chuuya finds himself in yet another staring contest, seriously, what is with these kids and staring at him?

A few minutes go by like this until a certain comment grabs his attention. Initially, he was willing to ignore whatever words they threw at him, a bunch of teenagers could never even begin to rival the worst things that have happened to him. Even if they happen to stumble across one of his insecurities he shouldn’t be that affected by a bunch of kids he doesn’t even know. That much remains true but the combination of two kids glaring him down and all the others whispering very clear insults is really grating on his nerves. Taking the opportunity, Chuuya shoves Dazai from his lap and ignores the offended yelp when he hits the floor.

Standing up Chuuya looks back at Bakugou, “Look, I don’t want to be here either but I didn’t really get a choice,” Chuuya takes a step forward, “You ignore us, we’ll ignore you. That sound good?”

Bakugou growls in a way that says ‘not good’ but doesn’t get a chance to respond. Iida, who was clearly watching Chuuya’s approach carefully, tried to grab onto his arm. Naturally, Chuuya pulls his arm away from his grip and sends him a glare, “Back off, I’m not going to do anything. Unlike a certain someone, I’m not suicidal.”

Iida looks somewhat confused by that comment but still remains a barrier between Chuuya and the rest of the class. Maybe this was a coordinated attack as another student appears on Chuuya’s other side, “Why did you do it?”

Chuuya glances at him, the kid has wild purple hair with eyes to match. Speaking of eyes, Chuuya recognises that pair from his morning staring contest, makes sense for the guy to be confronting him then. Chuuya opens his mouth to respond but is cut off by Dazai, “Don’t answer that, Chibi~”

Immediately, Chuuya’s mouth snaps closed. He isn’t a fan of listening to Dazai very often, especially in situations that aren’t a fight but something about this is different. Dazai could have just carried on playing his game, could have left Chuuya to fend off the whole class but he didn’t, instead, he warned Chuuya not to respond to one specific comment. Could it be this kid has some sort of voice-activated Quirk?

A few months back the UA sports festival had been on, Dazai had insisted they watch together to make fun of all the hero wannabes. Admittedly, it was fun to joke about the students and make bets on who would win, even if Chuuya ended up losing some money in the end. This kid must have been in the sports festival then, Chuuya remembers all the exciting matches so he must have had a tamer one. For a second he digs through his memories of watching the sports festival and soon comes upon an answer, the first match of the 1 vs 1 had gone by quickly. One of the kids had tried to brainwash the other, it hadn’t worked in the end but Chuuya can remember Dazai made a few comments about it back then.

Confident in his answer Chuuya turns his attention to Dazai in an attempt to make it clear who he is responding to, “Brainwashing kid, right?”

Dazai hums as the game console plays a little song. “Yep,” he sets the console down and finally gets up off the floor, “Wouldn’t want you to lose control of yourself, Chuuya~~”

The kids around them look taken aback, a few of them even look a little scared. Dazai sees this and sighs, “You act like we stalked him to get that information.” The class remain silent in a way that makes it feel like they don’t believe Dazai, which is funny in a way. Have they completely forgotten about the sports festival?

Now standing next to Chuuya, Dazai rolls his eyes, “Sports festival, remember? All your Quirks were broadcasted internationally, I just made note of the interesting ones.”

Bakugou somehow gets more outraged by this very common and

obvious fact, “Bastard.”

Very used to being called that Dazai just waves him off, “That’s me~” Dazai then turns to Chuuya and begins pulling him away without a second glance at 1A, “Let’s go see what snacks they have~”

They are almost to the kitchen when Chuuya stops in his tracks, Dazai shoots him a curious look as he turns around to face the class once more. Everyone looks back at him like they expect him to make some last comment, what he’s really after is actually far more stupid.

“We can’t go in there without two students, so uh, could a couple of you come with?” He asks in a serious tone. Everyone seems shocked by his words, especially Dazai who starts spouting some nonsense about dramatic exits. In Chuuya’s defence, he isn’t going to get punished for breaking the rules to see if the kitchen has crab or not, which is absolutely the reason Dazai wanted to go in there.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh, another 7000-word chapter. Really, I have no clue how the word count keeps growing like this, it just gets away from me every time.

Dazai to Nedzu: *having an intense mental battle and planning every response perfectly*
Chuuya to Present Mic: why the hell does your hair look like that. Like really, what am I looking at.

(Present Mic being Chuuya’s therapist came from the user Kugisaki_nobara, thank you so much for the idea!)

Also, sorry Fyodor I totally kicked you out of the Dazai chess club. It’s a really good analogy so… Regarding that chess game, apologies if it wasn’t described well I am trash at chess. I had to ask my sibling (who previously insisted on Endeavour’s ribs being broken) to script a game for me… I dominate at checkers though, so there’s that.

Ok, so, the start of this chapter may be in poor taste given the latest manga chapter (109) but I wrote it before the chapter was out ok!! Which, someone pleassssee talk with me about the new chapter I need to scream my emotions out but I have no BSD friends. I am losing it for real.

Last thing, next chapter probably won't be up for a little while.

Not too long I'm just bust next week and I've actually started planning out this fic! I'm hard at work making the plot line up nicely, although it is a little tricky at times. I don't want to rush into new chapters when I haven't got things planned well :)))

Thank you for reading!!

Chapter 7: The first day pt.2

Chapter Summary

From up in the observation room Dazai yells, “Give ‘em hell, Chuuya!”

In response, Nakahara rolls his eyes but a small smile forms on his face.

Chapter Notes

TW: I don't think there is anything, but let me know if I should add anything! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Silence descends on the room quickly after Chuuya’s words, a few of the students have looks of clear disbelief on their faces. Admittedly, he can understand why they seem in shock by his words, two infamous criminals need babysitters to go in a kitchen? Just saying it like that sounds stupid, add on that little glaring contest he had with that Bakugou kid and it somehow gets worse. It is, unfortunately, the situation he finds himself in and not some poorly executed joke. If no one starts moving he might just end up starving, which actually raises another question, if no one comes with them do they just not get to eat? That doesn’t sound like something self-righteous heroes would do though, so maybe Aizawa would go with them? Speaking of, Aizawa had asked Iida to watch over them earlier, so he must be the most responsible of the class, with that in mind Chuuya shoots the kid a serious look in hopes that he’ll say something.

It seems to work as a moment later the shock wipes from his face, he takes a look around at the other 1A kids before responding, “As your class president I will volunteer.” His tone is both serious and reassuring, almost like he’s about to head into battle. In all honesty, Chuuya finds it very amusing, the worst thing that could happen in that kitchen would be a lack of canned crab. The reason being that Dazai would start hanging off Chuuya and whining like a toddler who got denied ice cream or some other treat. Even then, the 1A kids could just block their ears or something and be fine, so yeah, no need for the over-dramatics.

Some other kid stands up from his seat, “I’ll come with you, Iida.” His tone is much the same as Iida’s but that isn’t what Chuuya notices, no, that would be the kid’s green hair. Back in Yokohama Chuuya is often the subject of stares and unwanted questions, most of them going along the lines of ‘Is that hair natural?’ and ‘Are you a foreigner?’ It’s beyond annoying having to constantly repeat the same things, things like ‘Yes it’s natural’ and ‘Yes I’m Japanese’ and ‘No you absolutely cannot touch my hair.’ It’s tiring to deal with, even more so with that idiot Dazai teasing him about it all the time. It’s rare to see anyone with unique coloured hair back home, but here in Quirked society, no one gives Chuuya’s hair a second glance. It makes complete sense why, after all, mutant Quirks are far more noticeable than hair colour, but still, it’s weird. It’s such a small detail compared to the various other things he could be focusing on, such as the burning glare from Bakugou, and yet it still stands out to him.

The brainwashing kid from earlier also stands up, “Hope you don’t mind me tagging along.” Iida and the greenhead seem the slightest bit relieved upon hearing this, either because they now outnumber him and Dazai or because they believe the kid’s brainwashing will keep attacks at bay. It wouldn’t, not with Dazai around, but whatever, the quicker he can grab some food the quicker he can head to his room. There won’t be anything to do in his room but it sounds far more enjoyable than sitting with a bunch of hero wannabes and being stared at.

Although, as the trio of 1A kids make their way into the kitchen Chuuya can’t help but feel on guard. Initially, the unassuming purple-haired kid had slipped under his radar in terms of being a threat, compared to his flashy classmates Chuuya had thought the kid would be an easy takedown. Now though, things are different. Explosions, fire, electricity- none of that poses a threat to Chuuya, but brainwashing? The mere thought of his carefully maintained control being stripped away leaves him on edge, his instincts urge him to take the kid out before something can go down. Losing the control he prides himself on could never end well for two reasons, his Ability and Arahabaki.

Upon the Tainted Sorrow is a powerful Ability, no one can deny that, but what people don’t seem to understand is that using it requires perfect control. Even just one slip of focus and a building crumples like a can, one misstep and his enemies shoot up to space before they can even blink. Hell, if Chuuya wanted to he could level a town in a matter of moments, all he would have to do is make contact with that first building. That kid has no idea about any of that, he has no idea

how precise you have to be when controlling gravity to avoid chaos. If he ordered Chuuya to do something, like say increase the weight on someone, then the lack of specific orders would certainly lead to a death.

And then, of course, the issue of Arahabaki. Chuuya has never been brainwashed so, in all honesty, he has no clue if Corruption would automatically trigger should he lose his control and frankly, he doesn't want to find out. Right now not a soul outside of Yokohama knows about Corruption, if the pros do find out then things could go south fast. If they find out that Chuuya is a bigger threat than previously thought then Nedzu may just kick them out of UA, in that situation they either end up in prison or fighting a whole fuck tonne of pro heroes. Then there's the chance the government will be curious about him, about Arahabaki… If that happened, well, Chuuya would rather commit double suicide with Dazai than end up in some lab again.

Never mind All Might, that kid is by far the biggest threat.

He doesn't let any of that show on his face though, lest the 1A kids think he's intimidated by them. Instead, he follows the trio into the kitchen, which turns out to be just as large and fancy as the common area.

The three students sit down around the island counter, each with varying looks of suspicion and anxiety on their faces. Chuuya pays them no mind, instead, he begins familiarising himself with the kitchen layout and organisation. Dazai won't cook anything, well he might try and then give himself food poisoning. The point is that Chuuya will be doing the cooking for them so knowing where everything is will be helpful. He searches through most of the kitchen, only avoiding the cupboards with students' names on, and finds exactly no canned crab.

"No crab, you'll have to actually eat something else for a change." He explains while pulling out some rice. Maybe another night he can make something more complex for the two of them but since it's their first day he'll pick something easier, stir fried rice fits that just perfectly. There should be some vegetables in the fridge that he could include, maybe even some meat if he's lucky.

Dazai, who surprisingly wasn't making a nuisance of himself before this, gasps dramatically and dumps his body weight onto Chuuya. Despite being taller he doesn't weigh all that much, something that is both worrying and fortunate at times. Worrying because he surely

can't be eating enough and fortunate as it allows Chuuya to pick him up without any issue. Before the idiot can even begin whining Chuuya easily pushes him onto the island counter before making a speedy getaway towards the large fridge.

Unsurprisingly, Dazai makes no attempt to move from his new spot and instead slumps down further. The 1A students sitting across from him seem uncomfortable by his presence, even more so when he peeks his eye out from behind bandaged arms. "Ahh, I dread to think what the Chibi will cook up," he shivers in an overdramatic way, "thinking about it makes me ill."

Overhearing this Chuuya resists the urge to throw something at the idiot, namely the knife he just picked up. Scoffing, Chuuya begins cutting up some vegetables, "But if I don't make you anything you complain I'm starving you, pick a side." Chuuya can't see his face at the moment but he gets the distinct feeling Dazai is pulling some sort of face at him. Ignoring the urge to do something rash Chuuya simply continues preparing the meal, this causes the room to fall into silence.

A few minutes pass with the only sounds being the knife hitting the chopping board and the soft breathing of those in the room, that ambience comes to an end when Chuuya gets a bad feeling. Specifically his 'Dazai is up to no good' feeling, setting the knife down he prepares to deal with whatever nonsense the idiot is cooking up. Taking a look at said idiot reveals he's starting down the green-haired kid and, by the looks of it, is starting to unsettle him. That's not all that surprising given how naturally big Dazai's eyes are, it's far too easy to be sucked in and affected by whatever emotion appears in his eye. This particular emotion is one of Chuuya's least favourites, or well, it would be more accurate to say lack of emotion. Wide, warm, and inviting brown eyes with absolutely no emotion, no friendlessness behind them. It's unsettling because at first there doesn't seem to be anything wrong but you still feel unnerved, you feel like something is wrong or unnatural with Dazai.

Chuuya has been on the receiving end of that look two times, the first time it worked like a charm and he had left that interaction creeped out and wary of Dazai. The second time it still affected him, but not in the intended way. Instead of being unnerved Chuuya felt pissed off, he had seen personally just how much emotion that brown eye could hold and yet Dazai was still trying to pass off as 'unemotional'. A stupid idea in Chuuya's opinion, which he did tell the Mackerel bastard and was then rewarded with a look of utter shock and confusion. That was one of the few times he had the pleasure of seeing

a truly confused and taken-aback Dazai, something that is always amusing.

The green kid doesn't seem to be fairing well though, it's obvious he's trying to meet Dazai's gaze head-on without looking scared. It isn't working though, as Chuuya can see the sweat forming on the kid's forehead. Taking pity on the kid Chuuya decides to intervene, "Oi, bastard," Chuuya starts, "Stop tormenting the greenie."

Dazai sighs and deflates in a way that always proceeds whining and insults to Chuuya's height, fortunately, the green kid interrupts before the idiot can begin making a fuss, "G-greenie?"

Chuuya gives him a shrug before turning back to the food, "Haven't introduced yourself, so yeah, greenie." After responding he begins the process of frying all the veg and meagre amount of meat he found in the fridge.

"Oh right, well I'm Midoriya Izuku. This," Chuuya glances back to see who he was referencing, "is Shinsou Hitoshi and that's Iida Tenya ."

Well, it's nice to have a name for the biggest threat to the mission.

Dazai chuckles at that, which causes Shinsou to speak, "Why are you laughing?"

He does not get a response, which Chuuya expected. Dazai's best weapon is his mind after all, take away his control and the fishy idiot will be fucked. The fear of being completely controlled is something they both share- actually, would the kid's Quirk even work on Dazai? Chuuya wouldn't think so given No Longer Human but then again it is better to be safe than sorry.

Iida then speaks, "I too am curious why you laughed, Midoriya didn't say anything funny."

"Hmm, well- actually never mind~" Dazai replies and a glance back confirms the smirk that Chuuya guessed would be on his face, what's interesting is that Dazai is staring at Midoriya once again. Alright then, he wants to mentally attack that kid over the other two. He probably noticed something about the kid that Chuuya hadn't, something that makes him more of a target. Making a note to ask Dazai about it later Chuuya returns to cooking, the dish is almost done.

It seems Chuuya wasn't the only one to notice the targeted attacks as

Shinsou speaks up, “You’re doing this on purpose, right?”

Once again Dazai does not respond, Shinsou huffs in what seems like annoyance and anger. A few seconds later Midoriya speaks up, “Shinsou asked you a question.” He sounds on guard and slightly suspicious.

“I know, but why would I respond to *him*?” Dazai puts extra emphasis on that last word. The room turns more tense and Chuuya fights the urge to turn around, having his back to the enemy is against his very nature. Still, he has to have some faith that Dazai won’t go so far to instigate a physical fight, although even if it does come down to blows then Dazai would probably cover his back. Hopefully anyway, if not then Chuuya might just have to join the pro’s side to beat the bastard up.

“What does that mean?” Midoriya asks in a tense yet steady voice.

Dazai sighs in a carefree way, “Pretty obvious, no?”

A few seconds pass before Shinsou speaks, “My Quirk.”

Naturally, Dazai responds in the most obnoxious way possible by clapping, “Bingo~”

Chuuya turns to go grab some plates and sees the offended faces of Iida and Midoriya, Shinsou seems more resigned but still annoyed. Somehow, Iida sits up straighter than before, “You’re committing Quirk discrimination then, as the class pres-”

Dazai cuts off Iida with a dramatic sigh, “You make it sound so serious~”

Chuuya returns to his cooking with the plates in hand and rolls his eyes, seems Dazai intends to create a hostile environment straight off the bat. 1A already dislikes, possibly hates, them already so to re-enforce their feelings would cause the class to avoid them. Not having to deal with a bunch of hero wannabes would make this whole mission easier, for that reason Chuuya decides to stay quiet and let Dazai mess with the kids some more.

“That’s because it’s illegal,” Midoriya says in a serious tone.

Dazai makes a noise that is very clearly faked shock and Chuuya can’t help but make a jab at him, “Wow, can’t believe you’d break a law, how scandalous.” His tone is both sarcastic and dry, clearly showing

how little he truly cares about the situation.

Huffing, Dazai doesn't waste any time responding, "Like you're any better Chibi... Besides, I was just being cautious, you can't blame me for that right?"

"I don't just use my Quirk on anyone I please."

Midoriya chimes in after, "Yeah, Shinsou isn't like that."

Dazai hums slightly, "Right, right, and who do you use your Quirk on?"

A few seconds pass before anyone answers, they might be thinking it's some sort of trick question. Eventually, Shinsou does reply, "Villains, I guess."

Once again, Dazai does his obnoxious little clap, "Exactly! By your standards me and Chuuya are villains, so what reason do we have to trust you?" Silence falls at that and Chuuya gets the distinct feeling the 1A kids were taken aback by that. They probably haven't had such close interaction with those who are dubbed 'villains', those who don't look up to and trust pro heroes with all their hearts. Perhaps it hadn't crossed their minds yet that both he and Dazai have even less of a reason to trust them, that the pair of them are in a disadvantageous situation surrounded by people whom they can't trust.

The silence sits for a second before Chuuya speaks, "Oi, bastard, come get this plate."

For once Dazai listens without complaining and dutifully collects the plate, the movement seems to jolt the three students back to reality. Iida stands and speaks louder than really necessary, "As Pro Heroes in training it would be dishonourable to attack you in this situation, no one here would do that!"

At this, Chuuya can't help but scoff, "Oh come off it, from the looks of it that Bakugou kid would be all too willing to start a fight." Iida seems stuck on how to answer, only proving that Bakugou would be so dishonourable to attack them. It's amusing to see but Chuuya honestly can't be bothered hanging around here any more, with one hand holding his plate and the other pushing Dazai out the door he spares one last look at the trio, "None of us trust each other, yea? So let's just mind our own business."

Chuuya continues shoving Dazai as they walk down the hall while

steadily ignoring any and all stares from 1A. Once they arrive at Chuuya's room he shoves the idiot inside and slams the door shut, "God, you just have to make everything difficult."

At that, Dazai flops onto his bed and whines, "Ehhh, what do you mean by that?"

"Don't eat on my bed, messy bastard," Chuuya protests as he sits at his desk, "Also, you know exactly what I mean, laughing for no reason just to get a reaction."

Despite his words, Chuuya actually makes no move to get Dazai to move off his bed, especially not when he actually eats a mouthful of the fried rice. Getting Dazai to eat is always a challenge, even with a smaller meal portion it's unlikely he'll actually eat most of it. Just this once he'll let the idiot's terrible manners slide if it means he'll actually eat something.

"But I did have a reason!" Dazai exclaims, "That kid's name is *Midori*ya and he has green hair, isn't that funny?"

Honestly, Chuuya can't tell if Dazai is being serious or not. Hopefully not, or else his sense of humour must really be too far gone. Electing to ignore his nonsense, Chuuya instead takes a big bite of his fried rice, it's not the best meal he's made but it's not too bad.

Dazai huffs at being ignored but continues picking at his meal as the minutes tick by until, eventually, the idiot pushes his plate away and sighs, "This is so boring, why'd they have to take our phones…"

"So we don't contact people, duh," Also so they can search them for any information on the Port Mafia, not that they'll find anything useful.

Dazai makes a dramatic sigh before rolling over in the bed, Chuuya decides to take this opportunity to grab the idiot's plate. Between the two of them meal mealtime never lasts that long, Dazai takes a few bites and calls it quits while Chuuya devours it all quickly. Typically, if the Mackerel leaves too much food spare then it gets dumped onto Chuuya's plate. A decent amount of Dazai's food is gone today though so that doesn't look necessary.

Grabbing both plates Chuuya makes his way to the door, "I'll be right back, don't make a mess." Dazai sticks his tongue out, which is about as good as a response he'll get. Hopefully, his room will still be intact when he gets back, if not he'll force Dazai to swap.

The hallway to the main room isn't too long but, as Chuuya is now finding out, sound travels well down it. Chuuya hears his name and pauses, slightly curious about what the 1A kids are saying about him.

"They just freak me out, y'know? Like I can't explain why, but I feel like I'm about to get jumped or something."

Another kid chimes in, "Yeah I get what you mean! They seem nice but obviously aren't... Man, I'd prefer if they were just straight-up evil."

"Maybe then the Pros would have let them rot in jail."

Well, at least Dazai will get a kick out of knowing he's scaring the students already. Chuuya waits a few more minutes before walking out to the kitchen, while he couldn't really care if the 1A kids felt awkward knowing Chuuya overheard them talking shit, he honestly can't be bothered with further interacting with the class. They'd try and apologise or make excuses, which would be stupid since he would be able to tell they were faking, which would be annoying to deal with.

Damn, only a day in and he's already tired of this whole mission.

-

Chuuya has never been to school before and he has never been more glad for that fact. He had thought it would be somewhat interesting to learn new things and experience that classic atmosphere that always appears in TV shows about high school, but so far it's been disappointing. All the stuff the teachers have been talking about so far have been things he either already knows or doesn't care about, not to mention that the only atmosphere to speak of is one of anxiety.

Which, sure, Chuuya understands why 1A isn't acting all buddy-buddy with him, but still, it's boring as hell only having Dazai to talk to. Maybe the better word would be annoying actually, absolutely mind-breaking annoying. Last night the idiot had refused to leave Chuuya's room until the last possible moment and when he finally did leave he then spent about an hour tapping out Morse code on their shared wall. It wasn't even anything serious like updated plans, just constant short and dog jokes followed by whining at being ignored. Whining that he shouldn't have been able to hear since it was Morse code, but that didn't stop the Mackerel's stupid voice echoing around his head. After this mission, he'll take one far far away from Dazai, god knows he needs a break from the idiot.

Even now, in the middle of a lesson, Chuuya finds himself focusing more on the mischief Dazai is up to rather than the lesson contents. To anyone else, they wouldn't see anything amiss with Dazai's actions, he's sat all quiet diligently writing things down. But that's how Chuuya knows something is up because there is no need for Dazai to be writing things down, first of all, he most likely already knows the topic inside and out, and secondly even if it was a new topic for him that 'genius mind' would just absorb everything without the need for paper. So, Dazai is up to something.

In all honesty, he's probably tormenting 1A in some way but there's also a chance that this is something to annoy Chuuya with later, if that is the case then he'd rather know now and be ready. Not that he can actually see what the fishy bastard is writing from across the room but whatever, that's not relevant.

Leaning forward Chuuya tries to get a read on Dazai's face, he looks mischievous, which is not a surprise at all but does confirm that he's up to something.

A shadow falls across Chuuya's desk, a pre-warning before the teacher speaks, "How about you answer these questions then?" His tone is slightly snobbish and laced with hatred. If Chuuya had to make a guess he'd say whoever this guy is must have noticed he wasn't paying attention, now he wants Chuuya to embarrass himself by failing to answer the questions.

Risking a glance up at the board Chuuya honestly expected harder questions, maybe the teacher just assumed he'd be shit at physics like many other kids his age. Unfortunately for this guy, Chuuya mastered physics before he even knew the name for it.

Answering the questions is a breeze and the shocked face of the teacher, and a few of the students around him, is very satisfying. Deciding to lean into the smugness he feels Chuuya just shrugs, "My Ability is literally physics, what'd you expect?"

With that out of the way, Chuuya turns his attention back to Dazai, just what could that guy be planning?

-

Aizawa has been a teacher for a long time now, when he first started he, admittedly, was a little nervous about it. Teaching the practical side of heroics would be easy enough, but standing in a classroom all day teaching basic subjects? That part felt completely foreign to him,

of course, as the years went by he settled into the whole thing. He's taught students who struggled with basic concepts and students who excelled above their peers, the point is, he knows how to teach.

An amendment to that statement; Aizawa knows how to teach morality and ethics classes to kids who want to be Pro Heroes. He does not, in fact, know how to teach that to a pair of murderous teenagers. Unfortunately, he does not have any time to dwell on this little problem as both Dazai and Nakahara are already sitting before him ready to be taught.

Well, 'ready' is an overstatement. The both of them look beyond uninterested but whatever, Aizawa will have to make do.

"This is our first lesson, so I want to get to know you both," Aizawa explains, "Tell me about yourselves."

Dazai and Nakahara both share a look of confusion, seeing this Aizawa elaborates, "Tell me about anything, your favourite things, places you go, things you do, whatever you like."

While it would be nice to get some more information on Yokohama and the Port Mafia that isn't Aizawa's intention right now, he truly does just want to get to know the pair of them. He can't teach them to be better people if he doesn't know why they commit crimes in the first place, right?

Dazai looks a little suspicious, which isn't all too surprising, "Hmm, well I like going to the arcade with Chuuya."

"Arcade? You mentioned that before," 'during the livestream' goes unsaid, "You both go there often?"

At that Nakahara shrugs, "When we have time and a score to settle."

Aizawa nods, "Who wins more?"

Dazai immediately brightens while Nakahara slumps in his seat a little, with a grin Dazai exclaims, "I do, of course!"

"More like you cheat the most," Nakahara huffs.

In a display of childishness, Dazai sticks his tongue out at the other before replying, "You're just a sore loser~~"

It doesn't take a genius to predict what will happen should this

conversation continue, with that in mind Aizawa instead decides to swap subjects. Any question to do with the Port Mafia will probably be met with silence, so he'll keep the conversation away from that when possible.

"Anything else you like doing?"

Dazai looks contemplative at that and takes a moment to answer, when he does a grin takes place on his face, "Well, I love trying to k-"

Before he can finish his sentence Nakahara has already elbowed him in the stomach, "Stop saying shit like that."

Aizawa bites back his curiosity at what Dazai meant to say as Nakahara turns to face him, "We don't really do much outside of work, it'll be easier to just start the lesson."

Part of Aizawa wants to dwell on the fact these two teenagers apparently spend all their time working (committing crimes) rather than actually being children, the only thing that stops him is the fact that both boys would likely clam up if he asked. It's not that he's surprised that they don't have time to goof off that much, hell it even explains the childish way they act around each other. If they are expected to act as adults constantly, to have the same maturity and intelligence as a fully grown man without much room for a break then they must use their time together as a break, however small it may be. It's not surprising but it is upsetting

For now, he'll move on to the next topic, but he'll keep that bit of information in his mind for later. Although Aizawa was hoping to be able to understand the kids a little bit more before bringing this next topic up it seems like he'll just have to make do, something that seems to be a reoccurring theme with these two.

"Well," he starts, "As you know the aim of this class is for the two of you to have better morals, so we'll start with the catalyst of all this, why did you kill Mt. Lady?" Mentally, Aizawa prepares himself for whatever reaction he may get, more specifically if the two boys are nonchalant with it all. The death of a fellow Pro is always a sore wound to bring up, doing so with the very ones responsible probably isn't a good idea.

Dazai shrugs, "Well, we were told to."

That Aizawa already knows, the answer he's actually looking for is different, "Yes, but I want to know why you thought it acceptable to

do, why you seemed so unbothered by it all."

This time it's Chuuya that responds, "If she was a civilian then yea, I'd feel bad, but she smashed up a lot of our supplies and hurt other Mafia members, in that case, she should have been ready for retaliation."

"You didn't think about how her death may affect others like her family?" Aizawa asks and is met with silence, not a guilty silence but rather one that tells him that neither Dazai nor Nakahara thought about it or likely cared. Perhaps he needs to take a different approach, "What if the two of you got killed, how would the people close to you feel?"

The silence continues and Aizawa observes the boys, Nakahara seems caught off guard by the question and, hopefully, is feeling the effect Aizawa hoped for. Dazai on the other hand…

"I can confidently say if I dropped dead right here 99% of people that know me would rejoice." He nods a little as he speaks.

"And that 1%?"

Dazai smirks, "Naturally, that 1% would be Chuuya! I bet the Chibi would be so angry someone killed me before he got the chance to~"

Besides him, Chuuya nods, "Got that right, with all the shit I've had to put up with it's only fair."

That's… slightly worrying. Dazai must be exaggerating, right? There has to be at least one person who would miss him, well, Aizawa hopes so anyway. Being alone in life like that surely couldn't be good for the boy's mental health.

"And you, Nakahara? How would people react to your death?"

At that, Nakahara seems a little reluctant to speak, "The people I have would avenge me, that's all that needs to be said."

There is clearly more to his answer, so Aizawa makes the decision to prod a little, "So they would be angry, possibly upset?"

Nakahara's face turns a little more stony like he's trying to avoid proving Aizawa's point. Again, he prod deeper, "You wouldn't want them to feel that way, right? So why would you want others to feel like that?"

A slight glare is sent his way as Nakahara huffs, “That’s different.”

“How is it di-”

Aizawa is cut off by Dazai sighing loudly, “Ah~ I would be so upset if Chuuya was killed, who would be my dog then?”

The stony look vanishes from his face as Nakahara turns to face Dazai, “I’m not your fuckin’ dog!”

In response, Dazai sticks his tongue out once again. This seems to have been over the line as Nakahara all but launches himself towards the other teen, sighing, Aizawa tries to de-escalate, “Both of you, sit down. Now, Nakahara, I was about to ask-”

Once again Aizawa finds himself cut off by Dazai, this time however it’s different. Ignoring the obvious change in that now Nakahara has hold of the boy’s collar in a threatening way there is something else, something to do with his face. So far, Dazai has been rather expressive and childish and that still stands true, the smile on his face is distinctly a teasing one and yet…

And yet that one eye is glimmering with a warning, a threat not to continue down that line of inquiry while also being lifeless and somehow teasing. So much emotion held in one eye, emotion that Aizawa has no doubt would vanish the second he looks away.

“Sensei, I’m realllly interested about that glowing baby, can you tell me about it?”

Despite it being a question Aizawa gets the feeling the topic change is non-negotiable, it seems he’ll be swapping to history for a little bit. That’s all right though, while the conversation may have been short Aizawa feels like he learnt a few important things. First, Dazai and Nakahara play in the arcade as an escape from Mafia work, people don’t like Dazai, and that if Nakahara doesn’t want to answer a question Dazai will ensure he doesn’t have to. Maybe Nedzu was right about the depth of their relationship after all.

Oh, he also learned that taking some painkillers beforehand would save him a massive headache.

-

Thankfully, the morality and ethics, or history as it turned into, lesson continued without a hitch. Dazai and Nakahara obviously didn’t care

much for the subject but they still listened and answered questions, something Aizawa can't say about certain 1A students. However, with one obstacle out of the way another rises to take its place, this time in the form of Practical Heroics.

While the class get changed Aizawa can't help but think about Dazai and Nakahara, more specifically the fight in Yokohama. Back then he and the other Pros hadn't expected the pair to be so strong, what they had encountered however was two teenagers far more advanced than their peers. If Aizawa had to place them then he would say the pair are around the same level as UA's third years. Dazai with his freakishly good aim with a gun, and any unknown fighting skills, far made up for his lack of a combative Ability. Back then he led Hawks right into Endeavour's flames, which if intentional suggests good spacial awareness mid-battle along with creating plans on the fly. Nakahara's Ability is undoubtedly strong too, being able to jump around without a care in the world and through chunks of building like pebbles is a testament to that. Right now they don't know the limitations of the boy's Ability, for all they know he may be able to send people to space easily.

All of that is why Aizawa is apprehensive about this lesson because Nedzu had insisted that 1A fight the two of them as soon as possible. Naturally, he understands why the Principal wanted to do this, having the pair fight in a controlled environment will give them a better idea of their skills and threat level. Not to mention that it will remove the mystery surrounding them for 1A, currently, the kids know the pair are strong but don't know their exact strength level. Even if they all fail in their fights, which Aizawa hopes does not happen, the fear of not knowing is far worse than the fear of knowing.

Soon enough the class begins to trickle into the gym, each one dressed in their costumes. Dazai and Nakahara appear alongside Iida, who must have taken it upon himself to escort them outside, in the official UA sports uniform. They don't look all too pleased with it if the grumpy expressions are anything to go by.

One close enough Dazai voices his displeasure, "Senseiiii, why can't we just wear our Mafia clothes? This uniform is so ugly." Beside him, Chuuya nods in agreement.

"If you behave, then I'll see about it for next time." Is it morally bad to use their own clothes as an incentive to behave? Maybe.

Turning to address 1A, Aizawa begins explaining the plan for today's

lesson, “Today class, you’ll be fighting either Dazai or Nakahara without the use of Quirks or Abiliti-”

Before he can finish Bakugou interrupts, “Why not?! I wanna fight ‘em with my Quirk!” Smoke rises from the boy’s fist, much to Aizawa’s annoyance.

“As this is the first lesson with them it would be irre-”

Once again Aizawa is cut off, this time by Dazai, “But Sensei, you want us to give them an ‘authentic’ fight right? Authentically, Chuuya wouldn’t be caught dead without access to his Ability.”

That… makes sense. Also, it would be helpful to know more about Nakahara’s Ability and its limitations, but the safety of his students is more important than information.

Perhaps sensing his reluctance Nakahara speaks, “I’m not an idiot y’know, even with access to my Ability I won’t try anything surrounded by so combatants, especially when you’d just erase my Ability.”

Another good point… Feeling his resolve crumbling, Aizawa turns to 1A, “Does anyone have any objections to fighting with Quirks and Abilities?”

The students look around at each other but ultimately no one objects.

“Oh yea, Sensei, authentically I would have a gun sooo,” Dazai looks at him with what could only be described as a pleading expression in his eye, “You’ll let me have one for this, right?”

“Absolutely not.”

Whining, Dazai flops over and rests his weight on Nakahara, “C’mon Senseiii, it doesn’t have to be a real one.”

Aizawa can already feel a headache forming yet again, “We’ll discuss this later,” he then turns to 1A, “Nakahara will fight first, so anyone who wants to be up against him stay here. The rest of you head up to the observation deck with All Might.”

The students nod and begin splitting themselves up, Aizawa watches as a majority decide to fight Nakahara. 1A must think that Dazai is the bigger threat, evident by the fact only Midoriya, Todoroki, and Bakugou have chosen to fight him. Those three are the stronger and

more heroic of 1A, it only makes sense for them to go against who they perceive as more threatening. Aizawa isn't so confident that their assessment of the pair is correct, but 1A will have to figure that out themselves.

The three students and All Might begin making their way to the observation room followed by a sulking Dazai who clearly still wants a gun.

"Hey, Sensei," Nakahara calls for his attention. Aizawa glances over at him and nods slightly. "Eighteen individual matches is gonna drag out, can I just take 'em all on at once?"

The students around him, who previously were chattering anxiously, fall into silence with a bewildered look on their faces. Aizawa too feels shocked, all eighteen students at once? Sure, Aizawa already knew the kid has a strong Ability but fighting all eighteen at once? That type of confidence is rare even in more domestic situations, only having one ally in the whole room but still being unafraid to take on an entire group of people… Either Nakahara is confident Aizawa won't let the fight get too serious, or he doesn't see any of the students as a threat.

Aizawa feels like a broken record constantly being shocked at the same things, for now he'll blame it on the fact these two kids are like nothing he's seen before.

"You.. you want a 1 v 18 fight?" Aizawa clarifies.

In response, Nakahara nods his head, "Yep." He looks completely unbothered by the prospect, in fact, Aizawa dares to say he looks a little excited.

From the observation deck, Dazai begins laughing, which causes the students below to break out of their stupor. In this particular gym, the observation area isn't a separate room, instead a hidden staircase leads upwards to a section of wall that had been inset to create a room with just three walls, the fourth wall being a metal railing overlooking the gym. Dazai seems to have made himself comfortable up there by slotting his legs in between the railings and resting his head on the metal, a grin on his face as he watches the students grow more freaked out.

Mina gasps dramatically, "What do you mean take us all on?!"

Nakahara doesn't get the chance to answer that as Dazai laughs again, the sound bounces around the gym as the students share looks of

anxiety. The exception naturally is Bakugou, who instead begins yelling, “The hell are you laughing at, Bandages?!”

Dazai spares a glance behind him and smirks, “Hm~ Why don’t you take a guess, you three are the top students, right?”

Bakugou looks even angrier at that, his face only getting more scrunched when Midoriya begins talking. “We are the top students, that’s why we chose to fight you, we all assumed that you would be harder to fight… But now I feel like that’s wrong.”

Nodding, Dazai grins, “Your mistake really~” He then turns to face the students below, “In terms of raw strength… well, Chuuya is leagues ahead of me.”

Uraraka looks between Nakahara and Dazai with confusion clearly written on her face, “He is? But he’s not….” She trails off.

Despite that Nakahara still responds to her, “Scary?” A few students nod which encourages him to continue, “I don’t have a reason to be scary to you all, Dazai on the other hand is a fuckin’ weirdo that enjoys freaking people out over nothing.”

Aizawa has half the mind to scold him for the swear but holds it back, instead, he chooses to address the more prominent issue. “If anyone wants to swap opponent then now is your chance, as for the 1 v 18… if the students are alright with it then go ahead.”

Nakahara seems pleased with that outcome and turns to face the students waiting around him, “I gotta warn you, I might be way stronger than Dazai, but that bastard up there won’t show any mercy, or well, as little as he can get away with. I’ll go easy on you all though, so, whose fighting me?”

The students seem conflicted by this, Aizawa can clearly see it on their faces as they quietly discuss it amongst themselves. A strong opponent or one that won’t show any mercy, it really is a ‘pick your poison’ situation. Up in the observation room, there is some commotion, which Aizawa only half listens to, something about Bakugou wanting to fight them both.

Eventually, the thing that cements the student’s decision is none other than Yaoyorozu. Despite her low confidence at times, the girl is a good motivator for the class, both when studying for tests and during training. When she speaks it’s steady, “If we all work together then we can win, I’m sure of it.”

Her words spark confidence in the students around her, they all turn to face Aizawa and look ready for a fight.

With all the students happy with the arrangement Aizawa begins explaining how the fight will work, “There are two ways to win, the first is to get your opponent, or opponents, out of the chalk square around the room. The second is to take them out, however, none of you are to inflict any serious injuries.” That last part is more so for Nakahara, in a normal training session the students can typically get away with holding back less.

“How am I supposed to ‘take them out’ if I can’t cause serious injury?” Nakahara asks.

Understanding the potential confusion Aizawa explains further, “Stop before you actually seriously hurt anyone, but if the attack would have caused the student to be knocked out then it counts and whoever it is will have to leave the fight.”

Nakahara nods, his relaxed stance easily slipping into something more prepared for battle. The 1A students shuffle around a little bit too, likely getting into some type of formation, Aizawa too moves backwards a bit. He has no clue how this fight will go, he can only hope his students don’t get beat too badly if at all.

From up in the observation room Dazai yells, “Give ‘em hell, Chuuya!”

In response, Nakahara rolls his eyes but a small smile forms on his face.

Aizawa’s hand slips into his pocket, the pocket where a certain remote control lies. The Ability nullifying bands that Nakahara is wearing can be controlled by said remote, by pressing a couple of buttons the boy’s Ability will be returned for the fight. Reading himself Aizawa softly presses down on the buttons,

“Start.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello to my new readers and welcome back to my old readers! It’s been a few weeks since I updated, so I hope you enjoyed this chapter :))

Thank you to the user meownillaz for helping with the morality and ethics class scene, for some reason my brain couldn't think of

anything for that >~<

Also, I want to say that I have like no knowledge of psychology or what makes a good therapist. So to the more educated of you the things that Nedzu/Present Mic/Aizawa say and do may seen as manipulative or inappropriate, please just know that isn't my intention! They are actually trying to help SKK, I'm just not knowledgeable in that subject…

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 8: SKK vs 1A

Chapter Summary

In a swift movement, Chuuya brings his foot up and then slams it back down next to the kid's head, the ground below once again fractures due to the force.

"Looks like I win."

Chapter Notes

TW: fighting (not graphic), death threats (Bakugou typical)

Let me know if I missed anything!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For a few seconds pass before anyone moves, the students of 1A once again too wary of him to make the first move.

Yesterday during that first lesson he had spent the time prioritising which students would need to be taken down in a fight first, which he is very glad about now. He ordered them in three groups, low, mid, and high-level threats. He had also taken the time to ask Dazai about any Quirks he couldn't remember from the sports festival last night, which the idiot had actually been helpful with. There were a few students that he couldn't order at that time, ones that he would have to actually fight to access their placement, but none of those were high threats. No, only two students made the top of the list.

The obvious one is Shinsou with his brainwashing, his Quirk has crazy potential and could likely take Chuuya down if he didn't have any prior knowledge of it. That being said, as long as he stays silent then the kid's Quirk is rendered useless and, in all honesty, the kid looks weaker than Dazai does. Chuuya is very confident he could take him down in a fistfight and that's completely ignoring Upon the Tainted Sorrow.

The other threat is a bit different, at this current level Chuuya doubts that she could really do anything to him but the potential is there. That threat is none other than the invisible girl Hagakure, someone whom Chuuya doesn't doubt typically files under people's radar. From what he's observed she acts quite bubbly and carefree, the type of personality that typically wouldn't be too good at fighting. Her fighting skills are irrelevant in this situation though, because the moment Chuuya takes his eyes off her she could slip away. With a Quirk like hers, she could easily sneak up on Chuuya, possibly even pull a knife to cause injury depending on how her Quirk works. Naturally, any physical contact would alert Chuuya to her presence and allow his Ability to affect her, but still, she could get an attack in before he reacts.

Shinsou he can keep an eye on throughout the fight, Hagakure however needs to be dealt with first. With that in mind, Chuuya decides to stop wasting time and attack first, he relishes in the red glow that surrounds him along with the faint rings of literature before launching himself forward towards his target. Like many others he has fought, the kids of 1A can't react fast enough to his speed, this gives him a clean opening to grab Hagakure and deposit her out of bounds.

The students finally jump to attention as Chuuya turns around to face them, he doesn't bother fighting the grin that forms on his face, "Alright then, whose next?"

The students exchange looks, perhaps trying to wordlessly form a plan. They aren't that good at it though, so Chuuya doesn't see the need to let them continue. For now, he'll pick them off starting with mid and high-level threats, Shinsou can be ignored for now though, instead, Chuuya sets his sights on the electricity kid. Once again launching himself forward he soon arrives in front of the kid and prepares a kick to his stomach, however, it seems after that first attack 1A has turned more vigilant. One of the kids beside electricity boy jumps in front and at the last second hardens his skin, not even flinching when Chuuya's foot makes contact. Ignoring the slight sting in his foot Chuuya pulls himself backwards and out of range of the kid, while he can't remember his name this guy is a low-level threat. Hard skin would be useful against say, Dazai's gun, but not against gravity.

Of course, he has already made contact with the kid so he could just increase gravity and be done with him. He won't though, not yet anyway. Just like the pros don't know about Corruption, they don't know the limits, or lack thereof, surrounding his Ability. They'll know

it's touch-activated, that he can affect himself and objects, maybe even that he can make things both heavier and lighter but not that he can affect people. He'll keep that a secret for now, it may be useful as a surprise move later.

From the corner of his eye, Chuuya notices as the tail guy, Ojirou if he remembers right, runs up behind him and prepares to hit him. In response, Chuuya drops low enough that the attack misses. Still crouching, he turns to face the kid before kicking his leg upwards, effectively hitting the kid in the chin. The hardening kid is still standing behind him, so Chuuya swings his leg right around and launches off the kid and towards Ojirou. Using a little extra acceleration curtsey of his Ability, Chuuya manages to push Ojirou all the way to the boundary and then beyond. Two out already, this fight really shouldn't last that long if it continues at this rate.

In a flurry of pink, his next opponent comes gliding up with a determined look on her face, as she gets closer the ground behind her begins fizzing. Moving to the side Chuuya remembers what he can about the girl, acid Quirk, low-level threat, doesn't look like a fighter. With that information he easily dodges the girl's acid attacks, it would be better to fight at a distance with her but whatever, he'll make do. Chuuya waits for a pause in her attacks before diving forward, in a swift movement he grabs the back of her neck and pulls her chest down. Without hesitation he knees her stomach, notably with less force than he would use normally, before sliding a finger across her throat, "And that's you dead."

The girl's voice rang out, "What do you mean dead?!"

Perhaps if Chuuya wasn't still beside her then he may have fallen for the little trick, as it stands however he can clearly see that acid girl's mouth never opened. The only person with a motive to impersonate someone would have to be Shinsou, by using a different voice Chuuya would be less on guard and might respond. In theory, anyway, it clearly isn't going to work now. Rather than verbally respond, Chuuya sends an unimpressed look over at Shinsou before jumping back towards electricity kid. In a real fight, electricity kid could still attack him even if held down by gravity, not to mention that a high enough voltage could do some damage, so he has a mid-level threat ranking.

Alas, once again the moment he gets close to the electricity kid someone jumps in front. This time it's tape arms, yet another low-level threat. Chuuya could dodge here, although… this might be advantageous actually.

Rather than jumping out of the way, Chuuya continues forward until the tape that the kid sent out is in grabbing range. With a smirk, he grabs the tape and immediately makes himself lighter, so light in fact that tape boy is helpless but to dangle from his own tape. Honestly, he could just swing the kid around like some messed-up bowling, but he has another plan in mind. Instead, he uses the kid as a bat to hit into both the electricity kid and Iida, the force making all three group together. In a matter of moments, Chuuya increases his gravity and finds himself on top of all three kids making a show of 'killing' them, "Three more dead."

Standing, Chuuya can't help but notice the nearest kid is just standing there. It's the small purple one and, frankly, the kid looks seconds away from wetting himself. The kid is a low-level threat anyway, so without any more thought, Chuuya kicks him out of bounds.

When he turns around to face the class once again, he barely has enough to time dodge an attack. The shadow creature lunges at him once again which causes him to dodge, this must be bird boy's Quirk. On the next attack, Chuuya lets the shadow graze his arm and, as expected, finds that Upon the Tainted Sorrow has no effect on the thing.

Unconsciously, Chuuya feels a smile pull at his lips. A mid-level threat, one that might actually make this fight a bit more interesting. He'll have to adopt a new plan, one that doesn't centre around taking each student out individually.

With a sharp stomp of his foot the floor below splinters, not a second later the larger chunks glow red and rise up to be used as projectiles. Some of the kids seem nervous at the flowing kanji that appears, which is amusing considering that is the least threatening part of his Ability. Hopping onto one as it climbs higher, Chuuya keeps his eyes on the shadow creature. For now, he'll keep it busy with dodging, once more of the students are out he can try and get closer to bird boy and knock him out, or well, pretend to.

A few of the chunks begin flying out to attack the shadow while a few stay put, this allows one of the students to jump up onto it. Frog girl, if the long tongue is anything to go by, continues jumping up and Chuuya pretends to have not noticed her for a few seconds. Then, before she can get too close, he changes the gravitational pull of the chunk of concrete she's on. Now instead of hovering upwards, the chunk is snugly lodged into the nearest wall, which also brings Frog Girl out of bounds.

With the shadow sufficiently distracted, Chuuya jumps down with the intention of landing on some student. At the last second, however, the kid angles himself backwards and shoots a goddamn laser upwards, fortunately, Chuuya is able to dodge it before getting hit.

“How’d you dodge that, Chibi?” The bastard’s voice says, but once again Chuuya knows it isn’t him. The real Dazai wouldn’t care about asking, instead, he’d probably be whining about how Chuuya should have got hit. In fact, the idiot might be doing that right now up in the observation room. Maybe if Shinsou had started yelling insults in Dazai’s voice he would have responded.

Once again, he shoots Shinsou a ‘try harder’ look before turning back to navel laser guy. Sweeping the guy's legs out is easy, made even easier by the way he just clutches his stomach rather than trying to dodge. With the kid on the floor, Chuuya goes to elbow him in the face but stops short, “There, another out.”

The shadow creature from before loudly squawks, clearly overwhelmed with all the concrete being thrown around. Chuuya takes this as his opportunity to take down bird boy, or at least pretend to. He easily launches himself in the direction of the bird boy, but at the last second changes direction to hit right into a different student. The force of the acceleration causes the kid to stumble, which gives Chuuya the perfect chance to ‘kill’ him.

The kid beside him, some basic strength enhancer, makes a move to hit Chuuya. Naturally, he jumps out of the way and sends his own attack back which takes the kid down just like his friend.

The ground rumbles and not a moment later a loud beating hits Chuuya, the sheer volume takes him by surprise and forces him to stumble and jump upwards to dodge.

One of the mid-level threats has made her debut it seems. The girl herself doesn’t seem like too much of a threat, but Chuuya can’t control the gravity of the sound waves she sends out. He’ll have to get close to ‘knock’ her out, but getting close would increase the volume of her attacks, so using a projectile might be best.

Speaking of, with Chuuya being a tad distracted he hadn’t noticed how some of the floor pieces slipped from his control. A discrete glance tells him the chunks are now covered in a light pink glow, the obvious work of 1A’s own gravity manipulator. Back when he and Dazai had watched the sports festival Chuuya had taken note of the

girl, Uraraka if his memory is right. Her fight with Bakugou was impressive, despite her age and relevant lack of experience she still showed a good grasp of her Quirk. Naturally, she still made a bunch of mistakes, ones that stood out to Chuuya like a sore thumb.

Her mistake now though is challenging Chuuya.

For now, though, he'll let it slide. If she thinks the chunks are no longer under his control then he'll go along with that, pretend like he couldn't increase the gravity on them and snatch the control right back. Taking survey of the remaining seven students a plan quickly forms, if he pulls things off just right he might be able to take down three at once.

Lowering himself back to the ground Chuuya intentionally moves slower than before, he then launches forward towards a certain student, the creation girl. The shadow creature, now free from distraction, dives to attack him just as earphone girl lines up her next attack. The sound waves boom across the gym and Chuuya waits until the last possible moment to jump upwards, the result of this is the shadow creature taking the brunt of the attack.

Chuuya then increases the weight, not only on himself but on two of the floating chunks of concrete. The pieces of floor slam down onto both bird boy and Uraraka to keep them trapped, effectively taking them out of the fight. Chuuya himself lands on top of the creation girl and pretends to hit her in the face, "That would've knocked you, just so you know."

Chuuya jumps up off of her and is immediately met with the next attack, this time an attempt at restraining. This kid is the mutant one with the many arms, arms that he now uses to wrap fully around Chuuya like a deadly hug. It's a good attempt, especially considering that Chuuya can't just make the guy float away, but not good enough. It's very easy to increase his own weight, this causes the guy to fall forward, or more specifically, onto Chuuya's back. Now with the positioning correct, Chuuya jumps upwards and does a slightly dramatic spin to loosen the guy's hold. Just as predicted, it doesn't take long for the guy's arms to slip and soon he goes barrelling into the earphone girl, two students down, two left.

The hardening kid from before rushes over to his classmates with a worried expression on his face, before he can ask about their health, however, Chuuya dives down and grabs him. Caught off guard, the kid takes a moment to react and when he does it's too late as Chuuya has

already dropped him out of bounds.

Coming back to rest on the ground Chuuya turns to face the last opponent, Shinsou. The kid does a half-decent job of hiding his expression, the voice changer around covering most of his face certainly helps, but Chuuya can tell the kid knows he's screwed. Maybe, if he were like Dazai, he would drag this out a little but fortunately for Shinsou, he is nothing like that idiot.

Before Shinsou can even make a last-ditch attempt at brainwashing him, Chuuya has already launched forward and hit the kid to the ground. In a swift movement, Chuuya brings his foot up and then slams it back down next to the kid's head, the ground below once again fractures due to the force.

"Looks like I win."

Part of Chuuya wants to stay standing there for a few more moments, mainly because he feels cool as fuck right now. The other part of him knows that if he stays too long Dazai will start making fun of him, so instead he moves back from Shinsou and turns to face Aizawa. The man's expression is unreadable, but the crowd of students behind him look both in awe and terrified.

Dazai, the slimly bastard, must have come down from the observation room at some point as he now slips through the crowd of 1A students with ease. Once at the front, he dramatically sighs, "I was hoping one of you would beat Chuuya around a little, but oh well, seems he's too much of a brute for that."

Mentally Chuuya debates the merits of using his Ability to throw some concrete at the idiot, it would re-enforce the brute comment and Aizawa would probably scold him…

Slightly nudging the nearest rock with his foot, Chuuya launches the thing right at Dazai's chest with no remorse.

Naturally, Dazai acts like he's been shot, actually, he doesn't even whine like this when he does get shot. "Owww, Chuuya is so mean to me!" Dazai exclaims while clutching his chest.

"Nakahara," Aizawa sends him a stern look, "Don't throw things at your classmates."

To that, Chuuya just shrugs, "Does it really count if it's Dazai though?" Personally, he would say no. Their partnership is way

different than just being classmates so Chuuya should be allowed to get away with things like this, especially when Dazai is the one who starts it all. Plus it's not like he's actually hurt, he's just being dramatic to annoy people.

Aizawa doesn't seem to share the same thoughts though, "Yes, it still counts."

It's hard to not roll his eyes at that, but somehow he succeeds. Wait a few weeks and Chuuya can bet the 1A kids will be on the verge of violence, actually make that a few days. Of course, if they actually try anything then Chuuya will have to stop them but still, it's the thought that counts.

Proving that it was all an act, Dazai stops whining and turns to Aizawa with a begging look, "So, that gun you promised?"

"I didn't promise any gun," Aizawa responds, "Can't you fight without one?"

Dazai sighs deeply, "Well yes, I can, but it would be so much more fun to have one. Plus if your students get to fight with their Quirks it's only fair!"

Aizawa looks a second away from pointing out that Dazai's opponents could fight without Quirks, something that Dazai must notice. Instead of waiting for an answer, the Mackerel turns to the creation girl, "Hey, you can make me a little paintball gun, right?"

Creation girl looks over at Aizawa with an unsure look and after a moment it seems the man relents, "Fine, Yaoyorozu-kun could you please make one?"

Despite still looking apprehensive at the notion, she complies and not a moment later a gun and some ammo starts forming out of her skin. It's kinda weird to watch, but seems like a pretty useful Quirk. Although Chuuya can't help but take notice of her outfit, naturally he'd never judge someone based on how revealing their clothes are but this is different. If she plans to head into a fight with that much-unprotected skin then she's going to end up in the hospital fast, hell, now he's paying attention most of the 1A kid's costumes are terrible. Never has he been more glad that the Port Mafia considers both style and safety with its uniform.

Dazai looks delighted by the whole thing, even more so when the gun is passed over to him. With a little grin, he speaks, "I want to fight

split dye first!”

From up in the observation room Bakugou yells, “Hell no! I’m fightin’ you first!”

Dazai simply threw a glance in his direction before turning away, “Nope, I’m fighting you last explodo-boy, so get comfy waiting~” Despite his relaxed posture Chuuya can tell something is up by the look on Dazai’s face, he’s up to something.

With Dazai already walking towards the main fighting area it isn’t too hard for Chuuya to get close and whisper, “You better not traumatise anyone.”

The sly smirk he gets in return is very telling.

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The view from the observation room is pretty decent and it doesn’t take long before Chuuya finds himself leaning against the railing. If Chuuya was to be honest, and he would never say this aloud, then he’s kind of excited to watch Dazai fight. Typically he doesn’t get the chance to see him in action as the bastard just lets Chuuya do all the fighting, it’s a shame really as watching Dazai fight is always so… interesting, for lack of a better word. Dazai’s style of fighting is more sly than Chuuya’s, rather than being obvious with his movements Dazai will use sleight of hand to hide his true intentions until it’s too late. He fools opponents into walking straight into their own demise, he uses that annoying mouth of his to pick apart weaknesses mid-fight as some sort of psychological warfare. Not to mention his skill with guns, that perfect precision that never seems to miss its mark. Everything about how he fights is the opposite of Chuuya, which might be why they are such a good match, they do say opposites attract.

Obviously, he won’t be going all out on a bunch of hero kids regardless of how skilled they may be. Still, though, Chuuya finds himself hoping Dazai will drag the fights out just a little.

Chuuya watches as Dazai and his opponent, who he is pretty sure is Todoroki, take their positions across from each other. They both look on in silence, the difference being that Dazai has a teasing smile on his face. Chuuya can tell from that alone that the idiot has something planned, the only question is what that might be.

Aizawa still looks somewhat nervous about giving a gun, paintball or

otherwise, to Dazai but he starts the fight nonetheless and if Chuuya leans in slightly to get a better view then no one has to know.

Unlike his classmates Todoroki does not wait around to be attacked, instead, he shifts a foot forward and a glacier of ice appears. He shows no mercy and easily encases Dazai, well that explains why he's considered the top three of 1A then. The kids Chuuya had fought waited around too much, but this kid is far more confident and less scared. An attack like that as an opening move is impressive too, a weaker opponent would be taken down before the fight could really begin. Unfortunately for Todoroki, Dazai is not a weak enemy.

In the blink of an eye the ice disappears from view, even quicker is the gunshots that follow. Two paintballs fly straight towards Todoroki with deadly precision and, had they hit, Chuuya has no doubt it would have been 'fatal'. As it stands though, Todoroki manages to summon a slab of ice just before the paintballs hit.

The ice melts away a moment later as Dazai hums, "Looks like your ice doesn't work on me, ah~, too bad you don't use fire in fights."

Todoroki does not respond verbally but instead with another wave of ice, this time in an attempt to stab Dazai. Like the previous attack, the ice disappears the moment it comes into contact with Dazai, and since this time the view isn't blocked by ice Chuuya gets to see light blue activation of No Longer Human in all its glory. That's another thing that Chuuya would rather die than admit he likes about Dazai, there's just a unique beauty in his Ability that Chuuya can't help but like.

"Actually, that's wrong. You did use fire during the sports festival after Midori-kun said 'It's your Quirk.'" If said 'Midori-kun' minds the nickname he doesn't say, then again it's not like Chuuya is paying attention to that. It's clear now how Dazai intends to win this fight, bring up a sensitive topic and be a rude bastard about it, in other words, torment Todoroki into making a mistake.

The look on Todoroki's face somehow turns more serious, clearly he would rather Dazai not bring up the sports festival at all. Knowing that his ice won't work but still reluctant to use any fire Todoroki instead begins running towards Dazai in a zig-zag pattern, it's a smart move to try and avoid being hit by paintballs.

Rather than try and shoot the boy, Dazai watches as he gets closer and hums to himself, "What an interesting phrase…"

"No Longer Human is my Ability because no one else has it, it lives

and dies with me, but you… You were given someone else's fire and ice, so can it really be called yours?"

For the first time a flash of real emotion appears on Todoroki's face, a flash of anger to be specific. Chuuya isn't surprised, that Mackerel has always been good at getting under people's skin, that includes people that aren't his target. The class around Chuuya begins to mutter and shift, a few even voicing their anger at Dazai's actions.

Electricity boy shakes his head in anger for his classmate, "Why the hell would he say something like that?"

Almost instantly after he says that Chuuya can feel multiple students' eyes on his back. Lamenting the fact he has to look away from the fight, he looks back at the students, "I did say Dazai wouldn't show any mercy," Chuuya taps a finger against his head, "That includes psychological attacks."

A few students seem to want to protest at that, probably coming up with some stupid excuse of it being unfair. Chuuya doesn't pay them any mind though as he turns back to the fight, in his brief glance away it seems Todoroki had created yet another ice structure around Dazai.

Before Dazai could nullify the ice, Todoroki easily climbs up and positions himself above where Dazai was standing. The effect this has is that when the ice does get nullified Todoroki falls directly atop Dazai in a surprise attack.

Using the split moment before Dazai reacts, Todoroki has already thrown a punch directly at Dazai's head. His other hand makes a grab for the gun and after a short tussle, it falls to the ground.

Blocking the punch Dazai leans in, "You know, I met a fire Quirk guy, he was a total mess, just all over the place." He speaks with a relaxed tone, something that contrasts Todoroki's steadily increasing body posture. Dazai then swings his arm around to break the hold Todoroki has on him before kicking him in the stomach.

With a little more distance between the pair, Dazai gasps dramatically, "You two are so similar actually… hey, I don't suppose you know him? Endeavour that is."

The look on Todoroki's face grows darker as he rushes forward once again, this time aiming to sweep Dazai's legs out from under him. It works and not a moment later Dazai is sent tumbling to the ground, however, he very quickly rolls backwards before pulling himself back

up. To doesn't slip by Chuuya's notice that the fishy bastard managed to pick his gun up and stuff it into his waistband.

With a little laugh, Dazai continues his mental attack, "Oh oh! So you do, I don't suppose that's who gave you the fire?"

In retrospect, it is impressive how quickly Dazai can pick apart someone and turn a steady demeanour into one shaking with anger or upset. Maybe if Chuuya wasn't the victim of that skill so often he would be able to appreciate it more.

Like many before him, Todoroki falls for Dazai's taunts hook, line, and sinker. A sliver of smoke escapes the boy's mouth as he once again gets close enough to throw a punch at Dazai, this time one that is ever so slightly sloppier.

Chuckling, Dazai dodges, "Oh you're getting angry now! I suppose the apple doesn't fall far from the tree!'

Another punch is thrown followed by a hand grabbing at Dazai's collar. The hand tightens as the two stare at each other, or well, one glare and one stare.

Chuuya can see it from his vantage point, but Todoroki obviously hasn't noticed the hand reaching for the gun. In fact, he doesn't notice until the gun is snugly pressed into his chest and the paint begins to seep into his clothes.

Dazai grins, "Looks like you're dead."

A second passes before Dazai is unceremoniously dropped to the ground and Todoroki stalks off.

Dazai doesn't seem bothered by this, instead, he smiles and looks up at the observation room, "Midori-kun~ You're next!"

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Midoriya feels conflicted by Dazai and Nakahara. A large part of him hates the pair for what they did to Mt. Lady, hates that they could kill someone so easily and go about their day like nothing happened afterwards. He both hates and fears the strength Nakahara had shown in his fight, the way he didn't even break a sweat. He hates how Dazai speaks and acts, how is just as scary as Stain but without even trying.

He hates them…. But that smaller part of him is so curious. Nakahara

had perfect control of his Ability, he knew exactly how to use it while maximising efficiency but not risking any of the lives of 1A. Dazai picked up on Todoroki's mental weak point and used that to his advantage while fighting Quirkless, he managed to take down one of the strongest in the class without any extra power that an offensive Quirk or Ability could give. Someone like that would have been an inspiration a year ago, someone Midoriya would look up to as proof he could be a Hero without a Quirk.

Not to mention the fact they're from Yokohama, that they have Abilities and not Quirks. The fanboy side of him wants to grill the pair for all the information he can possibly get, he wants to know every difference between a Quirk and an Ability. He wants to know why words appear when an Ability activates, he wants to know the limits and variety of Abilities. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to learn from a secluded community, to fight against those who are masters of their own powers and bodies.

He wants to know so very badly, but how would he even approach that topic? How could he possibly go up to Dazai and ask about Abilities without the death of Mt. Lady playing on loop in his head? Not to mention the strength he now knows they have, if he were to get close to them would Nakahara take him down? Would Dazai rip him apart with his words?

Now, as Midoriya stands across from Dazai in the fighting arena he feels all those questions and conflict coming back. Todoroki had been taken down so easily, will Midoriya face the same fate?

No, there's no use thinking like that. Right now he should focus on Dazai, keep an eye on his hands and ignore anything he says.

Aizawa-sensei calls the start of the fight and Midoriya wastes no time in closing the distance between him and Dazai. At close range using a gun would be harder, that only leaves hand-to-hand combat. While Dazai's skill level is unknown, Midoriya is cautiously hopeful that his training will come in handy.

Just like Todoroki had done, Midoriya jumps in a zig-zag pattern to avoid being shot, not that Dazai tries anyway. Instead, he stays perfectly still and just watches as Midoriya gets closer. Seeing this, he can't help but be suspicious, does Dazai have some sort of plan?

There's no time to dwell on that question however as Midoriya soon finds himself nearing the distance close enough to launch an attack,

for now, he'll go with something simple. Without putting any of his Quirk behind it, Midoriya raises a fist and lines it up with Dazai's face. With one last jump, he flies along the remaining distance.

However, just before the fist makes contact, Dazai smiles and suddenly drops out of view. Midoriya only has a second to look down, whereupon he finds Dazai laid in a hole Nakahara had created earlier, before his stomach flares in pain. Dazai had kicked him hard, the force breaking the momentum of Midoriya's previous jump and sending him flying to the ground.

Pushing through the pain, Midoriya throws himself to the side in case of attack. That proves to be a smart move as not even a second later a paintball splatters on the ground where he once lay, if he doesn't want to get shot then he'll have to keep moving. That's easier said than done, especially with the pain in his stomach yet to go away.

"Hey, can I ask a question?"

Midoriya is back on his feet at this point and keeps a keen eye on Dazai, his innocent tone and expression almost make Midoriya respond on instinct. Then he remembers the match against Todoroki, how Dazai had started innocently and then tore into his friend. The only saving grace here is that he doesn't know about One For All and Midoriya's previous status as Quirkless, if that were the case then whatever he has planned to say would be far more effective.

Without answering the question Midoriya jumps in once again to try and attack Dazai, only to be once again evaded. A paintball lands by Midoriya's feet which causes him to jump backwards, once again creating distance that would be an advantage to Dazai.

"You're control is soooo much better than at the sports festival… I just wonder how you improved so much in such little time, especially if you have your whole life to get to this point." Dazai continues with a curious tone, despite his relaxed tone he never looks away from Midoriya or brings his guard down.

Once again he finds himself at the receiving end of that brown eye staring straight into his soul. It's hard to suppress the urge to tense up at that, with the way he's staring and the words he said it's like Dazai knows Midoriya's secret. That's impossible of course, but it's still so very unnerving.

That's when Midoriya notices where exactly he is, scattered on the ground around him are multiple large chunks of concrete. An idea

comes to mind, one inspired by Nakahara's fight. Quickly, he scoops up a piece of concrete and launches it towards Dazai, the chunk is just light enough that it soars across the arena. Without waiting for it to hit its mark, Midoriya runs right after it. Dazai will have to dodge in some way and when he does, that's when Midoriya will jump in and defeat him.

As predicted, Dazai jumps to the side to avoid the concrete and soon finds himself directly in Midoriya's line of fire. As Midoriya pulls back his fist brimming with One For All he feels confident, that he'll finish this fight right here.

Dazai's arm comes up in defence when the punch gets closer, something that should have still given Midoriya the win. And yet, the moment his fist makes contact with Dazai's arm a blue light surrounds them along with faintly there kanji. The words 'No Longer Human' catch his eye and suddenly Midoriya feels like a fool, he had focused so much on Dazai's other fighting techniques that his Ability had all but slipped his mind.

Any regret he feels is soon wiped away by a cold chill settling inside his body, the feeling of something being taken away and left empty. The feeling of being Quirkless.

Midoriya can't move, he can't focus on anything other than that familiar feeling of not having a Quirk. That emptiness that haunted him for so very long, the one he thought he had escaped.

"I just hope your mentor isn't upset with you losing to me"

One cold eye stares down at him as a gun is levelled to his chest and shot. The paint begins to run down his shirt but it is only when Dazai steps away that he truly realises what just happened. When the warmth and gentle thrum of One For All is returned to him is when Midoriya realises he has lost, that not a single 1A student has won a fight today.

From where he stands Dazai grins, "I've been told No Longer Human is terrible to experience, seems that's the case when it affects Quirks too~"

Midoriya needs to get moving, needs to head back up to the observation room so Kacchan can have his fight, needs to go tell his classmates about what just happened and yet, all he finds himself doing is nodding in agreement.

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Bakugou stares down the bandaged freak with a violent glint in his eye. At first, he had assumed the two extras would be weak, weaker than half and half at least. Then the ginger had taken most of the class out without even trying, then Bandages over there had beat both half and half along with Deku. They should actually pose a threat to him, not being so weak will make this fight far more interesting. After this he'll have to fight the other one too, just to prove he really is the best in 1A.

Dazai likes to use a gun, so as long as Bakugou gets it far enough away the fucker will be doomed. Emphasise 'far enough away', half and half made that mistake and ended up losing because of it, Bakugou won't make the same mistake.

So, when the fight starts he wastes no time in getting over to the maniac. Soaring through the sky with his explosions is easy and it only gets better when Dazai takes a pre-emptive step backwards, heh, this might be easier than expected if the guy is already wimping out. A smirk pulls at his lips once he gets closer, "No way in hell are you gonna win!"

Dazai seems to consider this as he leaps away from the attack, "If you think so~"

The gun in his hand shoots a few times, all of which Bakugou dodges without much thought. Aizawa-sensei had been reluctant to give the guy a gun but he doesn't seem any good with it, not yet anyway.

Still being in the air gives him an advantage though, so he'll make this next attack really count. Using one large explosion, Bakugou propels himself to be almost completely above Dazai. In one quick movement, he drops himself right in front of Dazai with a grin, before the other can react he pushes himself forward and leads with a right hook.

Once again instead of facing Bakugou in a fight, Dazai slips away like a coward. It irritates Bakugou how the fucker won't stay put and fight, "Oi, fight me!"

Dazai shrugs at that with a stupid smile on his face, then, in quick succession two more bullets are fired towards Bakugou. These ones are better aimed, just barely missing his arm as he leans out of the way, maybe this guy isn't a shit shot after all. Although, that raises the notion the guy has been holding back so far, an idea that just pisses Bakugou off even more.

For a few minutes, the fight turns into a game of cat and mouse, every time Bakugou gets close enough to attack Dazai jumps away again. In contrast to his prior fights he doesn't speak that much, not even to respond to Bakugou's own insults.

Well, not until one certain comment.

Bakugou himself doesn't pay it much mind as it comes out of his mouth, he doesn't consider how Dazai may react, no, in the heat of the moment he just yells, "I'll kill you!"

Dazai's expression changes in that moment, it goes from bored to excited so fast that Bakugou didn't have chance to register it. He especially didn't spare it much thought when the guy finally quit running and instead dashed in closer to Bakugou.

Finally, a real fucking fight! Bakugou runs forward too and once close enough pulls his arm back to throw another right hook, this time with his signature explosions crackling around it.

Dazai doesn't look phased by it as the explosions get closer, in fact, he seems to lean even closer in. One of his hands shoots up and grabs Bakugou's fist, which of course activates the guy's Ability. Bakugou hadn't forgotten about it but he knows how to throw a punch or two without explosions so he figured it would be fine.

But then No Longer Human takes effect, and the momentary stall is just long enough for Dazai to sneak in close. He hadn't meant to pause like that, but the cold rush of having his Quirk stripped away was far too alarming. This gives the bastard just enough time to hook a leg around Bakugou's, Dazai then leans backwards with all his weight, which causes the pair to crash to the ground.

Somehow, perhaps when he had been stunned, the gun had been slipped into Bakugou's hand without his notice.

Slightly shocked by the turn of events, Bakugou can't help but look down at Dazai's face.

From below him, a single eye stares back up, one devoid of emotion and warmth. That eye so deep in its colour that Bakugou can't look away, he can't stop staring at that lifeless eye and eerie face. He's completely drawn in, surrounded on all sides by that empty eye and the matching emptiness where his Quirk should be.

The gun in his hand is manipulated and soon pressed against Dazai's

head, all the while that eye stays wide and empty.

“Go on then, kill me.”

Chapter End Notes

To those who are here when I update this, I bet you didn’t expect a double update!! Originally, the SKK vs 1A fights were supposed to be in the last chapter but then I looked at the word count and it was at like 14000. So, I split it to make it a little easier to read!

Fun fact, I did a basic plan of Chuuya’s fight before actually writing it with all the descriptions. My favourite line from that plan was ‘chuuya punts him [mineta] out of bounds’. It just really captures the relationship those two characters are going to have. Also, Chuuya's fight is my favourite scene of the fic so far (I am a biased Chuuya lover, he is so cool)

I have the worst SKK brainrot right now, it’s taking over my every thought. When I was writing the Chuuya POV’s I kept thinking ‘Yes Chuuya tell us how you love his eyes, yes you do love his fighting style, you do love NLH don't you’ and then with the ‘give ‘em hell, Chuuya!’ from last chapter…. I’m in too deep, help.

If anything sees OOC (looking at you Todoroki fight) then please excuse it! My brain is mush after writing so many words... even texting my friends is so much thinking.... After I post this I swear off writing! (For like a couple days before I get bored)

Anyway, hope you all enjoyed! Also if you want to leave comments on both chapters please do, I will read every single one and love them all <33333

Thank you for reading!

Chapter 9: Analysing and opinions

Chapter Summary

> *“It… it felt like he was reaching inside me to take my Quirk. Where my Quirk is supposed to sit felt cold and empty… Like I was Quirkless with no hope of getting it back.”*

Chapter Notes

> TW: Brief mention of suicide, Bakugou typical violent threats
>
> Let me know if I missed anything!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The gun is a heavyweight in his hand and, for just a moment, time seems to slow down. The rest of the room falls away as that singular eye peers up at him, an eye that is somehow passive and commanding at the same time.

Just five words, five simple words spoken in a flat tone, and yet Bakugou can’t tear himself away, he can’t yell, he can’t refuse. Never in his life has he ever felt so compelled to follow an order but here he sits now, one finger getting heavier and heavier on the trigger without his permission.

Bakugou can’t help but be reminded of a different situation, one where he couldn’t do anything to save his own life. That feeling of helplessness was chilling, the feeling of having to rely on others who are just sat watching while leaving you to suffer. This is different however, this time he is powerless to stop his action.

The trigger clicks.

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Aizawa should have stopped Dazai already, really he should have intervened during the fight against Todoroki. At first, he thought the boy was just going to do some light taunting, the type that any of his students (minus Bakugou) could easily ignore. Then he started bringing up sensitive topics, ones that Aizawa could tell ran deep in Todoroki. He should have stopped it then, he should have saved his student from being poked at by Dazai’s deductive mind.

He didn't do that though, instead, he watched on in silence and curiosity. Of course, he already knew about Dazai's intelligence before the fights but seeing it in action is different. Instead of charging straight at Todoroki, which may have helped to overcome the disadvantage between them, Dazai stayed back and utilised his nullification. When his gun was knocked away he took a fall and retrieved it without notice, he then kept it hidden until the most optimum moment. Then, of course, came the taunting. The way Dazai had ordered his sentences, the way he had spoken, it was all little things that came together to ruin Todoroki's concentration.

In his fight against Midoriya, he displayed good spatial awareness once again, this time using the destruction Nakahara caused to effectively dodge the first attack. While his taunting wasn't as effective, likely due to a lack of information, it certainly distracted Midoriya enough for the boy to forget about Dazai's Ability. Speaking of, Aizawa had assumed that No Longer Human and his own Erasure would act quite similar just with a different application, now though he can't help but think differently. Erasure has been used on Midoriya countless times and yet he never seems so caught off guard, never stalled so clearly, never had a look of shock and slight horror on his face. No Longer Human must feel different then, something more bold than Erasure's silent removal of Quirks.

Bakugou's fight completely contrasted the prior two, instead of taunting Dazai stayed silent and seemed to be observing his opponent, perhaps he had labeled Bakugou as the biggest threat. It was like that for a while, and then Bakugou made that comment. A comment that Aizawa has told him to stop saying countless times but is always ignored. In a matter of seconds Dazai closed the distance and in a flurry of movement took Bakugou down, except not in a way that would win. Dazai put himself at a disadvantage, he gave the gun to Bakugou and then-

"Go on then, kill me."

A second passes as Aizawa tries to comprehend what just happened. It's only due to his many years of Pro Hero work that he manages to move his capture weapon quickly enough to drag Bakugou away from Dazai. Not a second later a paintball flies from the gun and hits the ground, despite it being a fake gun Aizawa still sighs in relief at that. The situation got far too real, far too quick. As Bakugou lands next to Aizawa with a startled expression on his face the gun slips from his hand and clatters to the ground.

A commotion rings out from the observation room, it seems the rest of 1A have snapped out of their shock. Whatever, All Might can deal with calming the class, right now Aizawa's attention is solely on Dazai. The teen, who is still sprawled across the floor, sighs heavily before turning his gaze to Aizawa.

Ignoring the annoyed look in his eye, Aizawa questions Dazai, "Why did you do that?"

Dazai sits up and sighs in a childish manner, "He was the one to threaten me, I just wanted him to follow through."

Before Aizawa can further question that Nakahara appears out of nowhere, without sparing anyone else a glance the boy arrives at Dazai's side and kicks him lightly. He seems completely unbothered about the prior events, or well, perhaps annoyed but not worried. Ignoring the whining the kick causes Nakahara scoffs, "You damn maniac, you couldn't stop for a day at least?"

Despite his words, Nakahara still offers a hand to Dazai and pulls him up. Once stood Dazai just sighs wistfully, "But Chibi, that wasn't a suicide attempt! You should know by now it only counts if *I* do it."

Now that is worrying. It also confirms a suspicion Aizawa has been toying with over the last few days, back when Dazai and Nakahara were first being taken to the dorms Dazai had made a similar comment. 'Terrible way to kill myself,' or something to that extent. Back then Aizawa had filed it away but had assumed, or rather hoped, that it was just an off-hand comment. It seems that his fears have been confirmed, from now on he'll have to keep a closer eye on Dazai. Of course, Nedzu will also need to be made aware of this too.

1A, who have all come down from the observation room, have varying degrees of shock on their faces. Iida too seems taken aback, or at least for a moment before he straightens up and speaks, "Joking about suicide is not appropriate! It is a real issue that-"

Iida is cut off by Dazai, "I would never joke about suicide. In fact, it's my dream to commit the most painless suicide possible~" The innocent smile on his face contrasts the weight of the words he just said and throws the room into a tense silence.

Aizawa tries to see any sign of this being a joke on Dazai's face, even with the smile and carefree expression he can tell the teen is serious. Beside him Nakahara doesn't seem surprised, in fact, he simply sighs and rolls his eyes. That pretty much confirms that Dazai is suicidal

and has been for quite some time, long enough that Nakahara isn't even phased by such a sentence. He shouldn't be surprised, even if he didn't have a prior hunch about this what Dazai has revealed about his life so far would likely lead to such a thing.

"If you are being serious," Aizawa starts, "Then I need to take you to the Principal immediately."

Dazai looks genuinely shocked for a moment before his expression turns to something more childish, in the same whining tone he seems to favour he complains, "There's no need for that… right, Chuuya?"

Nakahara spares him a glance before shrugging, "If it'll stop you from asking any damn woman you see to double suicide then I'm all for it." At this point Aizawa isn't surprised by the relaxed tone when the boy speaks of such a serious topic, it seems to be a running trend with the pair. Absent-mindedly, Aizawa wonders if there is any topic these two wouldn't be so relaxed with.

In response, Dazai drapes himself over Nakahara and smiles sweetly. It looks… odd. "No need to be so jealous Chibi, you'll always be my top choice for double suicide~~"

Nakahara's face scrunches up as he scoffs, "As if!" Wasting not a second longer he shoves Dazai off and begins storming across the room to the exit, Dazai trails along behind him whining once again.

Sighing, Aizawa resigns himself to corralling those two to their respective therapists. Nedzu needs to speak with Dazai about his suicidal tendencies and while Nakahara doesn't need to visit Yamada it wouldn't hurt to have him go. Unfortunately, that does mean he has to leave his class with All Might, which wouldn't be that bad if the guy was just as good a teacher as he is a Pro Hero.

Before leaving, Aizawa's eyes fall on Bakugou. The boy is still sitting in the exact same spot, his face unreadable. Hopefully, All Might has enough common sense to speak to the boy before dismissing class because he clearly needs it. Unfortunately, with the Nakahara and Dazai nearing the exit to the building, Aizawa has no time to do it himself. He'll have to settle for a check-in later.

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No one really speaks after All Might dismisses them from the lesson, in place of the usual chatter while they get changed is a stale silence. Uraraka understands why no one feels like talking, they're supposed to

be the newest generation of Pro Heroes in training. They're supposed to be a step above the rest, Uraraka isn't arrogant enough to think herself the strongest ever, but… Getting into UA means something, right? It means that along with her classmates, she has the potential to be a good Pro Hero, and yet she got beaten so easily. Of course, Aizawa-sensei had told them that Nakahara and Dazai are strong, that they managed to fight against the top 3 Pro Heroes for a decent amount of time but still… She had at least expected 18 of them to give Nakahara some trouble, not for him to wipe them all out easily.

Together, they all walk down to the dorms with the silence hanging heavy between them. Uraraka can't help but wonder what everyone else is thinking, specifically Todoroki and Bakugou. They haven't said anything but she can just tell Dazai had a negative effect on them, anyone would have in their position.

When they arrive at the dorms Sero collapses down onto the sofa with a sigh and finally breaks that silence, "That was a disaster."

Kaminari joins him, "Those guys are way overpowered."

The rest of the class, minus Todoroki and Bakugou who have already disappeared to their rooms, settle around the common room and finally give in to the urge to complain. Everyone seems to have something to say about the pair, none of it being good.

"How Dazai spoke to Todoroki was totally uncalled for.."

"Nakahara using Tokoyami and Jirou to attack each other was so dirty."

"What the hell was that final move Dazai pulled?"

"You think Dazai is really suicidal? Maybe it's another mind game…"

Uraraka doesn't pay much mind to who says what, most every comment is the same anyway. Initially, she finds herself agreeing to all those comments. Nakahara was far stronger than she expected, or more specifically, his Ability was. Quirks that have some degree of control over gravity aren't rare per se, but they certainly aren't common. Of all the ones she knows of no one has the same control that Nakahara had displayed, he was able to fly through the air like it was water. The pieces of concrete never wobbled or slipped from his control, they moved the exact way he wanted even when under the influence of Uraraka's Quirk. Maybe it was a worst loss for her in that way, here is someone who shares the same power as you but is so

much better at it. She has been trying to get better control of herself when in the air for a long time now, she had thought she was doing well but looking at Nakahara it's clear she's leagues behind. It feels like a cruel type of irony that the only person she has met with advanced control over gravity happens to be a Villain, in other words, someone she can't beg to teach her.

Dazai too was intimidating, somehow even more than before. The way he moved around screamed a casual confidence, there wasn't a single point in his fights that he felt threatened. Of course, his mental attacks were far more prominent. To be honest, Uraraka can't really put into words how she felt about all that. Picking apart Todoroki's insecurities like that was just cruel, especially since Dazai knew what type of reaction he would get. Sure, that might be how he is in real fights but that wasn't a real one, so why did he have to taunt like that? Not to mention what happened with Bakugou… Everything about how he acted was completely alien to Uraraka, she really didn't like it.

"They could've gone easier on us or something… Fighting like that just feels unfair," Mina complains.

That comment does catch Uraraka's attention, in fact, it triggers a memory from when she was interning with Gunhead. At the start of the internship she had no fighting skills whatsoever, after a few days of learning moves Gunhead had her fight one of his sidekicks. The fight had gone terribly for her, her opponent was far more experienced and took her down in minutes. After the fight she had complained, why make her fight someone so much better when there was no chance of winning? Isn't that just unfair? She still remembers what Gunhead has said in response, admittedly it isn't hard to remember due to the tone he had spoken in.

Like he was speaking to an impatient child, which was partially true, Gunhead had asked what she would gain from fighting a beginner? Sure it would increase her chance of winning but it would also decrease what she learns. Besides, calling a fight unfair just because her opponent has more experience, has trained for longer, is insulting to all the time they had put into mastering their skills. Everyone is a beginner at some point, it's just that some people put more work in to achieve a better result.

With that floating in her mind Uraraka looks back on those two fights and thinks about the skills the two of them had shown. How many people did Dazai try his mind attacks on before getting the result he wanted? How long did it take for him to learn the perfect word order

to get good results?

Nakahara must have been like her once, must have had a period of time where he struggled to jump around the air, a period of time where his control was wobbly. Had he spent months learning those skills? Had he too wished for someone who could teach him the ropes? Maybe. Using Jirou and Tokoyami to take each other out was a smart move, not to mention he his first target was Hagakure. Back then Uraraka hadn't thought much about it but now she could see the significance behind that move, clearly, he had thought about who would be a risk to him and took down the only person that could slip by undetected.

Really, the two of them had shown off an insane amount of skills that must have taken ages to perfect. To say that it was unfair, that they should have gone easy is rather stupid now she's thinking about it. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to learn from highly skilled Villains with no risk.

"Fighting them was a learning opportunity, something we need if we want to be stronger," Uraraka says.

Kaminari sighs, "Yeah I get that… Just wish they had toned it down a bit." A few other classmates seem to agree with his statement.

Fortunately, Uraraka can see at least someone understands her. Across the room Yaoyorozu nods in her direction before speaking, "Think of is this way, we may have gotten beat around but we have learned valuable things about those two." She pauses for a second to collect her thoughts, "Now we know how Dazai uses his words as a weapon, we know how his Ability works, we know Nakahara is a better fighter, we also know what his Ability can't affect."

"What it can't affect?" Mina asks with slight confusion.

In response, Yaoyorozu nods, "Yes, remember how he used Jirou and Tokoyami to take each other down? I suspect that's because he can't manipulate the gravity on Dark Shadow or on sound waves. If he had gone easy, then we wouldn't know that for next time."

Uraraka can see as a spark is lit behind her classmates' eyes. Kaminari sits up from where he was previously slouching, "My electricity would be good too right?"

From beside her Deku nods, honestly, part of her wants to be surprised at how long it's taken for him to start analysing the pair.

Typically, Deku can't stop talking about Quirks and their uses, finding out about Abilities must have been like finding gold. (The other part of her knows his excitement was dampened by that live stream, it's hard to be excited by murderers.)

"If we could stun Nakahara with either Kaminari's or Jirou's Quirk then it would give the rest of us an opportunity to attack," Deku explains, "Obviously, Shinsou would be the best choice for taking Nakahara down but I doubt he would fall for that at this point."

A few people nod while others sigh. Shinsou does a mix of both, "It was hell fighting those two, can't help but feel bad for the people of Yokohama."

"How come?" Tsu asks.

Shinsou shrugs, "At least they obeyed the law when fighting us, doubt they do that in Yokohama."

The atmosphere in the room dips down again as people process what Shinsou said. It's at that moment that Uraraka remembers just who these two are, they aren't some cool fighters that have come to UA to teach them. They're criminals, murderers. She hadn't forgotten about that, there's no way she could, but in analysing the fights it had slipped to the side of her mind.

For just a few minutes her brain had lessened the importance of that fact, the fact that they could have- would have- killed them in those fights. Or, perhaps, something worse. In a real fight, with a real gun, with Aizawa-sensei nowhere in sight, if all those conditions had been met would Dazai have turned Bakugou into a murderer? What would be worse, dying before becoming a Pro or turning into the very thing you strive to defeat?

The faces of her classmates say that they must be thinking something similar. Fortunately, Yaoyorozu is quick to change the topic, "Midoriya, I have a question."

Deku looks up and nods at her to continue, with that encouragement she does, "During your fight, near the end, you touched Dazai and his Ability activated, I was wondering how it felt?"

Deku stays silent for a moment, like he's trying to find the right way to say something, eventually, he speaks, "It was the exact opposite of Aizawa-sensei's Quirk."

That prompts a few confused looks, Uraraka feels the same. Seeing this, Deku continues, “With Aizawa-sensei you don’t even notice your Quirk is gone ‘til you can’t use it, it’s like a silent attack.”

“And Dazai’s was a loud attack?” Uraraka asks.

“Yes,” Deku sighs a little, “It… it felt like he was reaching inside me to take my Quirk. Where my Quirk is supposed to sit felt cold and empty… Like I was Quirkless with no hope of getting it back.”

Quirkless? That… Uraraka can’t imagine how terrible that must have felt. Having such an integral part of herself taken away, being constantly reminded of her loss by feeling empty and cold, it sounds like a nightmare. Realistically, she knows it’s impossible to forever lose her Quirk, there has never been a case- at least one in modern history- of someone losing their Quirk forever.

It doesn’t happen.

She knows this, so there is no reason to be afraid of Dazai. No need to imagine him leaving her cold and empty before killing her, no need to imagine him laughing over her corpse like she never mattered.

She is a Pro Hero in training, she has been given a golden opportunity to learn, she will not be scared of something she knows can’t happen.

(And if she hides away in her room for the rest of the evening, no one will blame her.)

-

He’s completely drawn in, surrounded on all sides by that empty eye and the matching emptiness where his Quirk should be.

He sharply turns over as his scowl deepens.

The gun in his hand is manipulated and soon pressed against Dazai’s head, all the while that eye stays wide and empty.

“Go on then, kill me.”

A borderline growl threatens to leave his throat, his hand grips his pillow harder.

The trigger clicks.

In a fit of anger, Bakugou can’t help but launch his pillow across the

room, it hits the wall and falls to the ground with little fanfare. Disappointing, he would have liked to smash a hole into the wall in place of that bastard's face. Honestly, if only it were a real fight. If that were the case Bakugou wouldn't have been pulled away by Aizawa-sensei, then he could have pummelled that fucker into the ground.

(If Aizawa-sensei hadn't been there, would he have shot Dazai?)

Despite his best efforts, that bandaged freak and his words just keep echoing around his head, every second he closes his eyes the image of a gun in his hand appears. Every second spent in silence allows his words to return and taunt him, it's off-putting and unsettling.

"*Go on then, kill me.*"

It's infuriating, even more so than that idiot Deku. Why the hell can't he stop thinking about it? Even now, hours later, the damn images won't leave his mind. He can't help but think about that eye, how empty it was, how emotionless he sounded when wishing to die, how his hand moved without his will… Why is he so affected by this? Why won't that dead-eyed stare leave his mind?

Well, it's obvious why, it wasn't a fair fucking fight. That's why it won't leave him alone, a missed opportunity to win always sticks around like that. That's what it must be, anger that he was robbed of a win, nothing more. The heavy feeling in his stomach and slight shake in his hand is just repressed rage, clearly.

Really though, what fucking right does that guy have to act like that? To put a gun in his hand and start making demands? No one makes Bakugou do anything, and that's a fact.

(Dazai controlled his every move, he was powerless.)

Just thinking about it pisses him off. Bakugou wanted a real fight, he wanted to show that some Yokohama kids aren't shit compared to him and that Abilities pale in comparison to his Quirk. That fucker used cheap tricks to hide how shitty a fighter he must be, if he had actually engaged in a fight instead of running away Bakugou is sure he would have won the fight in seconds. Yeah, a real fight, that's what he wants. Things would be different then, he would be better.

(If the gun was real-)

Really, he should have swapped to fight that Nakahara kid when he

had the chance. He would have, but hearing that the bandaged fuck wouldn't hold back sounded far more interesting. A weak opponent who would show no mercy would always be more enjoyable than a strong opponent who held back. In the end, though, it was a shit fight and the other guy seemed the better choice. That guy at least wasn't such a wimp that he avoided fighting, not that his stupid jumping around would do shit to help him win. Yea, Bakugou can see it right now, he'd try some gravity shit and get blown up for it. His explosions are far superior to gravity, he proved that back at the sports festival.

(Would Dazai's head have exploded like Mt. Lady's?)

He needs to get a re-match with that fucker soon, show him that his 'mind attacks' don't work on Bakugou. Maybe half and half is stupid enough to get emotional over it, but not Bakugou. There is nothing that freak could do to screw with his mind, not a word he could say or an action he could do. He's the best in this whole damn school, stuff like that just doesn't work on him. Maybe he'll even use the bastard's tricks on him, in Bakugou's opinion he looks like the type who can't take what they serve. The ginger too, he'd probably get pissy about it and mess up like half and half.

(Would that make him a killer?)

Tomorrow, that's when he'll set things right. He'll challenge the two of them to a real fight and blast them to hell and back, show 'em what a real Pro in training is made of. Heh, maybe he can send them flying back to Yokohama as a warning. Don't mess with the next generation of Pros, or you'll get your asses handed to you by the future number one Pro, Bakugou Katsuki.

(He was so close to becoming a murderer, a Villain.)

Chapter End Notes

It's been a whole month.... >-< I swear I didn't mean to leave it this long before updating, but procrastination is a terrible thing. Also, I did go back to college so now I'm expected to do things other than write fanfiction all day. Outrageous, right? Rest assured though, I think about SKK hourly so this fic is never gone from my thoughts for too long~

I hope this chapter was satisfying, after such a cliffhanger and a month-long wait I wanted it to live up to the hype so to speak. I know there isn't a lot in turns of story progression, but I think the reactions from 1A was very important to show. I was a bit

worried it came across like 1A have a too positive look on SKK, so I asked around for opinions (LightshadowO and Buggsybeetle <33333) and they said it was fine... Also, I hope Bakugou came across as equal parts scared and mad. Almost like he's using anger to hide how much Dazai scared him, that's what I wanted to portray anyway.

I'm also wondering if anyone knows of a good bsd timeline I could reference, like one that shows when Dazai met Oda and Ango, when he found Akutagawa etc. Someone asked when this is set in bsd and I just guessed annnnd I think I got it wrong haha. It won't matter too much other than some off-hand comments, but it would be nice to know.

Also also I read this amazing fic today and you should all go read it and show the author some love! I usually wouldn't do something like this in the notes but I can't help it, the fic was just so good~~

Thank you for reading!! <3333

Chapter 10: Chuuya is tired

Chapter Summary

> *As he makes his way over to the group he can almost feel the spirit of Ane-san descend and possess him, if no one else is going to deal with the fucker then he will.*

Chapter Notes

> CW: Mineta typical harassment, brief mention of suicide
>
> Let me know if I missed anything!
>
> P.s For the best experience I recommend listening to 'Nothing' by Bruno Major when you get to the section starting 'The rest of the afternoon passes quickly, which is probably due to Chuuya's lack of sleep.' ~~~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Good morning everyone!"

Yamada looks up from his papers and smiles at Nedzu as he enters the room. A few other teachers around him do the same while Shouta, as always, keeps his head resting on the desk until the last minute. Early morning staff meetings always end up like this, everyone else is awake and ready to go while the resident underground Pro is still half asleep.

While Nedzu gets himself settled into his chair Yamada prods at Shouta until he groans and lifts his head up. He somehow looks even more tired than usual, likely due to the two newest members of 1A.

"So everyone, I read all the lesson reports about those two," Nedzu does not need to elaborate on who he is talking about, "And it seems they are settling in well!"

Multiple teachers share looks of disbelief at that, which Yamada can completely understand. So far he's only had the chance to teach them once yesterday morning, while the two hadn't done anything disruptive it was obvious neither of them were listening. At one point Yamada had tried to involve them a bit and had asked Dazai a simple question in English, he didn't want to do anything too complex as he had assumed they wouldn't know very much English. Whatever Yamada was expecting was completely thrown out the window when

Dazai responded in French, whatever he said had gone over Yamada's head but had caused Aoyama to look confused and for Nakahara to laugh. And then, of course, all that happened in the heroics lesson. Personally, he wouldn't call that settling in well.

Ectoplasm leans back in his seat, "Settling in well?"

Nedzu nods, "Of course! Neither of them has attempted to hurt any students or sneak away, so I would say that is rather well-behaved." When Nedzu puts it like that then yes, he supposes that they have settled in well. Nedzu continues, "There was a slight mishap with yesterday's practical heroics lesson but we now have some useful information on the pair!"

"Mishap?" Snipe asks. For a second Yamada couldn't believe he hadn't heard about it, while Shouta was reluctant to speak about it the kids of 1A didn't have the same reservations. They might not have intended for the information to spread across UA so quickly but gossip is always like that, one person tells their friend who tells their friend. It continues on like that until third-year support course students know about it, that's significant because those lot always ignore anything that isn't related to their work and upcoming exams. Although, now thinking about it Yamada doesn't recall seeing Snipe at all yesterday, he must have been called to a mission outside of UA.

It's Nerumi that answers Snipe's question, "Well for starters most of the class was wiped out by little Nakahara." She leans in like she's telling some secret, "Of course, the real mishap was with Dazai's fight with Bakugou… The kids say he asked for Bakugou to kill him."

Snipe seems taken aback, "Really?" He looks over at Shouta for confirmation.

Said man just sighs, "Yes he did."

"How is Bakugou after all that anyway?" Yamada asks.

Aizawa sighs, "He seemed out of it yesterday right after but I haven't had the chance to speak to him just yet, I plan to check in during homeroom."

A silence settles for just a moment before Nedzu breaks it, "For the foreseeable future I request you all keep an eye on Dazai, after a brief talk yesterday I believe his suicidal tendencies are real." That doesn't lighten the mood at all, instead, it brings the atmosphere down.

Yesterday while Nedzu spoke to Dazai, Yamada had been instructed to speak with Nakahara about the subject. At that point he didn't have much to go off, no one had given him more than a brief explanation before shoving Nakahara into his office. Regardless, he had tried to speak to the boy about it. Nakahara didn't answer any of his questions seriously but with what he did say it was obvious that Dazai hadn't just decided to say something like that to freak 1A out but instead always spoke like that. If he was actually suicidal or just liked to say stuff like that, Yamada wasn't sure. If Nedzu thinks that he's not faking it then Yamada will make sure to take it seriously from now on.

Once again, Nedzu is the one to break the silence. "Erasurehead, you were monitoring the fights yesterday. What is your evaluation of their fighting skills?"

Shouta doesn't respond for a moment, either thinking of what to say or fighting back to urge to yawn, "Nakahara has excellent control of his Ability, he was able to apply it in different ways and use 1A's Quirks to his advantage. He also took out Hagakure first, clearly, he has been paying attention to everyone's Quirks and knew which would cause him the most trouble."

Yamada turns to him, "Used their Quirks to his advantage?"

Shouta nods, "He tricked Jirou and Tokoyami into attacking each other, he also used Sero to knock down a few kids."

"For a kid of his age... I can't help but say that's impressive," Nerumi says as she leans back into her chair. Yamada agrees with her, back when he was that age he had a tendency to just yell at things and hope he won. Carefully planning things out and using tricks was always more Shouta's style.

Shouta hums in agreement, "As for Dazai, he was more on the defense and kept his distance. He seems to prefer psychological attacks and his aim with a gun is just as good as we expected. Despite being at a disadvantage he was relaxed the entire time and won all three matches."

Nedzu nods, "An interesting duo indeed! Now, for the next tim-"

Typically, everyone tries to avoid interrupting Nedzu out of respect and slight fear. It happens sometimes when he proposes something a little too outrageous and out of all the teachers Shouta is the one who interrupts the most.

“There’s going to be a next time?” Shouta asks, his face giving away nothing about how he’s feeling, “I thought this would be enough for you to analyse them. Making 1A fight them again just to lose would be unfair and possibly disastrous.”

“Don’t have such little faith in you students, Erasurehead!” Nedzu happily responds. He picks up some papers and begins passing them along to the teachers, “As you can see I have already begun analysing the two of them, however, this is based on them fighting alone. If they were working together the dynamics might change.”

That does make sense Yamada must admit, working alone allows you to do more dangerous moves and go all out without worrying for your allies. Nakahara has great offensive skills but maybe when he’s working with someone else he tones things down or takes a different approach, same goes for Dazai. If the two of them often work together, which Yamada thinks is the case, then they likely have certain moves/plans they developed together. Getting a look into that would be helpful if the two of them try to attack any of the students, it could also maybe give some hints as to how the Port Mafia operates. Any large organisation like that would personally train up recruits in whatever fight style they prefer, figuring out what fight style that is would help for any future conflicts with the Port Mafia.

Actually, that reminds him of something he wanted to ask the Principal. After checking to make sure Shouta doesn’t have anything more to say Yamada speaks, “I was wondering, has the Port Mafia made any attempts to get those two back?”

That sparks a few murmurs from the others who are likely thinking the same, Nedzu shushes them before responding, “According to the Pros stationed near the Yokohama barrier there hasn’t been any noticeable increase in crime, which may be a good or bad sign.”

“Good or bad?” Powerloader asks.

“Well, it either means those two aren’t important and the Port Mafia won’t give us any trouble,” Nedzu pauses before continuing, “Or that they are important and retaliation will be more planned out and impactful.”

“From what I’ve heard those two are certainly talented, the Port Mafia must value their skills, right?” Nerumi muses while looking through the papers. Yamada is inclined to agree, they’re both formidable fighters and clearly smarter than the average fifteen-year-old.

Nedzu hums, “Right now we have no idea how strong the rest of the Port Mafia is, it could well be the case that those two are considered weak in comparison.” And isn’t that a nerve-wracking thought?

“And you have a plan for if they attack?” Snipe says.

Nedzu nods, “Why of course! I’ll be filling you all in at a later date so don’t worry for now.” No one responds to that verbally, this gives Nedzu the chance to continue talking, “Now, onto the next point for discussion.”

Using the remote sat beside him, Nedzu clicks on the screen behind him to reveal a collection of pictures. Most of them are random things like buildings or items in stores, some seem more personal like a motorbike or even a selfie… Wait a minute, that ginger kid in the picture wouldn’t happen to be Nakahara, would it? It only takes a second longer for Yamada to realise where Nedzu would have gotten these photos. “You searched their phones?” He asks.

“Yep!” Nedzu clicks the remote and the slide changes to screenshots of contacts. “We aren’t able to track the numbers as Yokohama uses a different network system, but I was able to look into the messages exchanged and put a few things together!”

Shouta seems interested in that as he leans forward a tad, “Like what?”

Nedzu once again changes the slide, this time to a more zoomed-in version of one contact list. “Nakahara only has a few contacts saved and even fewer chats, he likely deletes them often as a safety measure,” he gestures to the screen, “The contacts he has chatted with are ‘Ane-san’ and ‘Fish bastard’, the rest have been deleted already.”

“I’m guessing ‘Fish bastard’ is Dazai?” Shouta asks.

Nedzu laughs a little, “It would seem so! ‘Ane-san’ seems like a mentor of sorts, there aren’t any direct mission orders in the chat so I doubt she is the boss of the Port Mafia.” He changes the slide again, “Dazai’s contacts are quite different…”

Yamada takes a closer look and finds himself smiling a little, “Emojis?” Had Dazai really forgone any real names and just assigned everyone an emoji? Yamada is almost tempted to do that too now, although, given how extensive his contact list is he may forget who a few people are…

“Dazai has a lot of contacts but they are all emojis, for example, ‘🐶’, ‘□’, and, ‘🧒□’. The chats he does have don’t give any information away about the Port Mafia or who the identity of the emoji is.” Nedzu explains. Now thinking about it that is a rather smart way of storing contact names, no one can decode the names if you assign them to random traits.

Snipe is the next one to speak, “Ya find anything else useful?”

“There are pictures of Yokohama city and a few unidentifiable people but other than that, no. It seems like they are very careful with what stays on their phones,” Nedzu clicks off the screen and pulls out the two phones from under the desk. He then slides them across to Aizawa, “I made a few modifications so they can’t contact anyone outside of UA so feel free to give them back.”

Aizawa nods and pockets the phones, after a moment he speaks, “Is that all, Principal?”

“One last thing,” Nedzu starts, “The HSPC is very keen on interviewing Nakahara and Dazai.” At that the room becomes a little tense, within the Pro Hero community, it’s an open secret that the HSPC has more... sadistic tendencies. While there isn’t a lot of actual evidence there are a lot of rumours going around, most of which are difficult to write off as just a rumour. A lot of Pros, Yamada included, have lamented their dislike for the organisation and their wish to cease working with them. Unfortunately, the HSPC is too large and ingrained to be cut out like that.

“Are you going to let them?” Yamada asks with a slight tone of worry. If the HSPC gets their hands on those two kids, kids from Yokohama of all places with talent far beyond their years there is no telling what may happen to them. Even if Yamada still has a dislike for them due to the livestream it would be cruel to let that happen.

Nedzu smiles in his slightly off-putting way, “If they can withstand my efforts to stall, then perhaps.”

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Chuuya is tired.

Tired of Dazai’s shit? Always, but no, he’s actually physically tired. Now, as a Port Mafia executive, he is no stranger to long work hours and little sleep. Ane-san often insists he gets at least six hours every night (or day, given the Port Mafia’s working hours), but that rarely

happens given the workload he has. It, of course, doesn't help that Dazai likes to shove half of his work onto Chuuya's desk.

Now, the difference between the few hours he usually gets and the two or so hours he's been sleeping these last few days is that normally he sleeps deeply. Back home he would fall asleep the second his head hit the pillow and get some good, restful sleep. Here at UA however, he keeps jolting awake at any and all noise during the night. Being in enemy territory naturally puts him on edge, you can never know when the next attack will come and who will do it. Meeting the 1A kids did settle some of those nerves though, Chuuya is a good judge of character, and those kids? Not a single one has the capability to be 'evil'. He had decided then that they wouldn't be too much of a risk, if the pros had said not to fight him and Dazai then the kids would listen.

But then of course Dazai just had to go and pull that stunt yesterday. God, what an annoying bastard he is. Who decides it's a good idea to piss off two of the stronger members of the class? Who the hell decides it's a good idea to fuck with not only one of the strongest but also the one with the least self-control? That Bakugou kid seems half a second from blowing people up constantly, add in Dazai's little 'kill me then' thing and now there's an actual threat to the bastard's life! Well, not fully. Bakugou might act all tough with his yelling and threats but he doesn't seem like the type that's capable of murder, that much is clear given how he froze up yesterday. He could still beat Dazai up though, maybe accidentally kill him. Which yea, it would be nice to be rid of that fish but that's Chuuya's kill dammit! If anyone gets to kill Dazai it has to be the one that has put up with him the most. That would be Chuuya.

Anyway, due to all that now instead of getting some restful sleep Chuuya had been sitting awake for most of the night. If he and Dazai shared a room it wouldn't be as bad, at least then he could be certain that the noises weren't a threat as long as the door (or window) didn't open. Unfortunately, since they're in different rooms he can't rule out any noise, even ones that seem like nothing to worry about. Until he's certain the noise is harmless he can't trust it.

It doesn't help that Present Mic had asked him to 'be more social' whatever the hell that means. Yesterday, after the little stunt of Dazai's, Yamada had tried to get information out of him. It was a little funny, clearly no one fully filled him in on what happened so he spent half the time trying to find out from Chuuya. When he got that information he then tried to probe for information about Dazai, which

naturally Chuuya kept his mouth shut. No, that's a lie actually. He said a lot, but it was all complaining about how fucking troublesome Dazai is. By the end of it, Yamada just said that he and Dazai need to 'try more' and interact with 1A in a non-threatening manner. So now he's not allowed to hide away in his room during his free time, which also means he can't catch up on sleep during the afternoon when he knows Dazai is in the room and safe (well, more safe than being elsewhere).

At least his talk with Yamada had been alright, judging by the sour look on his face Dazai didn't enjoy his chat with Nedzu. While the fish hadn't gone into detail he did say, "He tried to comfort me…. Chuuuuuuuya he made me promise not to kill myself before I could leave!"

Personally, Chuuya has no doubts that Dazai was crossing his fingers while making that promise.

So now he's stood in another one of the training gyms wearing that stupid sports uniform- which really, why the hell does it look so bad? School colours are red and blue, sure, but why couldn't they have picked a better shade? Something that actually matches and looks good? And don't even get him started on the green in the other uniform- half asleep on his feet. If Aizawa wants him to fight 1A kids again they might actually have a chance at winning, right now he's so tired he can't even be bothered pushing Dazai away from where he lounges against Chuuya's back.

(He may also be allowing Dazai to lounge over him like this to silence the buzz of Arahabaki in his mind, something that's always worse to deal with sleep deprived.)

Actually, saying the 1A kids could win might be having too much confidence in them. Chuuya could still easily take them down, especially if he wasn't holding back but he would probably be on the verge of passing out afterwards.

It's easy to tell when the 1A kids arrive at the training gym because for some reason they travel as a group and do not know how to shut up. Even now, before the door has been opened, Chuuya can hear them.

When the door opens and the noise echoes across the hall Chuuya realises why the class was speaking so loud. Leading the pack is none other than Bakugou, a pissed-off look on his face and determination in

his steps. A few other kids gravitate around him with nervous expressions, ah, so that's what's happening.

Bakugou wastes no time in storming over to where he and Dazai are standing. Subconsciously, Chuuya finds himself leaning forward in anticipation.

Midoriya steps just slightly in front of the rest of 1A in some last-ditch attempt to prevent the inevitable, "Kacchan, I don't thin-"

"Shut the fuck up Deku," Bakugou responds without turning back to acknowledge the boy. Without wasting any time Bakugou arrives at his destination and stares Dazai down before demanding, "Oi Bandaged bastard, re-match now."

Dazai sighs and seems to lean into Chuuya more, he's disinterested in a re-match then. Fortunately, before the idiot can open his mouth and make Bakugou more pissed off Aizawa speaks.

"Not happening," he pauses and immediately speaks again to interrupt Bakugou's complaints, "Today's lesson is partner work, you'll have to wait for a re-match. Oh also, watch your language."

Bakugou turns to him with a scrunched face, "But-"

And then Dazai has to open his mouth.

"You should listen to Sensei, Kacchan~" Dazai's tone is light and teasing and Chuuya is quite certain he's smirking. It isn't a surprise that he picked up on the nickname Midoriya used, and even less surprising that he used it to further annoy Bakugou. Mentally, Chuuya prepares himself to get even less sleep in the upcoming days.

Bakugou whips his head around, "The hell did you call me?"

Aizawa clearly wants to intervene but Dazai responds quicker, "Kacchan~"

Bakugou looks about ready to explode, which might actually be something to worry about. Can he explode or is it just his hands? Hmm, something to think about.

Aizawa steps in front of Bakugou in an attempt to placate him, "Calm down kid, go join the rest of the class."

Bakugou huffs and for a moment it seems like he is actually going to

drop the topic. Then a certain chill comes over Chuuya, the chill that always happens before Dazai causes chaos. It pains him to say but he does have a Dazai Sense and it is really fucking accurate, so even without looking he knows that bastard is doing something to provoke Bakugou.

His theory is proven right when Bakugou's face turns angry and he swiftly moves around Aizawa. "Fuck did you just say you freak of nature?" He growls while keeping direct eye contact with Dazai.

Maybe it's because he's tired and can't be bothered dealing with this any longer or maybe it's because his head would be on the block if Bakugou killed Dazai. It could be because Chuuya hates hearing people alienate Dazai, he hates people that try and say he is any different than anyone else. Maybe the insult 'freak of nature' just rubs him the wrong way.

Whatever the reason, Chuuya suddenly finds himself really pissed off and defensive. Shoving Dazai away from his back he steps up and closes the distance between himself and Bakugou. Now, since he has yet to hit his growth spurt Chuuya has learned a few different ways to look intimidating and like he's looking down on someone while physically looking up at them. It's all about facial expression, body language, keeping eye contact, and keeping still.

Angling himself to look the most intimidating while squaring up to Bakugou is like second nature to him at this point. Chuuya doesn't need to say anything, no threats or warnings, he just needs to make his presence known. Make it clear that if Bakugou wants to try anything then he has to get through Chuuya first and that is a near-impossible task, even when he is sleep-deprived.

Bakugou moves his eyes to Chuuya and his gaze sharpens, it seems this might just end in a fight after all. He growls, "You got something to say carrot top?"

Chuuya doesn't rise to the bait, instead, he just keeps a level gaze at Bakugou. He does this for two reasons, the first being that this is the best way to deal with people like him. The second is because Aizawa is most certainly about to intervene again and Chuuya doesn't want to deal with getting chewed out due to Dazai's need to stir the pot.

As predicted, Aizawa's capture tape snakes around Bakugou and drags him back. "That's enough, say anything else and you'll get detention for a week,"

He speaks in a flat tone that leaves no room for argument.

When Bakugou does try to fight back against the capture tape Aizawa just pulls him along until they both arrive at the group of 1A kids.

Aizawa then turns to the class and begins explaining something but Chuuya finds himself tuning him out. Instead, he shuffles backward, closer to Dazai, and leans against the idiot's chest. The familiar feeling of No Longer Human greets him like an old friend. He keeps both eyes on 1A despite otherwise having his attention elsewhere.

"What the hell did you say to him?" Chuuya asks.

Dazai hums and leans into Chuuya's back slightly, "I'm offended you think I did anything."

Chuuya involuntarily huffs a laugh, "Yeah sure, what didn't you do then?"

"Well, I know I didn't mouth loser at him," Dazai says.

Chuuya sighs at that, such a damn troublemaker. For a moment they sit in silence and watch as the 1A kids begin splitting into pairs.

"Tch… I can't tell if you have a grudge against that kid or you're just being a pest," Chuuya states. It really could be either option, if Dazai has noticed something about Bakugou then he might be messing with him on purpose. Maybe he wants to embarrass the kid in front of his classmates and show that 'villains' are better than even the strongest of them…. Or maybe he just likes fucking with someone with a temper. Wouldn't be the first or last time that's happened.

"Don't put too much thought into it Chibi," the Dazai Sense tingle returns, "I don't think your brain could handle thinking that much."

One well-placed elbow later and Dazai is groaning in pain and hopefully regretting his words. Chuuya watches as Aizawa finishes up with 1A and turns to make his way back over to them, well it seems like he'll have to get answers from Dazai later or figure it out himself.

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Despite knowing better, Midoriya can't help but look at Dazai and Nakahara from the corner of his eye. He's glad Aizawa-sensei paired him up with Uraraka because otherwise, he would feel worse for splitting his attention like this, as it is Uraraka is also making not-so-

discreet glances at the duo.

Maybe it's different for the other kids, but for Midoriya he can't help but look in hopes of seeing more of their Abilities. Ever since hearing about the existence of Abilities Midoriya's mind had been set alight with possibilities. While yesterday was... eventful, it was also so very informative. Directly after the fights, he was still reeling from it all, seeing his classmates get beaten so easily was slightly distressing. At first, he was a little depressed about the whole thing, but then after the talk with his classmates last night he realised there was a better way to look at this situation. It's like Uraraka said, this is a golden learning opportunity that may never come by again. Instead of being upset over the overwhelming loss they suffered yesterday Midoriya needs to use his brain to do what it does best; analysis. If he can figure out the exact workings of their Abilities then that could possibly extend to other Abilities too, which may be useful if Ability users ever leave Yokohama. It would also be useful to learn how Nakahara and Dazai think, if he can get inside their minds then he can make effective counterplans.

There are a lot of things that can be deduced from the fights, some more obvious than others. Nakahara clearly has experience fighting large groups on his own, if it wasn't clear enough with how he asked for a 1 vs 18 then the results of the match speak volumes. He has an offensive Ability sure, but taking down that many people takes a sharp mind. He moved so quickly and still seemed to know exactly who to take down first, clearly he had been paying attention to the class and their Quirks.

And then, of course, his Ability. Midoriya had been expecting it to be more like Uraraka's Quirk but in reality, it's completely different. Uraraka can only remove the gravity of an object in two degrees, completely gone or just slightly removed. Nakahara on the other hand doesn't seem to have any such limitations, during the match he both decreased and increased the gravity on objects. Not to mention how he changed the gravitational pull on one of the concrete chunks. Admittedly, Midoriya has been thinking about that fact a lot. If he was able to do that then what else could he do? Can he affect anything he touches or is there a weight limit? Is it possible he could manipulate a whole building? Aizawa-sensei did say that Abilities have limitations but so far there is no way of knowing what Nakahara's limitation may be, anything could be possible.

His Ability extends to himself but not to anyone else, which is interesting because Midoriya would have assumed it would affect

other people too. Or maybe he isn't changing the gravity on himself but rather his clothes? He could easily make them light enough or heavy enough to bring his body where he wants it, plus it would mean he can only affect non-living things. That would neatly explain why he couldn't change the gravity of other people. Then again, from what he could see it didn't look like his clothes were straining or moving weirdly...

Moving on, Dazai too was interesting to watch and fight against. Begrudgingly, he has to admit his tactic against Todoroki was smart even if he hated it. Usually, in a fight Todoroki's ice can carry him through with no problems but in that situation, his fire would have been far more effective. Even if Dazai nullified it he would still get burned and be at a disadvantage. Any normal person would realise that and stay quiet in hopes that no one else would notice, especially not Todoroki. Dazai however wasn't afraid to bring it up. Since the sports festival, Todoroki has been trying to use his fire more often but has yet to really use it in lessons, but Dazai didn't know that. It could have been the case that Todoroki was using his fire daily and bringing it up would cause him to use it. So why did he bring it up? Was he that confident his taunting would mess Todoroki up? Did he have a contingency plan if he was wrong?

His words weren't as sharp when fighting against Midoriya, something that he can't help but be relieved about. If Dazai had somehow known about his past and brought it up to taunt him then he wouldn't have faired any better than Todoroki. Even the small things he did say struck Midoriya with worry and a warning to stay away.

One of the big mistakes Midoriya made during his fight was focusing too much on one aspect of Dazai's defense. Something that feels like an intentional move on Dazai's part, by keeping his attention on what he might say Dazai was then able to do more underhanded moves like using his Ability and sneaking the gun up close. In a real fight that sort of tactic would be incredibly useful for him.

He can't stop thinking about all those things, can't stop analysing and asking questions he likely won't ever get answers to. But, more importantly, he can't stop noticing new things. Right now, despite not being under a direct threat, Nakahara still stands in the same defensive stance as he did during the fight. Earlier, when Aizawa-sensei was explaining the task for today's lesson Nakahara's eyes never left the class and always seemed to stay close to Bakugou. He's constantly on guard and ready to jump into a fight, something that makes the fact he always stands on Dazai's bandaged side seem less

like a coincidence.

Dazai doesn't have any noticeable signs of being on guard but Midoriya is sure he is, someone smart like him must be taking note of everything just in case it turns into a fight. Bakugou isn't like that, not even during middle school when he was at his most violent. So now he wants to know why they're like that, why they seem ready for a surprise attack at any and all moments. UA is one of the safest places, so even if they don't trust Pro Heroes they should at least be a bit more relaxed right?

His musing is interrupted by a hand tapping his shoulder, "Earth to Deku?"

Jolting, he turns to find Uraraka next to him with a concerned look on her face. Slightly embarrassed he waves off her concern, "Ah sorry, I was just thinking about a few things."

"Analysing Nakahara and Dazai, right?"

Sheepishly he nods, "Haha… yea you got me. I've tried to shut my brain off but it just doesn't work."

Uraraka hums, "I totally get what you mean. Even before the fight, it was hard to get them out of your mind."

Of course, back then it was because of the horrors of that livestream and not about their skills. Often, Midoriya has had to remind himself of that livestream to stop himself from fanboying over the two of them. Usually, all his analysing comes with a healthy amount of fanboying, but this time he must be completely clinical.

Midoriya risks a glance over at the two and notices they have started lazily warming up, seems like they'll be participating in today's lesson after all. Probably just fighting each other though, that's the smart move anyway. Everyone is still a bit high-strung from yesterday, fighting them again today would cause people to be rash and possibly injure themselves.

"Do you think they'll go easy on each other?" Uraraka asks. Midoriya sends her a curious look which prompts further explanation, "They seem really close, right? So they'll probably go easy on each other."

That does have some merit, especially given how lacklustre their warm-ups are. Just from that alone he could tell neither of them want to be here, then again he doubts they want to be in UA at all let alone

in a practical heroics class.

Looking back over Midoriya finds the two boys have moved so that there is a decent amount of space between them. “Well maybe,” he says, “they’ll probably do enough to b-”

His voice cuts out as Nakahara jumps forward with a punch directly aimed at Dazai’s face. He isn’t using his Ability, which is due to the cuffs, but it’s clear he isn’t holding back.

Dazai takes a step back and swings his arms up to block his face and when Nakahara gets close enough he ducks down and attempts to tackle the boy.

Before he goes down Nakahara brings his foot up and slams it into Dazai’s stomach to launch him away. The moment he hits the floor he jumps right back up and dives onto Dazai, one hand going straight for the throat while the other going for Dazai’s hands. He isn’t quite fast enough as one of Dazai’s hands sneaks up and grabs onto Nakahara’s hair and pulls hard.

Morbidly, Midoriya really wants to see the end of the fight. That isn’t possible however as Aizawa-sensei quickly dives in and separates the boys.

“What is going on?” He asks in a stern tone.

Dazai shrugs, “Training?”

Aizawa-sensei shakes his head slightly, “No, you two were just beating each other up. That’s not training.”

Nakahara scoffs, “What is training then? Soft punches and constructive criticism?”

“Yes.”

Nakahara looks genuinely shocked by that for just a second. Aizawa-sensei must see this as after pulling both boys to their feet he turns to Midoriya and Uraraka, “You two, demonstrate for them.”

Jumping to attention, Midoriya gets into position and does exactly what he was asked to do. While they do have lessons when they can be a bit rougher (usually when All Might is solo teaching) it is generally a rule not to do any serious moves. While Recovery Girl can heal pretty much everything, well, everything that a bunch of

teenagers could inflict, there are still rules about being too violent and going straight for the kill. Something that Nakahara obviously just did.

At the end of the demonstration fight Midoriya takes a glance over at Dazai and Nakahara and finds the look on their faces a mix of both disbelief and amusement. Somehow, even with no words leaving their mouths Midoriya can't help but feel like he's being made fun of. Surely not going all out in training isn't that embarrassing, right?

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The rest of the training session was boring as hell. Aizawa refused to let him and Dazai do anything 'too violent' so they were stuck throwing punches like toddlers, something that was just as annoying as it was boring. Neither of them gained anything from fighting weak like that and the constructive criticism that Aizawa made them do quickly turned into an excuse to insult each other. Not that they need an excuse to do that.

Now heading to the changing rooms Chuuya comes to a realisation that this is the first time they will be changing clothes in 1A's presence. Aizawa always brings them to the training hall early before 1A is done with their lunch and yesterday they got to leave early due to Dazai's shenanigans. With this being the first time he can only imagine how awkward it's going to be, there's also a chance Bakugou will try something when Dazai's back is turned.

When they arrive at the changing rooms Chuuya shoves Dazai into the corner where their clothes are and promptly turns to stand guard. It's really obvious what he's doing but he really couldn't care, being sleep-deprived does that to you.

Fortunately, Dazai has decided to be cooperative and swiftly changes without issue. Before he knows it it's Chuuya's turn to be shoved into the corner with Dazai standing at his back. He's grateful the fish is returning the favour, with how many scars he has (and the code) he can only imagine what type of questions 1A would ask. You would assume they would keep their mouths shut about it but Chuuya doesn't have that much faith in them, a few 1A kids seem rather impulsive like that.

Case in point is the fact that Dazai loudly coughs before shifting to cover a different side of him, obviously, some kid couldn't keep his eyes away. Maybe Chuuya should take that as a compliment.

By the time he's finished changing half of the class is already waiting outside, although something seems to be off. Most of the kids look annoyed, almost like they're dealing with something they can't be bothered with. Chuuya knows this look as he often uses it when Dazai causes chaos, which he would assume to be the cause of those looks. The problem is that Dazai has actually been behaving since he annoyed Bakugou earlier, so for once it must be something else.

He gets his answers when electricity kid speaks, "Mineta, dude, you should totally drop it."

Looking over Chuuya finds electricity boy, the small one who he now knows is called Mineta and a handful of girls stand next to each other. Creation girl has her hair down and looks quite uncomfortable, the other girls around her have matching expressions or ones of annoyance.

It quickly becomes clear just what is going on when Mineta speaks, "But I need to let Yaomomo know how beautiful I think she is!" He turns to face Yaomomo and Chuuya swears his eyes turn into hearts, "You are by far the hottest girl in this class!"

Yaomomo nods slightly but looks so damn uncomfortable, clearly, this is unwanted attention. Chuuya looks around and notices that literally no one is trying to stop Mineta, which makes him feel like this isn't the first time this has happened. As he makes his way over to the group he can almost feel the spirit of Ane-san descend and possess him, if no one else is going to deal with the fucker then he will.

"Stop harassing her," He states in a serious tone. The group turns to look at him in shock and slight fear.

Yaomomo, for some reason, jumps to his defense, "Ah, well, I wouldn't say it's harassing-"

Mineta interrupts, "Yea! I'm just trying to show my appreciation for such a hottie!" As if to prove Chuuya's point Yaomomo cringes back at that, can no one else see how uncomfortable she is?

"Anyone with eyes can see how uncomfortable she is, so do her a favour and quit it," He glares a little and takes joy in how Mineta jumps in fear.

Somehow the kid is braver than expected and actually tries to fight back, "Y-you don't know anything! I've been here longer an-"

Chuuya cuts him off by looking over to the girls, “Tell me honestly, is he bothering you?” The girls seem caught off guard for a second and Chuuya thinks they might not answer. It would be slightly embarrassing if they blanked him like that, or worse if they said it was fine when they’re clearly put off by the kid. Not like that would stop him from threatening the little fucker.

Then earphone jacks speaks, “He’s a total creep.”

Acid girl nods in agreement, “He always manages to get away with it too!”

Nodding, Chuuya turns back to Mineta. The kid’s face is unreadable, not because he’s got a good poker face or anything but rather because there are about ten different emotions flickering across his face at one moment. Staring the kid down Chuuya makes sure to adopt a threatening look, “If you continue to bother them then I’ll give you some first-hand experience with how the Port Mafia deals with creeps like you.” He bends forward just a little so he can loom over Mineta, “Now fuck off and leave Yaomomo and the rest alone, yea?”

Mineta looks like he’s about to wet himself which is funny, why is this kid even here when he gets scared so easily? In some attempt to save face, he spits out some insults but his voice is so warped by fear it’s impossible to tell what he said, after that he wastes no more time and speed walks his way down the hall.

When he moves back up and looks around the hall everyone is staring at him in shock, seriously, has no one put that kid in his place before? The girls look grateful though, so that’s good. Although Yaomomo has a certain look on her face, he can’t quite tell what it is. Confused, he tilts his head, “What?”

Yaomomo looks caught off guard by that but doesn’t get the chance to answer as Dazai steps up next to Chuuya. With a teasing grin, he says, “I’m pretty sure her real name is Yaoyorozu Momo, you just used her ‘friends only’ nickname.”

For some reason that feels a lot more embarrassing than it should be, his cheeks start to flush which only causes Dazai to laugh, “Ha! Don’t tell me you want to be her best friend~”

“Shut up,” He huffs while hitting Dazai. With a slight nod of apology in Yaoyorozu’s direction Chuuya promptly turns and begins marching back to the dorms. Dazai trails behind him laughing and teasing him, god, he’s too tired for this.

-

The rest of the afternoon passes quickly, which is probably due to Chuuya's lack of sleep. When they got outside of the changing rooms Aizawa escorted them back to the dorms like usual, except this time he handed their phones over. Dazai was ecstatic to finally have something to do in his spare time, Chuuya would have been happy about it if he could actually look at the screen for longer than a few minutes. For some reason, he felt even more tired than before, which may have been because of the training session or threatening Mineta. Whatever the reason, looking at his phone screen for too long just makes his eyes sting.

Since they are no longer allowed to hide away in their rooms during free time Chuuya just found a seat in the main room and proceeded to zoom out. With Dazai sitting beside him he felt confident enough to do that but sleeping was out of the question, even with the fish next to him it was too dangerous. Being this tired he could easily fall asleep deeply and just not wake up when he's needed.

At some point, Dazai disappeared for a few minutes and returned with a fully cooked meal, which is so suspicious on so many levels. How did he cook all that in just a few minutes? How does it actually taste good? Why isn't there any crab when that's all Dazai wants to eat? Unfortunately, Chuuya has too many questions and not enough effort to ask.

When it's finally, blessedly, acceptable for him to go to bed he wastes no time getting there. With lightning speed he gets ready and changes before collapsing into bed with the hope he will be able to get some sleep. Unfortunately, his body or brain, whichever is at fault, is still on guard and stubbornly refusing to sleep.

He sits like that for a few minutes hating everything before his door slowly opens. Suddenly alert, Chuuya sits up to face the intruder and-

And it's just Dazai.

Sighing he flops back down, "What do you want?"

Chuuya can hear as Dazai shut the door and makes his way over to the bed, when he gets close enough he sits down on the edge. "I'm here to save my dog."

Ignoring the nickname he huffs a little, "Save me from what?"

Dazai stays silent for a second, it's just as Chuuya begins to get impatient he finally shifts and lays himself down next to Chuuya. Ah, so that's what he means. Nothing gets by the observant bastard, really he shouldn't be surprised the fucker picked up on his lack of sleep. So now here he is, trying to 'save' Chuuya by sleeping in the same bed and thus reducing how on guard he needs to be.

Well, Chuuya isn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Turning, Chuuya throws an arm over Dazai and gets comfortable. This isn't the first time they've slept in the same bed so he already knows the best way to go about it, keeping an arm around Dazai is just an extra reassurance the bastard is still alive and well. They usually share a bed on missions that take longer than a day, sure sometimes they could get away with having two beds or even being in separate rooms but it's easier this way. Easier to know that his partner is somewhere safe while Chuuya isn't awake to keep an eye on him.

Of course, there's also that other reason. The reason that they never talk about or acknowledge but are always aware of, maybe too aware at times. It's the reason why Chuuya's chest tightens when Dazai snuggles close like this, the reason why his face flushes when the idiot looks at him in adoration. It's the reason why they know each other so well, the reason that they can place their lives in each other's hands without a second of hesitation or regret. The reason that, despite all the insults and teasing, they hate working with anyone but each other.

They don't talk about that reason, perhaps for fear that if they do things will change. Having someone dear to you in the Mafia is always a bad idea, even more so for two people who always seem to lose what they want to hold close.

But for now, it's alright. For now, they can hold each other in the dark of Chuuya's room acknowledging that reason, for now, Chuuya can lightly press his lips to Dazai's forehead in thanks without anyone to question why.

Even before he drifts off, Chuuya just knows he's going to sleep well.

Chapter End Notes

Welcome back everyone~~

Originally, the forehead kiss was not planned so I wasn't going to include it but! I was stalking this fic's statistics (as per usual) and saw it hit 2000 kudos!! That's like, crazy and I'm so grateful to everyone who has read this and left kudos!!! It was then that I

decided to add a forehead kiss to that scene as a little thanks~ My SKK brainrott was very happy writing that scene haha.

Fun fact! All the contacts in my phone are emojis, that's where I got the idea for Dazai to do that. It's really fun because some emojis have a simple reason and others are the most random thing, explaining my reasoning behind each emoji is always fun. I'm sure you can all guess who Dazai's listed contacts are~

Once again I am humbly asking for any ideas for 1A and SKK interactions! I really need some more to pad out the story...

And finally, to anyone reading in the future when this fic has a lot more than 10 chapters if you are binge-reading this I recommend taking a break now! You've already read 57,000~ words you deserve to take this break when the story is at a lull!

Chapter 11: Interlude - Fox gloves and Steel

Chapter Summary

> *She waits and, when the coast is clear, turns back to her computer and plugs it back in. As blue light fills the room once again she brushes away flower heads with a sleeved hand and settles in to do her job.*

Chapter Notes

> CW: none!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I mean, trespassing into Yokohama and destroying an entire warehouse of Port Mafia supplies can't go unpunished."

She watches the video to completion and then rewinds the footage, the shadows in the room move and dance as the video replays. The computer is the only source of light or sound, everything else is quiet and dark.

"I can't wait to beat you again! Maybe this time you can be my maid and dog!"

The words echo across the room as she does it again. Her eyes never stray from the screen, every second they flick around the screen in a hungry search for something.

"As I said, stay away from Yokohama alright?"

She wastes no time and plays it again.

A voice interrupts the repetitive playing of the video, someone breaks the quiet that has long since developed in the room. "Seriously, how

many times are you going to do that?”

The video pauses, just as a gun is brought out and a woman’s muffled screams begin. The one before the computer screens huffs in annoyance, “You interrupted, don’t do that.”

She clicks play again.

The other woman sighs and leisurely walks towards the computer desk, “I bet you have the whole thing memorised by now, just stop already.”

She pauses the video more aggressively than last time. Her eyes, a steel blue, turn to her companion, “The Boss told us to get information on these kids. I’m just doing my job, unlike you.” Now is not the time to be bothered after all, not when she has something important to do.

The other woman laughs, “Ha! When did you get so snarky?” She leans onto the desk and blocks the video with her body, “And yea, the Boss did say that but obsessing over one video is hardly getting information, are you even learning anything new from all this?”

“Yes, a lot.” She answers in a snipped tone.

The other woman raises her wrist absent-mindedly and watches as flowers bloom across it, “Really now? And what exactly are you noticing?”

“Why should I tell you?”

The flowers, fox gloves to be specific, continue to grow as the woman shrugs, “Oh maybe because we’re teammates?”

Her face remains carefully blank but, for just a moment, her eyes flash with something darker. One moment, her disgust at such a statement was clearly visible but in the next returned to blankness. She nods slightly, “Fine then, I’ll write it up for you, happy?”

As the flower reach their limit the woman smiles, “Very.” The flower heads begin to droop and fall, something that gets a look of annoyance. The fact the woman makes no move to clean up the fallen heads is a further cause of irritation.

“I’m done with this discussion,” She scowls and easily flicks the video onto a different monitor. She clicks play just as the other woman sighs

heavily.

“Should we let her have some last words Chibi?”

The screen turns to black and the room turns dark, the other woman smiles cheekily with the power cord in her hand. Even without the light of the computer, it isn’t hard to see the expression on the woman’s face, not when it’s so clear the joy she takes from causing trouble. A second passes and with a glare full of detest she demands, “What is wrong with you Harue?”

Harue hums, “Well I could ask you the same.” Her arm swings away and the last of the heads hit the ground. She grins at the myriad of blues and purples that lay around her, the other woman continues to look upon them in disdain. She hates those flowers and hates the one that makes them even more.

With a smile bordering on a smirk she leans in until their faces nearly touch, “You should get some beauty sleep.”

Scoffing, one of the faces pulls away, “That’s rich coming from you.” The bags under Harue’s eyes are only exaggerated in the dark like this, they hang low and almost seem to be physically dragging her face down. In contrast, she knows that no such bags are on her face, she knows this face well after all so there is no doubt.

“Hmm maybe,” the Harue admits, “But we have that meeting tomorrow remember? Can’t have you looking anything but your best when meeting someone of such calibre as Nedzu.” Harue is the one who should worry about looking a mess, this little warning, or whatever it is serves no purpose. She has never looked anything but her best, that is another truth.

A silent moment passes, perhaps if she relents then the nuisance will leave her alone. “Fine. From now on though you are not permitted to enter my office.”

“Sure sure, I’ll remember that.” Harue hops off the desk and begins making her way to the door, “I’ll see you tomorrow, Koharu.”

Koharu nods but doubts this will be the last time she is bothered like

this. She waits and, when the coast is clear, turns back to her computer and plugs it back in. As blue light fills the room once again she brushes away flower heads with a sleeved hand and settles in to do her job. The video begins.

“Is it on then?”

“Yea, no one is watching though.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi hi! This is super short so I forgive you all if there aren't many comments on this chapter! (Next chapter will be nice and long, just the way I like it~)

I wasn't intending to do an interlude but I have a couple exams next week so I wanted to get updating this fic out of the way so I could focus on revising. I have only written about 1/3~ of the chapter I originally was going to post so I figured a little interlude would be the perfect thing to do! The next chapter should be finished around the end of this month, maybe a little bit earlier. I do have to say I really like this interlude, I have a lot of ideas about these two mysterious women so let me know what you think of them!

Also, to anyone who plays Genshin Impact- the end of Fontaine's Archon quest was so good! I absolutely loved it, I think it's my second favourite (just behind Inazuma). I really want to go play so I can pull Furina but I really should revise....

Also I have to thank my friend Buggysbeetle for telling me about fox glove flowers!

Thank you all for reading!

Chapter 12: To be (sleeping Chuuya's spit rag) or not to be?

Chapter Summary

> *Part of Aizawa wants to be cautiously optimistic, unfortunately for that part he is a pessimist by nature with no plans of changing.*

Chapter Notes

> CW: very brief mention of two people being stabbed to death (that part is in italics)
>
> Let me know if I missed anything!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Typically, when Dazai dreams it ends to be more nightmare-ish in nature. Well, nightmare-ish to other people's standards but rather normal to him. Replays of fights, torture sessions, suicide attempts, the list goes on.

Dreaming about a dog laying on him and slobbering is new and clearly far worse than anything else and annoyingly, it does not go away once he wakes up. Instead, he finds a certain ginger dog sprawled across him in an impressive show of flexibility with his mouth wide open and drooling. Really, what a charming image to wake up to.

Huffing, Dazai eyes the offending spit. In all the time he's known Chuuya this bad little habit has never been broken, something that annoys Dazai as much as it does the ever-elegant Kouyou. Someone else may feel honoured to have Chuuya lower his guard like this, he only droops when he sleeps deeply after all, but Dazai would personally prefer not to be a spit rag.

That being said, being a spit rag outweighs the cons of a sleep-deprived Chuuya. While it is beyond amusing to see the slug zone out and be complacent with all the teasing he would usually get mad at it's just more trouble in the long run. The only kid in 1A Dazai could genuinely see trying something would be Bakugou, he is the only one who would give in to the temptations of violence. While Todoroki was clearly pissed at his comments the other day, and still most definitely is, he's far too stoic and righteous to act out like that. In supervised

fights, he'll go all out, but during class time and downtime, he won't try anything. Chuuya doesn't see that though, or more likely sees it but doesn't trust it. So, despite clearly being tired he still put himself on guard just like a dog.

If Dazai hadn't snuck into Chuuya's room last night then the slug would have stayed up again and run himself into the ground and that really won't do. It's the duty of an owner to care for his dog's health, so having that happen would just be negligent on Dazai's part.

So yes, now Dazai is trapped under what may as well be a rock with no chance of escape. Of course, he could wake Chuuya up, he should have gotten enough sleep by now anyway. He would do that, but Chuuya is grumpy when he gets woken up so for now he'll leave it. If the slug takes too long to wake up though then he'll have to suffer grumpy Chuuya for the sake of his freedom.

Absent-mindedly, Dazai thinks over the key players of 1A. First, there are the powerhouses, the ones that give inspiration to the class due to being 'strong' and 'brave'. In a fight these kids set the tone, they encourage the others to continue fighting and improve their skills.

There are also the social leaders, ones that can influence the class with their words or feelings alone. It's clear the class has already split into cliques and usually whoever the unspoken leader of a clique is tends to be a social leader. 1A is a little special in that regard however, two of the social leaders are in the same clique.

In Dazai's opinion, the social leaders are Midoriya, Uraraka, and Yaoyorozu. The first two are social butterflies, they seem to get on with almost everyone, which explains their influence over everyone. From what he's seen so far Yaoyorozu seems a tad more reserved, still friendly but not that extroverted. Her influence comes from 1A's respect for her, she's smart and responsible, the type of person you can always turn to for help. Some may say Bakugou is a social leader, which would make sense. He is very much at the centre of his little group, seems to be aware of that fact too, and has tremendous influence over the class. He seemed like the perfect fit and at first, Dazai had lumped him in with the other three but as he observed the class he noticed something interesting. Whenever Bakugou states his opinion on something he tends to be ignored, well, maybe not ignored but his words don't seem to be taken with the same weight as the other members of the class. He has influence sure, but more as a powerhouse than a social leader.

Other than Bakugou there are two other powerhouses, Midoriya and Todoroki. It was incredibly easy to figure that much out since only those three chose to fight him when he was perceived as the bigger threat. What's really interesting is that Midoriya falls into both categories, being in both makes him seem like the centre of the class, almost like a protagonist would be.

Chuuya shifts and moves his face, which effectively smudges drool across Dazai's chest. Really, what a gross slug.

Dazai remembers what Chuuya had said yesterday about Bakugou, he wanted to know why Dazai kept bugging the kid. In truth, he didn't have some grand plan that hinged on Bakugou. If he had such a plan it would be centred on the main member of 1A, Midoriya. Currently, he's only being rough with him to get some good reactions.

Although, perhaps putting a plan together wouldn't be the worst idea. The main objective is to take down the LoV, right now Dazai is just killing time waiting for them to attack the class again. Originally, he was planning to stay distant from the class simply out of ease but now a new idea has come to him. If he and Chuuya manage to get close to the class then what chaos would he be able to cause? He could easily get the class to question hero society and their dreams of becoming one, when he and Chuuya ditch them after the mission is complete they'll likely be majorly affected by that. By gaining their trust he can mess with them even better.

Of course, to do that he needs more influence over the class. Right now he could spill his whole life story and get some pity sure, but he would still be kept at arm's length, maybe over time he could wear them down using pity but that will just take far too long. There is a faster way to do this and that way is to get on the social leaders' good sides. If they like him a majority of the class will too.

And- ah, things are just too perfect. Yaoyorozu must feel indebted to Chuuya from yesterday, she probably already sees him in a more favourable light. Uraraka had seemed impressed during the fight she had with Chuuya, Upon the Tainted Sorrow is quite similar to her Quirk after all so it makes sense. If Chuuya were to offer to train her then naturally she would warm up to him over time. They'll both still be hung up on the whole killing a pro thing no doubt, so first they need to be softened up a little with a few sad stories.

Dazai huffs with slight laughter and looks down to the slug still snoozing away, having Chuuya as his partner really makes things so

much easier. Sometimes he can't help but think how perfect Chuuya is, somehow he's always where Dazai needs him to be and is capable of everything he wants. Then again, the giant glob of drool currently falling from his lips certainly is a problem, so not perfect in the end.

Getting Midoriya will be easy too, Dazai had noticed he always seemed to perk up when Abilities or Yokohama, in general, was mentioned. He assumed the kid had some deep interest in the topic, the deal yesterday proved that. All he needs to do is butter the kid up with sad stories and then tell him all about Abilities and Yokohama. As long as Dazai keeps on his best behavior then things should run smoothly.

Bakugou and Todoroki will cause a problem though given how Dazai has already been 'cruel' (1A's standards) to them. The rest of the class will likely continue to dislike Dazai until those two get over it and, just his luck, neither of them seems like the type to forgive and forget….hmm, how troublesome.

A snore brings his attention back down to Chuuya who is still lying across his chest. A smile blooms across Dazai's face, why didn't he think of this sooner?

With a smirk, he pokes one of Chuuya's cheeks, "You're going to play clean up for me Slug~ Aren't you excited?"

Predictably, there is no response other than light snoring. Dazai will take that as a yes. If Chuuya could befriend both Todoroki and Bakugou then that would be ideal, he could change their opinions on Dazai which would help the rest of the class forget about the whole 'it's not your power' thing. Todoroki seems to be the easier job, he typically hangs out with Midoriya's group so influencing him will be a lot quicker. Bakugou on the other hand will take a little more effort and time, that temper of his only seems to flare up Chuuya's temper. They need a common ground, something that can bring them together due to a shared opinion or experience…. Ah, well, the opinion of hating Dazai will surely do, right?

"Hey Chuuya," he whispers, "Say something now if you have any objections against my plan." In response Chuuya mumbles something, unfortunately for him, his mouth is too smushed against Dazai's chest to actually make audible words. It is amusing to think even unconscious Chuuya wants to disagree with him, it's a shame though (for him) that his half-said objection does not count and the plan will go ahead anyway.

The hurried opening of a door breaks his concentration and, a few moments later, causes him to smirk again. That door must be Aizawa leaving his room. Well, Dazai had been wondering how long it would take for the man to realise he never actually went into his room last night. On their first day at UA Aizawa had said there were sensors on the doors so in all honesty he had expected the man to appear last night, for whatever reason though he didn't and now seems to be panicking about it.

Another door is nearly slammed open, that must be the door to Dazai's room. Dazai glances down at Chuuya with a knowing smile, "It's time for your wake-up call~"

As if on cue the door to Chuuya's room is shoved open and Aizawa stumbles in. Three things happen in the next few moments, first of all, Aizawa's face changes from panic to relief to confusion to shock. Second, Dazai moves his arms from where they were resting on Chuuya and, thirdly, Chuuya springs up and immediately jumps off the bed to start a fight.

It only takes a second for the tension in Chuuya's posture to disappear as he realises that Aizawa is not a threat. "What the hell?" He asks slightly confused, for just waking up his voice sounds quite awake already. Ah, what a shame, sleepy Chuuya is always so fun~

Aizawa sighs and takes a step back, "I should be asking you that." He turns to Dazai, "I suppose this is where you've been all night?"

"Yep! Can't leave my dog unattended for too long~"

Predictably, Chuuya takes offence to this. He flops back to the bed, back onto Dazai, while muttering, "I'm not your damn dog." He closes his eyes and it almost looks like he's trying to go back to sleep, Dazai knows that isn't the case though as Aizawa is still in the room.

Deciding to play along, Dazai aims a shove at Chuuya's shoulder, "Nope, you are not going back to sleep! I want freedom from being your pillow."

Chuuya groans and seems ready to make some sort of objection when Aizawa interrupts, "This," he waves his hands at the two of them, "is not appropriate."

Dazai gasps in fake shock, "Aizawa-sensei! I- I just don't believe it! I didn't think you were such a man…." He trails off with a look of heartbreak on his face, if he were anyone else he would be smirking

by now. Fortunately, he is himself- which, wow, he has never said that before.

Aizawa looks confused, which is even better. Mustering up his best betrayed face he sniffles almost like he's about to cry, "I thought better of you, but no! Here you are being homophobic… so cruel…"

Chuuya rolls his eyes just as Aizawa's widen in shock. For a second he seems genuinely alarmed, like he had actually said something wrong. It seems to only take him a few seconds to review what he said and come to the conclusion that Dazai is being troublesome on purpose, which of course is true. His face goes from worry to exasperated quickly, "You know that isn't what I meant."

Dazai debates the options of sticking his tongue out or just shrugging. He does both in the end.

Aizawa sighs and brings a hand up to his face. It looks like he wants to say something but is hesitant, almost like it's going to be too awkward or weird- Ha, wait, he's not going to say *that* is he? Will he actually? Really?

Aizawa's face still has a tinge of that awkwardness but he steals his nerves and oh boy this is going to be good. "Look," he starts, "If the two of you want to… do things together then that's one thing, b-"

Chuuya must still be sleepy as it takes an unusual amount of time for him to react. When he does his eyes widen and a blush rises on his cheeks, how cute~

"A-as if!" Chuuya exclaims while jumping off Dazai, his face turns sour, "Who would ever want to do things with this slimy fish?!"

"Ehhh, Chuuya! You don't love me?" Dazai asks with pleading eyes.

Chuuya takes one look at him and gags, if it's fake or real Dazai can't tell. He can't find it in himself to take offence though, maybe because the drying drool on his chest is damming evidence that he isn't that disgusting to be around.

A cough brings his attention back to Aizawa who is still standing in the doorway, "As long as whatever you do is safe-" Chuuya sounds actually distraught at that, which is so funny, "- then I don't care. What I do care about is you not being where you should be." He shoots a disproving look at Dazai, "If this is to happen again then tell me in advance where you'll be, alright?"

Dazai nods while Chuuya still has the look of a sour lemon on his face.

Aizawa turns like he is about to leave but pauses, he glances over his shoulder, “Behave until Monday and I’ll get the clothes you arrived in ready for the next practical heroics class.” Just like that, he disappears from the room just as quickly as he had appeared. Chuuya looks quite pleased by the chance of getting his Mafia clothes back, which Dazai can actually relate to. Even though he has never really put stock into fashion and whatnot, he can clearly see that UA’s uniforms are just terrible.

Chuuya turns and for a second it looks like he is going to collapse onto the bed again, he must think better of it however as he scowls and stays standing. Dazai resists the urge to laugh, did what Aizawa say really leave such an impression on him? Either way, he’ll be taking this chance to escape the Slug’s bed and set his plans in motion.

In one fluid motion, he stands from the bed and begins to make his way to the door only to be stopped by Chuuya grabbing his arm, “Your bandages are all messed up.” Raising a hand to his face reveals that yes, the bandages over his eye are looser than normal. They aren’t showing anything yet, but with enough movement, they would probably just slip right off his face.

“Seems they are,” Dazai agrees as he begins to fix them. Chuuya lets go of his arm and he can’t help but think that maybe he should be more worried over the fact he didn’t notice them so loose, it’s fine in the end though since Chuuya noticed. His partner wouldn’t let him walk out there with half-on bandages, so it’s fine. Although, since the Chibi did warn him then maybe he should return the favour and inform him about the plan he cooked up earlier. Fortunately for the Slug back on their first night here Dazai went ahead and checked Chuuya’s room for any microphones when he had a moment alone in his room, which means that he could safely inform him of the plan. Part of Dazai wishes there were microphones just so he would have an excuse to leave Chuuya out of the loop. “Oh by the way, we’re going to be besties with 1A so play nice~” he states simply.

Chuuya scoffs, “Me? You’re the one causing all the trouble, also when the hell did you decide to be ‘besties’ with them?”

“While you were drooling all over me,” Dazai thinks for a second and decides to say something more, “One of us has to be thinking strategically and not snoozing away.”

Chuuya grumbles in annoyance at that as he starts digging around his room for some clothes to change into. Thankfully, UA had provided them with some more casual wear, while the clothes they picked certainly don't match Dazai or Chuuya's style it's better than sitting in the school uniform all day. Once Aizawa gives him his Mafia clothes back Dazai has all intentions of wearing that whenever he can get away with it, Chuuya will likely do the same. As Chuuya pulls out something to wear Dazai realises that he too needs something to change into, "Chibi, give me some clothes."

Chuuya scoffs but still turns back to his clothes to find something for Dazai. It almost sounds like he says 'lazy bastard' under his breath but before Dazai can call him out on it he speaks again, "What do I have to do?"

Obviously, Chuuya knows how to find clothes for someone so what he really wants to know is what role he will be playing in Dazai's plan. "Just keep being the chivalrous gentleman that you are~" That is a lie as Chuuya is a tiny brute, but whatever. Dazai leans up against Chuuya's desk as he continues, "I'm sure you'll be the best of friends with Uraraka and Yaomomo without much effort, maybe you'll even bond with Bakugou due to that fiery temper of yours."

Dazai grins as Chuuya glares at him, maybe he's annoyed that Dazai likened him to Bakugou or because he reminded him of his slip-up yesterday with Yaomomo. Either way, he still throws Dazai a clean set of clothes, so clearly it's all for show. It seems this dog is all bark no bite~

-

Given that it's the weekend, it's not a surprise that a gaggle of students are hanging out in the common area. Typically, on a school day, most of the class wakes up about twenty minutes before the first lesson and completely bypasses the 'chill in the common area' part of the morning. That's what Chuuya has observed so far anyway. Even before Chuuya has taken a step out of his room he can hear the sound of the TV drifting down the hallway, jeez, how loud do they want it?

'*Two Pro Hero sidekicks were found stabbed to death in the early hours of the morning, could this be a retaliation by the Port Mafia? Tune in at noon to hear what our experts have to say."*

Chuuya can't help but roll his eyes at that. Even if the pros had actually managed to beat both him and Dazai and force them into UA Mori-san would have just left them to it. It had happened once before, back when he and Dazai had just started working together and Chuuya was apprehensive to trust his crazy plans. Things went sideways and the two of them ended up captured for about a week. Dazai most definitely had a plan to escape but the stubborn bastard refused to say anything to help them escape, he was so salty about Chuuya going against his initial plan and, to be fully honest, probably still is. Anyway, Mori-san had sent some people a week later because he had a new mission for the two of them and, in his words, 'couldn't let you dawdle any longer.' If the man had confidence in their skills to keep themselves alive or he just rejoiced in having them out of his hair for a while Chuuya isn't sure.

God, the Chuuya back then would be sick hearing that nowadays he just goes along with Dazai's plans, most of the time without even knowing what said plans entail.

Dazai grins at him and quiets his footsteps in foreshadowing of the trouble he's about to cause. Which, hey, wasn't that idiot just on about playing nice with 1A?

For some reason, most of the 1A kids don't even notice as Dazai sneaks in and looms ominously behind the sofa. While Dazai can easily move around without making a sound, Chuuya would have expected more of them to notice him from the corner of their eyes or something. One of them, acid girl, sighs as the news channel flicks over to a break, "I could totally see those murders being the Port Mafia's fault."

Electric kid nods from beside her.

Dazai grins and leans in slightly, "I'm rather confident that the Port Mafia is unaffiliated."

Both acid and electric kids don't seem to register who exactly is talking to them. That is until electric kid turns with clear intent to say something and promptly screams upon seeing Dazai so close. That naturally causes a chain reaction for other kids to yelp in surprise. Momentarily, Chuuya is reminded of the numerous times when Mafia rookies would meet Dazai for the first time. With only knowledge of the infamous 'Demon Prodigy' and not 'Dazai the childish bastard' it would usually end with freaked-out expressions and sometimes screams.

Dazai seems to take great pleasure in this, Chuuya however just sighs and heads over to what is steadily becoming his (and Dazai's) spot.

Once the more jumpy students have calmed down the frog girl turns to face Dazai, "How are you so sure?" Her tone is steady and sure, a complete contrast to how most of the class speaks to Dazai.

"Well," somehow Dazai leans in further without tipping over onto the sofa, "we have a signature way of sending a message and, well, let's just say knives are not involved with that."

Internally, Chuuya wonders why Dazai is bringing this up when he literally was just talking about being nice to 1A. This is the second time he's thought that in the past five minutes, so yea, not looking good for Dazai's plan so far.

Before any of the students can further question that, Dazai springs up and turns to face Midoriya, "Midori-kun~ I haven't forgotten about our little deal y'know…"

A bad feeling settles in Chuuya's stomach, "What deal?" When was a deal between those two made? Dazai has barely left his side since they got to UA, so if he made a deal then Chuuya would have heard it. Should have heard it anyway.

Dazai barely spares his a glance while making his way over to Midoriya, "It's hardly any of your business Chibi Chuuya."

It takes all his strength not to launch a pillow at that idiot. Instead, he turns to Midoriya with a disapproving and slightly suspicious look, "What deal?" he asks again.

Midoriya seems caught off guard by his sudden seriousness and quickly begins waving his hands around in a panic, "I-It's nothing serious! I just- last night- That is to say Dazai-" He pauses and takes a breath before sheepishly continuing, "Dazai promised to show me some pictures from Yokohama if I made you both food last night so…"

That does make a lot of sense actually, Chuuya was quite suspicious about how Dazai had provided decent food last night. Makes sense that he would have outsourced the cooking to someone else.

Dazai huffs a little as he falls onto the sofa beside Midoriya, "Tch, why'd you tell him?" Midoriya doesn't seem to have an answer for that, or maybe he just doesn't want to admit that Chuuya spooked him into answering. Either way, he just looks around awkwardly until

Dazai gives up on waiting for an answer, “Whatever. Here’s my phone, have fun~”

Midoriya nods as he takes the phone and begins looking through the camera roll. A few other kids see this and begin crowding around the boy to see the pictures too. It’s funny in a way to see these kids so intrigued by what Chuuya considers not special at all.

Hardening Quirk kid, which yea Chuuya needs to learn some more names, leans in to better see the phone, “I thought arcade games were rigged, how’d you get that high a score?” He asks Dazai.

Dazai takes a glance at the picture before shaking his head, “That was all Chuuya, his ridiculous strength comes in handy sometimes.” A few of the kids look over with what almost seems to be an impressed look, that is before they remember who he is and quickly look away. Chuuya doesn’t pay them any mind, instead, he thinks back to try and remember what picture they’re looking at. It takes a moment but then it comes to him, about a month or so ago Dazai had dared him to try one of those strength test things at the arcade. Even without Upon the Tainted Sorrow, he got a crazy high score, so high in fact that all the self-proclaimed ‘strong men’ that had previously been using the machine genuinely looked upset. Dazai had almost taken a picture of them but thankfully settled for just getting a picture of the machine.

Midoriya continues to scroll along the pictures with occasional input from Dazai (“That’s my favourite river!”, “Doesn’t that dog look just like Chuuya?”, “That’s the best bar in Yokohama~”) and protests from Chuuya (“Why the hell did you take a picture of me asleep?!”, “He only won because he cheated!”, “I thought I told you to delete that!”). Eventually, though, Midoriya stumbles across the first video. Dazai does have a bad habit of taking videos at inappropriate times, this means that even if he already got rid of all the ones containing sensitive information before the mission started there is a real chance the 1A kids might stumble across something out of their comfort zone.

Case in point when the video starts with Dazai whining about hats and Chuuya immediately knows which one this is. Subtly he sends a look over at Dazai, is he going to stop them from watching it or not? Dazai meets his eyes and raises his eyebrows, the one that’s visible anyway, a little bit. He then turns to face Midoriya and the group of kids around him. Alright, so he’s not going to stop it.

“Hey Chuuya, what do you think of this one?”

Chuuya can hear himself scoff in the video. If he remembers correctly, which he does, then the pair of them were in a hat store just on the outskirts of Suribachi City. Chuuya was actually looking for a new hat, Dazai was just messing around and trying on all the weird options. They were on an unofficial break, which is to say Dazai didn’t tell Chuuya they had a mission because he wanted to mess around for a bit.

From where he’s sitting Chuuya can see a few of the 1A kids soften a little while watching the video, the start of it is really domestic so he isn’t surprised. Dazai tries on extreme hats with huge feathers and bright colours while Chuuya just shakes his head in the background, it’s all very normal. The second half of the video is far from that though.

Even without looking at it, Chuuya can tell when the rival gang member enters the frame and throws a punch directly at Dazai. It quickly descends into a fistfight between Chuuya and the gang member, all the while Dazai is ducked behind a display stand. In the grand scheme of things, it’s really not that bad, not compared to the heaps of other shit that’s happened to the two of them, but the UA kids will probably overreact about it. Although, that might work in their favour. Dazai wants to create pity so people let their guards down right? What’s more sad than two teens being ambushed while having fun together?

Hardening Quirk kid shakes his head, “So unmanly…”

Acid girls turns to Chuuya, “How come that guy attacked you?”

Chuuya shrugs, how does he say ‘We wiped out his entire gang and went for ice cream afterward’ without causing a scene? Dazai, fortunately, saves him from having to answer, “We’re Port Mafia remember, with so many enemies it’s only natural for ambushes to happen~”

A few of the kids seem disturbed by that. Chuuya leans back in his chair, “You get used to it.” That doesn’t seem to help but whatever.

Before anyone can say anything else, and a few kids do look like they are about to ask questions, Dazai leans over and snatches back his phone. He tucks it into a pocket with unnecessary flare, “And that is

the end of the show! Do me more favours and maybe you can see more~”

He stands and Chuuya can immediately tell what he’s planning on doing, “Don’t you dare.” Dazai does not listen, no surprise there, and shoves himself down the gap between Chuuya and the armrest. There is hardly enough room for the pair of them but why would that fishy bastard care? Annoyed, Chuuya gives him a good shove before trying to get comfortable.

The 1A kids soon disperse back to their seats and mostly keep to themselves. Occasionality, one of them will glance over at Chuuya and Dazai like they want to say something but can’t quite pluck up the courage just yet. After about twenty minutes Chuuya begins trying to guess who will look over next and when, he hasn’t got any right so far but if Dazai would stop elbowing him under the guise of getting comfortable then maybe he would be able to.

At some point Yaoyorozu enters the room, for a minute or so she hovers by the door before walking closer. She looks determined and is walking directly towards Chuuya, hopefully, she isn’t mad about his slip-up yesterday. In Chuuya’s defence, only like three kids have bothered to introduce themselves so he can’t be expected to know what is a nickname or not.

When she arrives in front of him the room quietens down as the class listens in to what she has to say. “Nakahara,” she starts, “I wanted to thank you for dealing with Mineta yesterday. The teachers do try to stop him, but well, they can’t be everywhere so…”

She trails off slightly and Chuuya takes that as his cue to speak, “Don’t worry about it, any decent person would do the same.” He pauses for a second, “Also, just call me Chuuya, literally no one calls me Nakahara back home.”

Yaoyorozu nods, “Chuuya then, please accept my gratitude regardless.”

Acid girl then takes the chance to chime in, “Yea thanks! Someone had to put that guy in his place.”

Electric guy sighs, “He never listens when we say something, so hopefully he’s too scared of you to try anything on the girls anymore.” A few of the other guys nod along, which kinda pisses Chuuya off. If this kid has been such a problem for so long why hasn’t UA done anything? If this was the Port Mafia Ane-san would have cut the guy’s

hands off after the first sign of trouble, which yea UA can't exactly do that but surely they can expel the kid?

Yaoyorozu looks confused and belatedly Chuuya realises that his annoyance must have leaked onto his face. Before he can say anything though, Dazai swoops in with a grin, "Oh don't mind him, Chuuya's just thinking of the injustice of it all! Why, I bet he's thinking 'If this was the Port Mafia-'"

Chuuya elbows him in the stomach to cut the idiot off, "No one asked, Mackerel."

While Dazai whines and groans in pain Chuuya just turns back to face the class, interestingly he finds the frog girl looking directly at him. A moment later she asks, "I was just wondering, ribbit, why you think like that?"

Ignoring the ribbit Chuuya tilts his head, "You mean why I think any decent person would have done that?"

Frog girl nods her head. Chuuya doesn't need to think much to answer, "Well, first of all, common sense. Secondly, my mentor back in the Mafia really values etiquette and all that- she would actually kill me if I let that slide." Chuuya easily hits Dazai without looking before he has the chance to make a 'Chuuya is a brute!' comment before continuing, "Also, Yaoyorozu looked uncomfortable as fuck. That plus what acid girl and earphone-"

Acid girl cuts him off, "How come you call Yaoyorozu her name and I'm just 'acid girl' huh?" She asks in mock offence.

"Well, you never introduced yourself, neither did most of you actually," Chuuya responds.

For a second no one says anything, and then acid girl lets out a single "huh." It takes a moment for her to speak again, "Well my name is Ashido Mina!"

Beside her electric boy speaks, "Kaminari Denki."

"Kirishima Ejirou!"

That sets off a chain reaction of the class announcing their names, something Chuuya is glad for because the nicknames he gave them in his head were getting tiring to say.

-

Aizawa isn't exactly looking forward to this next lesson. Practical heroics is always a pain to deal with, especially with All Might involved, but with the introduction of Dazai and Chuuya things have just gotten more troublesome. Two more students to keep an eye on and reign in when needed, except even worse because these two are actual criminals.

Part of Aizawa wants to be cautiously optimistic, unfortunately for that part, he is a pessimist by nature with no plans of changing. After that initial scare on Saturday morning, things had actually gone smoothly, both Dazai and Nakahara got on well with 1A. Which yes, that might just be because Aizawa promised them their Mafia clothes back if they were well-behaved but it doesn't really matter, as long as no fights broke out it's a win. Hell, he might even call it more than a win since some of the kids seem less skittish around those two now. While 1A should keep their guards up until Dazai and Nakahara stop being a threat it's unnecessary for them to be so high-strung all the time.

None of the other teachers had reported them misbehaving during today's lessons, although Nerumi did complain that Dazai was doodling the entire way through her lesson.

During the morality and ethics class today Aizawa had been able to get some more information out of the two of them about their lives back in Yokohama, it wasn't anything huge but well, baby steps. First, he needs to build trust with them before he can even dream of getting more serious information, which in truth Aizawa doesn't mind doing. He much prefers seeing those two argue over who has better taste in food or video games than seeing them fight with skills no teenager should have. Part of him, perhaps that cautiously optimistic part, thinks that he too is warming up to them just like 1A.

Before the morality and ethics class, Aizawa had stopped off at the support course rooms to retrieve the duo's Mafia clothes. Powerloader had volunteered to be the one to check the clothes over and get them ready to be worn again, Aizawa suspects that what he really wanted was to see if Yokohama uses any unique fabric for clothes. Powerloader's problem child Hatsume had also seemed interested in Dazai and Nakahara, the entire time Aizawa was there she kept asking about getting to speak to the pair. Apparently, Hatsume had already come up with twenty-five different support items for the pair and just had to speak to them about getting her 'babies' into Yokohama.

Aizawa decided then and there it would be best to keep her away from those two, for both his sake and Powerloader's.

When he had handed over their clean and mended Mafia clothes at the end of the morality and ethics class the two of them looked incredibly pleased and had wasted no time whisking off to the changing rooms to get ready. When they emerged fully dressed Aizawa briefly thought that it might have been a mistake to give them their clothes back so soon, while yes they certainly looked more comfortable in them over the UA sports uniform the sight of the two of them dressed like that does bring back some unpleasant memories. Hopefully, none of the 1A kids are badly affected by it.

Aizawa glances over at the pair as he waits for 1A to finish getting ready. In preparation for the lesson, Aizawa had already given Dazai a small paintball gun along with strict instructions to use it responsibly. That is to say, don't try and replicate what happened last time. Dazai had agreed but Aizawa is still going to keep an eye on him just in case, he would hate for some other kid in 1A to get the same treatment that Bakugou did last time.

Speak of the devil, it seems 1A has finished getting ready as they slowly begin filing into the room. Thankfully, this time Bakugou isn't leading the pack with the intention of starting a fight.

Aizawa waits until everyone gets close enough to him and stops chatting, "Today we'll be heading to one of the larger training grounds."

All Might nods, "Yes! While there you all will be playing… Cops and robbers!"

Whispers break out at that as the class discusses it amongst themselves. They look a little too excited by this, which is when Aizawa steps in, "Don't think this is some game, the losing team will be punished."

Kaminari looks around with an anxious expression, "Punished how?"

Aizawa grins, "Lose and you'll find out."

Iida raises his hand, "Sensei! How will we decide the teams?"

Before Aizawa can answer Dazai steps forward, a few of the class eye him wearily. It doesn't seem like anyone is majorly put off by the outfit change, which is good to see. "Isn't it obvious?" Dazai starts,

“It’s gonna be all of you versus us!”

Iida looks to Aizawa for confirmation to which he nods. Like Nedzu said, those two will work differently when together so it’ll be useful to see them in action and while he doesn’t want to see his students lose again and again, it might end up being a good motivator for them.

Unsurprisingly, Bakugou grins and begins to let off small explosions from his hands while Midoriya begins to mutter plans. The rest of the class seems to be a mix between anxious and determined, it seems that those two might be motivating 1A already.

“Ah! Sensei, I actually have a request before we start.” Dazai says with an innocent look. Aizawa can’t find it in himself to believe that look, maybe because of how things ended the last time when Dazai had a request. He couldn’t be pestering for a gun this time though, given the fact he already has one. So, what is his request, and will Aizawa regret entertaining it? He gets a feeling the answer to that second part will always be yes.

“And what is this request?”

Dazai smiles, “Well! Me and Chuuya are, naturally, going to win here-” he ignores the disagreeing yells from Bakugou, “buuuut I can’t help but think it’s a little unfair on us, no?”

Given the skills the two of them have shown so far Aizawa would disagree with that, but he wants to see where this is going.

Dazai takes his silence as permission to continue, “2 vs.. how many is it? 21? Right, 2 vs 21 is just unfair right?”

“What’s your point?” Aizawa asks tiredly.

“Let’s make this a 3 vs 20,” Dazai is still smiling as class 1A sends each other worried looks. It isn’t surprising the class seems nervous to be on a team with those two, while it may be true that Dazai and Nakahara got on well with 1A over the weekend that doesn’t translate to teamwork in a fight.

“You… want a 1A kid to be on your team?”

“Yep!” Dazai nods. Chuuya looks disgruntled at this, almost like he doesn’t agree with the plan but has no say in it.

Aizawa thinks it over for a second, the point of this was to see how

Nakahara and Dazai work together not to see how they work with someone else. However, working as a trio would cause them to explain things that would have previously gone unsaid by the duo. Depending on who they pick that student might get some real development on their own skills...

Sighing, Aizawa relents, “If anyone does not want to be on their team come stand near me.” Hopefully, this time he won’t come to regret giving in to Dazai’s request, if it does end up like that though then he swears not to ever do it again. A decent amount of the class moves across with little hesitation. Aizawa gestures to the ones remaining, “Go ahead then, pick a teammate.”

With a nod, Dazai turns to Chuuya, “Chibi! Who should we pick?”

Nakahara rolls his eyes, “Don’t call me that, and also why the hell are you asking me?”

“Because we’re partners!” Dazai declares.

“Oh so now I get an opinion? Not all the other times though, huh?”

“Well if you insist, I’ll just have to make the decision myself!”

Dazai turns his gaze to the group of students and grins, he points a finger and moves it around in a dramatic manor before finally landing on a student, “I want you~”

Chapter End Notes

I just had to leave it on a cliffhanger! I couldn't help myself~ If you have any guesses as to who Dazai might have picked let me know in the comments, I'm curious to see if anyone will get it right and what their reasoning might be! There is one person who knows the answer though because I already told them... If you're reading this my second in command don't you dare spoil!

Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed the SKK brainrott at the beginning. I know I sure did~ I really love writing the more soft moments between those two, they're just so cute. The interactions with 1A were fun to write too~ Although I did notice that my use of tenses and Japanese honourifics is all over the place... Sorry about that, hopefully it doesn't distract too much.

As I said in the last chapter's end notes my genshin impact phase has come back with full force. Fontaine has lured me in and I

cannot escape. If anyone plays EU servers I would love to coop with youuuu, I am in desperate need of more genshin friends to coop with. Well to be fair, I just need more friends I can talk about genshin with.

I also wanna say that between now and the next update my birthday will happen! December birthday for the win! (Am I fishing for birthday wishes? Yes absolutely, what is the point of having a fic if I can't do that much?)

I think that's all I want to say, so thanks for reading!

Chapter 13: Cops and robbers pt.1

Chapter Summary

Iida crouches down a bit, clearly intending on powering up his Quirk, "You foolish cop! We, the nefarious Villains, shall win this exercise!"

Chuuya looks at him in shock for a moment, which is kinda funny.

Chapter Notes

CW: None I think! But let me know if I should add any!

Big thanks to sleepy_ete for beta reading! <333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"The rules are as follows, the 'cops' will enter the training grounds and have a twenty-minute head start to scout the area, set traps, and whatever else they wish to do. The 'cops' will aim to guard the briefcase and 'arrest' any robbers they come across."

"After that the 'robbers' will enter in teams of three every five minutes in a random order, the 'robbers' will aim to steal the briefcase and its contents from the 'cops'. If, as a 'robber', you have been arrested, which is to say shot with a paintball or bested in a fight, then you will immediately head to 'jail'. To rejoin the fight another 'robber' must come and touch your shoulder."

"The exercise ends when all the 'robbers' have been caught, when the briefcase is stolen and brought to the entrance, or when lesson time runs out."

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Once Aizawa-sensei had given them the go-ahead, both Dazai and Chuuya had wasted no time in heading straight for the entrance to the training grounds. The building looms large and slightly ominously as they get closer, neither of the two in front of her seem to care, however.

If Yaoyorozu is being honest, she isn't sure why Dazai picked her. When that finger landed on her she had really thought he mistook her

for someone else, maybe she was just seeing things and he was actually pointing elsewhere. That could have been the case if Dazai's singular eye wasn't staring straight at her, he deliberately picked her before anyone else in 1A and that is slightly baffling.

Of course, Yaoyorozu isn't stupid enough to think herself talentless, she did get into UA after all. In class, she is constantly at the top of grades and her Quirk is incredibly useful, but compared to some of her classmates? It's clear she has a lot to learn. For someone like, say, Todoroki, using his Quirk is easy. Yes, he has to keep an eye on an array of things to make sure he doesn't overdo it but ultimately his options are limited, ice or fire. He chooses the direction to send it in and the amount, that's easy. For Yaoyorozu her Quirk requires a lot more thought, she needs to take in the situation and quickly decide what could help, then she needs to remember the construction of that item and make it.

The problem is that Yaoyorozu lacks those skills, she likes to rely on a plan and when things start to shift or falter her brain fizzes out in panic. She doesn't have the confidence to just do something, to not second guess herself when creating an object. Why would Dazai want someone like that on his team? Both he and Chuuya are well-rounded, so surely someone who can't help but hesitate before doing anything would just drag them down?

Part of her wants to ask, the other part doesn't really want to speak to them. She still feels weary around them, even if Chuuya had been kind to her over the past few days. After Chuuya initially spoke out against Mineta Yaoyorozu was, admittedly, expecting him to sort of… well, she doesn't want to say ignore the problem but more like he wouldn't interfere next time. She had thought that maybe he only said something because he happened to be there, maybe because he was annoyed already and wanted someone to take it out on, maybe he just felt like threatening someone. To be honest, she isn't sure exactly what she thought, even after thanking Chuuya the next day and getting his reasoning she still just felt so complicated about the whole thing. But then her expectations were completely flipped, whenever Mineta entered a room Yaoyorozu could see how Chuuya kept an eye on him. He didn't immediately jump up to shoo Mineta away from the girls, instead he just looked over every so often, likely keeping an eye out for any signs of one of the girls being uncomfortable.

Yaoyorozu isn't sure how the other girls felt about that, but she found it reassuring in a way. Fortunately, Mineta didn't actually try anything over the weekend, he was likely still too shaken by Chuuya's threat.

Yaoyorozu isn't surprised by that really, usually Mineta only listens when someone like Todoroki or Aizawa-sensei scolds him although even then it only takes a day or two before he's back at it. Maybe the fact that Chuuya is an actual gang member makes his threats hold more weight.

All of that is to say that yes, she is very thankful that Chuuya stepped in. However, every time she thinks about that and how kind he was she then remembers the livestream. Does it matter how 'chivalrous' he was when he was there on that livestream without a care in the world?

She is snapped out of her thoughts as she enters the building and Dazai turns to face her. She must admit, seeing him wear this outfit rather than the UA sports uniform is far more intimidating. You would think that wearing such a large coat would have the opposite effect, kind of like seeing a small child wearing clothes meant for an adult and absolutely drowning in fabric. For Dazai however, it creates an air of mystery, the way his hands are tucked away out of sight leaves you on edge wondering what they might be up to.

"So, Yaoyorozu, Yaomomo even," he shoots a glance at Chuuya which earns him a jab in the ribs, "What is our plan?"

Caught off guard, Yaoyorozu blinks in confusion, "Our plan?…"

Dazai nods, "Yep! What do you think we should do?"

Why is he asking her? From what she's seen both of them are great at plan making so there really isn't any reason, unless… Unless Dazai wants information about 1A. Looking at it that way it makes sense, while Dazai could probably easily make a plan there is no way he could accommodate for all the habits and unknown skills of her classmates. In that case, would it be smart to say anything? It would help in the short term but after that…

Yaoyorozu shakes her head, "I don't think I can make a suitable plan…"

Dazai looks at her for a moment and Yaoyorozu can't help but feel seen through. It only lasts a second though, by the time she has even processed the look he has already turned to Chuuya with an overly dramatic sigh, "Chibbbiiii! Whatever are we to do now?"

"How many times do I have to tell you not to call me that dammit!" Chuuya glares at him, "Don't act like you don't already have a plan,

just hurry up and explain it.”

Yaoyorozu can’t help but feel a little bit entertained watching the pair of them act like this, it’s almost like they’re a comedy duo.

“Fine then!” Dazai throws the briefcase at Chuuya who just barely catches it, “Go explore for a bit Chuuya, you aren’t needed.”

Chuuya scoffs a little, “Tch, but let me guess, I’ll be needed later huh?”

Dazai sticks his tongue out, “I could deal fine without you! Now shoo~”

It’s only when Chuuya actually turns and begins leaving that Yaoyorozu realises that he is leaving. Which sounds redundant, of course, he’s leaving, but what she actually realises is that now she is alone with Dazai. Has any of 1A been alone with Dazai before? Or actually, has anyone been alone with either of them so far? Sure they act nice enough usually, but what if they act differently when separated from each other? Will Dazai now act like he had when fighting Bakugou?

“Yaomomo~” Dazai says and Yaoyorozu nearly jumps out of her skin. Right, now is not the time to get in her head about things. Whatever happens, she’ll just deal with it, and besides, there are numerous cameras around the training facility that both Aizawa-sensei and All Might are watching. If Dazai tries anything then it would only be a matter of minutes before a teacher arrives to stop it. “Now that Chibi is gone,” Dazai begins, “We can get to the fun stuff~”

“Fun stuff?” Yaoyorozu can’t help but ask.

Dazai nods and takes a step closer to her, it takes a lot of self-restraint not to step backward as he does. “We’ll be needing a few things, you can make them right?”

Ah, so this is why he wanted her, her Quirk is an easy way to get around any restrictions Aizawa-sensei put on weapons. “That depends… I need to know the structure of the item and…” She hesitates to say the next part because it boils down to saying ‘I don’t trust you’ to Dazai’s face. While true, and she suspects Dazai knows this, it still feels incredibly rude.

Dazai waves his hand in a dismissive manner, “Relax~ Aizawa-sensei already gave you a paintball gun right? We won’t be needing any

other weaponry." Yaoyorozu feels herself relax at that, she listens as Dazai continues, "You only need to make three things: a screwdriver, a large black coat, and heat-sensing goggles. Think you can do that?"

Those are… an odd combination. Heat-sensing goggles make sense, especially when dealing with Hagakure, but those other two don't make much sense. Dazai already said she won't be making any more weapons so the screwdriver must have a different purpose, as for the coat though, she has no clue. Despite her confusion, she nods, "I can. Why do you need them?"

Dazai smiles a little before he turns and begins walking, "Follow me and you might find out~"

Yaoyorozu does just that but it takes a few minutes for Dazai to speak again. Actually, he only makes any acknowledgment of her when they arrive upon a wall map of the training grounds. The building was made in the image of a medium-sized shopping centre. It's worn down in a few places, likely due to past training exercises, but on the whole, it really does look like any regular shopping centre. From what Yaoyorozu can see on the map the whole building is split into two halves, each with two floors. Building 'A', the one she is currently in, has dedicated the entire first floor to be a food court area. The shops, ones she can actually see should she turn around, are all branded as knock-offs of actual fast food places. The second floor of building 'A' has significantly less space due to the large cut-out that allows people on the second floor to see down into the food court. In an actual shopping centre there would also be the bonus of the smell of food wafting upwards and tempting more people to go buy something, but of course, this place is fake. Building 'B' seems to make up for the lack of shops as it is jam-packed full of different fake brands, there are so many names that Yaoyorozu can't help but wonder how long it took to come up with all of them.

Dazai points a finger out at an unmarked room on the map, "That is where we're heading." An unmarked room on the first floor of building 'B'.

"It's unmarked, doesn't that mean it's a storage room or something?" Yaoyorozu asks.

Dazai nods as he turns and starts walking towards the room, "I'm hoping it's the power room, oh, I'll need that screwdriver once we get there."

The power room? The screwdriver? Yaoyorozu really hopes he isn't planning to do any electrical work. The potential for that to go wrong is far too high, can Recovery Girl heal electrocutions? Probably, given that Kaminari is still fine after going past his limits so many times. Ah-but wait, Dazai's Ability nullifies anyone who touches him. If he were to get electrocuted then would Recovery Girl be able to help him? Should Yaoyorozu tell him not to mess with the electrics in that case? Oh but what would he say if she did?

Dazai, perhaps sensing her internal conflict, looks back at her, "I'll tell you this Yaomomo, as long as you follow my instructions then victory will be easy."

They pass through the archway connecting building 'A' and 'B', Yaoyorozu's eyes catch a fist-sized dent in the wall. He's confident, which isn't all that surprising. Still, Yaoyorozu can't help but be curious about what he has planned, it must be something impressive if he is already so assured of victory. "What exactly do you have planned?"

Dazai spares her a glance, "Eh~ What plan?"

Yaoyorozu scrunches her face in confusion, "You said we would win if I followed your plan? You also asked for things to be made, surely you need them for something."

"Well sure," Dazai comes to a stop beside a blank door, he swings it open without hesitation, "Ah, bingo!" He waltzes into the room, the power room, and begins looking around. After a second he turns back to Yaoyorozu and holds out a hand, "Screwdriver?"

She sighs but makes the item anyway. It only takes a few seconds for the screwdriver to begin forming from her stomach, when it does happen Dazai drops his hand and leans in to get a closer look. He watches closely for a second, something that sets Yaoyorozu on edge. "Freaky~"

"What?"

Dazai straightens up and looks her in the eye, "You really need to relax more, I didn't mean anything rude~"

In the privacy of her mind, Yaoyorozu scoffs a little, calling her Quirk freaky is most definitely rude. Now isn't the time to think about that though, instead, she wants to bring the conversation back to her earlier question, "You were saying about your plan?"

Dazai rolls his eyes, “I already told you Yaomomo, I don’t have one~”

The screwdriver is finished, she grabs the handle and passes it over to Dazai who takes it with a grin. “You must have a plan, why else are we in here?” she asks as Dazai grabs a few random boxes from along the wall, he moves them toward the back of the room and begins stacking them.

“This is just a precaution, just in case that Chibi decides to do some fishing,” Dazai explains like that makes any sense, “Of course, I have a few minor ideas, methods to deal with certain students but other than that? We’ll be acting in the moment.”

Yaoyorozu feels a mix of shock and dread at that, acting in the moment is one of the things she is not good at. Will Dazai not give her any direction? If that’s the case why would he tell her to follow his instructions? Does that mean they’ll be sticking together?

“T-that doesn’t seem like a smart idea. We should make a plan, we will be up against 20 people each with their own powerful Quirk, just acting in the moment will surely lead to failure,” Yaoyorozu tries to reason but her words fall on deaf ears. Dazai doesn’t respond to her, instead, he begins climbing his tower of boxes. Once at the top, he reaches upwards and- ah, Yaoyorozu understands now. There is a vent directly above Dazai, one only secured with some basic screws. What he said earlier, something about Chuuya going fishing, that must have been his way of saying this is an escape route.

There is something comforting about seeing him plan ahead like this, but it also only furthers the anxiety slowly building in Yaoyorozu. She again tries to convince him to think of a plan, “The other team has a lot of analytical thinkers, they’ll be making a plan to take us down already.”

Dazai sighs as one of the screws falls to the ground, he moves on to the next one, “Would it make you more comfortable if I made a plan?”

Yaoyorozu nods and then realises that he can’t currently see her, “It would.”

Another screw falls, “Great, then I won’t be making one!”

Taken aback, Yaoyorozu can’t help but stutter, “B-but, you just asked if I woul-”

Dazai cuts her off, “You worry too much Yaomomo! Things will be

fine~ Besides, you need to get out of your comfort zone sometimes."

Yaoyorozu knows that but she still can't help but ball her hands into fists at Dazai's behaviour. What sort of person directly asks what would make her more comfortable and then goes against it? Here he is, happily taking screws out of a vent- happily planning ahead for Chuuya, and yet he refuses to plan ahead for her? If he's going to act like this then why did he even bother picking her? If he wanted someone who could act on their own then he could have picked Todoroki or Midoriya. Her Quirk isn't even that suited for combat. Once again Yaoyorozu feels the burning need to know why Dazai picked her.

As the last screw falls, Dazai pulls the vent cover down and throws it onto the ground, the loud clang it makes only serves to increase Yaoyorozu's bad mood. She needs to stop thinking about this, maybe she can think of a plan now and just follow it without Dazai and Chuuya. It won't be the best plan but it's better than nothing.

Dazai looks at her and sighs before jumping down from his box tower, "You wanna know why I picked you over anyone else in 1A?"

Yaoyorozu is nodding before she can even realise it.

"It's easy, you're the most valuable kid in the class," Dazai says this in a light tone, like he truly believes what he's saying. He must see her confusion as he continues, "Let me ask you a question then, if you were making a team and it had," he looks away, almost like he can't bear to continue, "All Might on, would you still go looking for the strongest fighters?"

Yaoyorozu pauses, would she? "I suppose… it depends on what the team was for?"

Dazai gives her a tired look, "The answer is no, no you wouldn't. Once you have one strong fighter the rest all blend together, a strong offence is good and all but only a fool would solely focus on that." Dazai pauses for a second before continuing, "In this situation, Chuuya is our offence. No one in 1A could beat him in a fight, so it's useless to get someone like Midori-kun who will only drag us down."

"And I won't be dragging you down?" Yaoyorozu asks.

"Nope!" Dazai responds, "Your Quirk is unique, and unique is good. In a fight you could easily turn things around and get the advantage by making something, you would make such a good Mafia

subordinate…" He says the last part quieter and wistfully, Yaoyorozu decides to ignore it.

"I won't disagree with that, it's just… I'm not good at making decisions in the moment, by the time I've thought of the right item to make, the situation has already changed. Even if having another strong fighter is redundant at least they would be able to act quickly without a plan like you and Chuuya," Yaoyorozu explains.

Dazai sighs again and walks closer, "I would put my hand on your shoulder in some type of comforting manner, but you'll probably freak out over my Ability so I won't." He raises a hand and waves it about, "You're the top of the class right?"

"Well, not tech-"

Once again, Dazai cuts her off, "You're the top of the class, which means you aren't an idiot. You can either cling to my every instruction or use your knowledge on how to fight, how to plan ahead, and just combine those together and do it in the moment. If things go wrong then whatever, this is the best situation for it anyway."

"The best situation?"

Dazai nods enthusiastically, "Do whatever you like, act without hesitation because if things go wrong then either me or Chuuya will fix it. So, like I said, this is the best situation for you to start being more confident."

If someone had told Yaoyorozu a few months ago that she would be feeling inspired, feeling encouraged by the words of a literal murderer then she would have thought them crazy. As it stands though, she can't help but feel her spirits being lifted. She still isn't sure if she will be able to actually act in the moment or if she will freeze up, in truth everything might go wrong. For now, though, she will calm herself by remembering Dazai's words, her Quirk is unique and unique is good, she is smart, she has the potential to do this.

Perhaps seeing her newfound confidence Dazai smirks, "Now then, about those other two items I asked about."

-

Group A: Midoriya, Kaminari, Tsuyu

Tsu likes to think of herself as the straightforward type, having so many siblings she quickly learned the best way to communicate is to be direct. Adopting that style of speech led to her being more truthful with her feelings, especially when trying to get through emotionally complex matters in her head. Being honest with herself, and by extension, everyone else has made life a lot easier.

All of that practice is certainly coming in handy now for she is facing the most complex problem yet; how does she feel about Chuuya and Dazai?

At first, it was obvious. Just like her classmates, she had felt sick watching that live stream, she had thought anyone capable of doing that must be true evil.

She, like everyone else in the world, felt fear and hatred for those two.

And then she met them. During those first few days Tsu kept her distance, she has always been more observant than her peers, so she kept to the sides and just watched. She had expected them to be cruel, she had thought they would act not unlike the League of Villains. At the very least she expected them to have similar temperaments as Bakugou, but they weren't any of those things.

Sure, Dazai has an unnerving aura around him. The way he acts just seems off in a way she can't place, he goes out of his way to scare others and seems far too calculating even when no one is paying him any attention (except her of course.) Chuuya is more in line with what she expected, he yells and swears and could easily take them all down in a fight. He's violent and isn't afraid of hurting someone.

But then, on that day when Chuuya seemed to be dragging his feet and his eyes seemed to droop more, Dazai had nearly glued himself to his side- which is impressive given the fact those two never go anywhere without each other anyway. Dazai had gone to Midoriya and got food for Chuuya so he wouldn't have to make anything himself, he had sat right beside the boy and kept an eye on anyone who got too close.

Chuuya, who she had pegged as the aggressive type, has never yelled at any of 1A. He saw Mineta causing problems and seamlessly walked in to help, he saw that as something anyone would do. He was embarrassed when he accidentally called Yaomomo by her nickname, he was more polite than quite a few UA students she knows.

And then, when looking deeper, she started seeing more. She noticed

the way Chuuya is always on Dazai's bandaged side, his blind spot. She noticed the way he tends to position himself between Dazai and whoever he deems a threat. She noticed how Dazai's calculating gaze flicks back to Chuuya so often, even more so when the two aren't side by side.

Maybe she'll learn something new today, she thinks while walking into the training grounds, maybe she'll see a side of them that is too reminiscent of that livestream to ignore. But for now, if someone were to ask, Tsu could honestly say this: those two are dangerous, they could easily take down the whole class and then some but she doesn't think that will happen. Instead, she will place her trust in those kind moments they share, she will treat them like she does anyone else and hopefully earn their trust back.

-

Group F: Iida, Jirou, Tokoyami

Jirou really, really isn't confident that this training session will go well. Dazai and Chuuya are freaky good fighters and Yaomomo is a literal genius, so, in her humble opinion, there is no chance they're winning.

Iida doesn't seem to think that though, given the fact he's still going on about rules and a fair fight and whatever else. He had started all this when the first group had left to enter the training building, Jirou, admittedly, stopped listening pretty quickly. And now here they are about to enter the training building as the second group and he still hasn't stopped, she'll have to do something about this then.

"Hey, aren't we the Villains in this?" Jirou looks to Iida as she asks this.

The boy seems slightly put off by being interrupted, but does not linger on it, "Yes! Why do you ask?"

Jirou shrugs a little, "I was just wondering if you were going to do the whole Villain act again."

Iida's eyes light up in realisation before he nods enthusiastically, "Of course! The key to a good training exercise is acting the part!" Not a second later and he has adopted his Villain persona, which Jirou has to admit is hilarious. For a second she wonders how the two actual

Villains will react to Iida's acts, from what she's seen so far Dazai would probably laugh at him mid-battle. Maybe they can use that to their advantage though, like as a distraction.

Jirou continues to ponder the logistics of using Iida's dramatics to their full potential as she and her team make their way into the training grounds. The place gives off abandoned vibes, like the type of place you go on a dare to prove how brave you are.

From beside her Tokoyami looks around before nodding, "The energy pooled here promises chaos." Which, yeah, weird thing to say but Jirou won't question it, he's probably right to be fair. If the previous fights against Dazai and Chuuya are anything to go by then yeah, things will get chaotic. Especially with Bakugou on the loose.

She's brought out of her musing when someone's voice rings out, "Oh, guys! Over here!" Jirou looks up and finds Kaminari waving like an idiot from across the food court. Beside him are Midoriya and Tsu, no sign of the cop trio yet.

Together Jirou's group walks over to the other three, once close enough Iida wastes no time in jumping into his Villain persona, "Ah! Fellow thieves, have those pesky cops attempted anything?"

Kaminari glances at her in a 'Are you seeing this?' type of way before responding to Iida, "Uhhh nope! Those troublesome coppers have not shown their faces!" He seems to be enjoying this, which is not at all surprising. At least Iida has a partner to role-play with now.

Midoriya nods at that, "We went looking around but couldn't find anyone." His eyes flick over to Jirou and she immediately understands the question he wants to ask. Part of her wonders if the cop trio had planned to just hide it out for the entire lesson, she doubts it since Yaomomo knows enough about Jirou's Quirk to understand hiding would be pointless. Still, if that is the case then it's lucky she got sent in with the second group.

"I'll check using my Quirk," She says before doing just that. The others all nod and settle into a silence, which she appreciates. Jirou's ear-jack pierces into the ground and she focuses up, there are six people on the ground floor which makes sense. Her Quirk doesn't have a wide range just yet, but on the edges of her range, she can sense someone moving around. Their footsteps are heavy, maybe it's Dazai then-

Someone is above them.

Her head snaps up and yep, there's Chuuya floating in the middle of the air without a care in the world. The briefcase, the one they need to grab to win, floats next to him.

The others catch on quickly and look up to find Chuuya watching them. Kaminari comically yelps in shock. Iida starts to say something but is drowned out by Midoriya calling out, "Tsu! Do you think you can-"

Before he can even finish speaking Tsu's tongue has shot out in an attempt to grab the briefcase. Unfortunately, Chuuya is all too quick to grab the briefcase and jump off to safety. He lands on the ground a few metres away, "You'll have to be quicker than that."

Iida crouches down a bit, clearly intending on powering up his Quirk, "You foolish cop! We, the nefarious Villains, shall win this exercise!"

Chuuya looks at him in shock for a moment, which is kinda funny. Then, with an eye roll, he turns and launches down the hallway behind him. If Jirou remembers the map of this place correctly then he's heading into the other building, which means he may be trying to lose them.

Iida shoots off after him almost immediately, the rest of them aren't far behind.

After a few minutes of chase, Jirou watches as Chuuya ducks into some random room and slams the door behind him, which seems far too stupid a move. That guy is a talented fighter, he should know going into an enclosed space like that won't end well- especially with how obviously he did it. It must be a trap then, Jirou glances at her classmates and is relieved that they're all looking at the door with suspicion. Well, all except one.

Kaminari, the idiot he is, doesn't seem to think things through before rushing towards the door. Midoriya reaches out in an attempt to stop him but is unsuccessful. After that, it only takes a second for Kaminari to disappear into the room, release a large charge attack, and- and the lights are out. Great.

As it seems, the room Chuuya ducked into, and somehow vanished from, is the electrical server room. Also known as the one-room Kaminari should not have let such a large attack out in, now the power is out and things have gotten a whole lot harder.

They try to regroup, which is to say they grab the charged-out

Kaminari from the electrical server room and try to come up with some plan. Midoriya sighs, “If only we had Yaoyorozu to make flashlights…”

Jirou nods, “I get the feeling that’s why he took her.”

Midoriya looks like he wants to say something, he even starts to say it but is abruptly cut off by two sharp sounds in quick succession. Before anyone can react, a paintball spats Kaminari right on the chest. The second, aimed right at Tokoyami, is deflected by Dark Shadow.

Jirou, once again, whips her head around and just barely catches sight of movement at the end of the hall. She watches as the person, Dazai if she had to guess due to the large coat, ducks around the corner. His footsteps echo down the hall as he makes a break for it, he’s going in the direction of the emergency staircase to the upper floor.

It makes sense that Midoriya and Iida are the ones to dash after him, they are the fastest runners in this group after all. Well, at least she hasn’t been left alone in this dark hallway.

Distantly, she wonders who the next group to enter may be.

-

Group G: Bakugou, Mineta

As soon as Aizawa-sensei gave him the go-ahead Bakugou was off. Grape-head trailed along while whining, which Bakugou ignored without much thought. He doesn’t have time to listen to that guy's cries, this is UA for fucks sake, if he can’t handle going into a training fight then he shouldn’t be here.

But whatever, this isn’t about that creep. This is about Bakugou getting his revenge match. He’s going to go in there and wipe the floor with the bandaged bastard, then after he’s kicked the fucker around a bit he’ll take down the ginger too.

Unfortunately, no matter how fast he goes the grape-head always seems to be at his heels yapping like a dog. “Shut the hell up,” he doubts that’ll stop the whining but it’s worth a shot.

Grape-head shakes, like actually full body shakes, “B-but this place is huge! We need to stick together…” He looks around nervously, the fact that they’re currently in the open food court probably doesn’t

make things any better. From here he can easily see up to the second floor.

Bakugou scoffs, yea, the place is huge but that's the damn point. It doesn't help that the damn lights are out, the windows only let in so much natural light- most of the place is covered in shadows. "I'm not your fucking babysitter, I need to find that bandaged bastard and you'll only…"

Bakugou trails off, his eyes catching on the shadows of the upper floor. Something, someone is moving.

"Oh? You're looking for me~"

Bakugou doesn't waste a second before launching upwards, the sound of his explosions echoes across the walls. He lands on the second floor, right where that bandaged fucker had been just a moment ago.

"You'll have to be faster than that~"

"Wait! Bakugou, there's someone else down her- ah!"

Bakugou once again ignores the cries of the grape-head and instead chases after that infuriating voice, he can hear the bastard laughing and can see his singular eye catch the light before it disappears again. Except hiding in the shadows isn't going to do shit, now Bakugou has the fucker in his sights there is no chance he's slipping away.

"Come back and fight me!" He yells as he runs along a line of shops, he's getting nearer to the upstairs entrance to the other building. If he gets lead into there then it'll be troublesome, of course, he'll still succeed in tracking the bandaged maniac down, but the other groups are likely to be over there. They'll try to interrupt his fight.

The shadow skids around a corner, the one leading straight into the other building. In response, Bakugou jumps up and uses his explosions to get him around that corner and-

And who is waiting for him isn't the bandaged idiot, it's fucking Deku. Deku and Specs, two losers that'll try and get in the way of his fight. He looks around and nope, not a single thing to show that Dazai is still in the area. Great.

"Where the hell did he go?" Bakugou demands, the pair of them must have seen that fucker come past.

Deku has the gall to look confused, “Wha- We were just following Dazai so-”

“No, I was just following that fucker. Now tell me which way he went!” Bakugou is losing precious time, with how slippery that guy is giving him any time to get away could ruin his chances of getting a revenge fight.

Deku and Specs share a look, one that pisses Bakugou off to no end.

-

Group D: Uraraka, Hagakure, Kirishima

“I’m gonna split off here guys, time to do some spying!”

Uraraka nods in Hagakure’s direction, “Be careful!” In response Hagakure does two thumbs up before her gloves fall to the ground, her shoes move a little as she takes them off and then she’s gone.

Besides her Kirishima hits his fists together, “Alright! What’s your plan Uraraka?”

Uraraka looks around the building and part of her wonders why Aizawa-sensei didn’t warn them that the lights would be off. Immediately after having that thought, she realises that keeping such a thing a secret is very much something he would do, this is probably meant to get them used to fighting late at night or something. Anyway, back to Kirishima’s question, “We should try and find Deku and the others, they might already have a plan.”

Kirishima nods, “Sounds good!”

For a few minutes they walk in silence, sometimes an echo of movement rings out that sets them on full alert but nothing happens. It’s only when they have entered the second building that they finally run into people, Tsu, Jirou, and Tokoyami to be exact. If her memory is correct then Tsu was in the first group while Jirou and Tokoyami were in the second, how come their other teammates are nowhere to be seen?

Uraraka asks this and is met by Jirou sighing, “That idiot Kaminari took the lights out then got shot by Dazai, Midoriya and Iida left to chase him.”

Uraraka nods and then pauses, “I thought the lights being off was intentional by Aizawa-sensei! H-how did he take them all out?”

Jirou just sighs, which gives Tokoyami the opportunity to say, “Evil forces are at play, tempting even the saints among us.”

There is silence for a few moments while everyone tries to decipher what he just said, even the two that were there for Kaminari’s stunt seem confused.

Now taking on the role of Jirou, Tokoyami sighs, “It was a trap.”

Chapter End Notes

Ahaha, hi again! It’s been…. 2 months? Terribly sorry about the wait! This chapter was supposed to be the full fight, buuut I figured posting some of it earlier would be better just so you all know I’m still working on this fic! Which, now feels like the time to say this again: If I ever discontinue or put this fic on hiatus then I’ll make a chapter informing everyone! Unless such a chapter is posted then assume I am working on the next chapter, it’s just taking a while…

I am also realising now just how long this fic is going to be, definitely over 100,00. I’m thinking between 150,000-200,000 which is insane to think about really. I don’t even read fics that long, and yet here I am writing this much….. Ah and the kudo count! Almost 4000 which is so amazing! I’m so shocked at that haha. If anyone has any ideas of cute SKK moments for this fic let me know so I can include them! I’ll gladly write SKK fluff into the story as a thanks for everyone reading this~

Anyway, how do we feel about Yaoyorozu being the chosen one?! There were a lot of good guesses last chapter, I really liked the Uraraka ones actually. I got a laugh out of the idea of Bakugou being chosen, man he would have hated it! Truth be told, seeing people come up with reasons for each character almost made me change who Dazai picked! I was so tempted ahah…. If anyone who picked someone else has any good ideas for how SKK can bond with that person then let me know! There is a high chance I'll include it~ There was actually quite a few people who guessed it correctly such assss….

Nneko
Mia_Valiantti6
Nnioop

LilacHyacinths
KapptianKappa
Tyler (guest)
Melia (guest)
Fenelione
kunikidas_ideal_person3_3

I think that's everyone who got it right… Hopefully anyway!

Also! So, originally Hawks wasn't going to really appear in this fic after the initial take down of SKK buuuut as of late I can't help but think he could fit in during the next 'arc' so to speak. I don't really know his character well since I stopped watching bnha before he was introduced in the anime, so if anyone knows of any good fics that star him then let me know! Character studies and the like would be good, but if you have a ship fic that you think gets his characterisation right then that's fine too!

And lastly, it has come to my attention that someone made a gatcha react video inspired by this fic! I won't say a name in case the creator doesn't want that, but if you are reading this just know I am honoured you did that! Like really, I can't believe my work inspired someone else… Crazy. Anyway, if anyone else has made or wants to make something to do with this fic then feel free! Just leave a comment so I can admire your work!!

Thank you all for reading! <3

Chapter 14: Cops and robbers pt.2

Chapter Summary

Todoroki knows he doesn't get out all that much, even now when he has a lot more freedom as a UA student, so it's possible he just has never heard of such a store… But also, a store dedicated to glitter? That doesn't feel like a real concept.

Chapter Notes

CW: Canon typical violence

If I missed anything let me know! And thank you to my beta reader sleepy_ete <333

Just a quick note, don't bind and sell fanfiction! If the author gives you permission to bind it for yourself then great, but do not sell it! Also, do not use AI on fanfiction- that's incredibly disrespectful.

Now, please enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Group C: Todoroki, Mina, Aoyama

"Alright then team," Mina claps her hands together once they enter the building, "What should we do first?"

Todoroki glances over at her, he debates responding to her or just going off on his own. Admittedly, a large part of him wants to just split off now and hunt down Dazai, but that's something his father would do, so Todoroki will stay with them for now. If he cooperates with the others now then they'll be more open to helping when it comes time to fight Dazai. Plus, after the whole sports festival and Stain thing he's been trying to get closer to his classmates, make a few friends even. He isn't sure it's working. "We need to find the others," Todoroki finally says.

Mina nods, "Oh yea, definitely! I bet Midoriya already has a plan…. Oo! Let's go check over there first!" Mina points to one of the stores lined up along the side of the much larger food court area they're currently in. Had the lights been on Todoroki probably would have

been able to read the store name and get an idea of why Mina wanted to go there specifically, as it is he can only see the subtle glimmer of *something* in the store window.

Aoyama gasps, “Oui! I can see the sparkles from here!” Mina nods excitedly at his words before hooking her arm around his and marching onwards, Todoroki follows helplessly. Maybe it would be best to leave them after all, for some reason he highly doubts Dazai is hiding away in a- he’s close enough to read the sign now and is slightly stumped to see *‘The glitter boutique’* in the swoopiest cursive writing he has ever seen. He… He seriously can’t tell if this is a real store or something the principal made up for fun. Todoroki knows he doesn’t get out all that much, even now when he has a lot more freedom as a UA student, so it’s possible he just has never heard of such a store… But also, a store dedicated to glitter? That doesn’t feel like a real concept.

Then again, given how Aoyama and Mina light up at the name, maybe he is just uninformed. He’ll have to make a mental note of the store name for later research, maybe he might go visit the store himself if it turns out to be real. His sister is always saying having common interests with his classmates will make talking to them easier.

Todoroki is brought out of his glitter based-deliberations by Mina stopping dead in her tracks, for a second he doesn’t understand the reason for her sudden stop- but then he sees it. Inside the store something is moving, someone perhaps. It’s hard to decipher what exactly it is given how dark everything is, the movement almost perfectly blends in with the dark shadows towards the back of the store. Todoroki shares a look with his teammates, the chances that a member of 1A is hiding in the back of the store is slim to none.

Mina looks at him pointedly before gesturing her head to the store, a few seconds pass and she sighs, clearly seeing that Todoroki had not understood her. “Hey, Todoroki, have you ever been to *‘The Glitter boutique’* before?”

Todoroki shakes his head, “No.” While he may not understand what Mina wants from him just yet he can clearly tell she is trying to act like they haven’t seen the mystery person yet.

Aoyama gasps, Todoroki can’t tell if he’s acting it up or is genuinely this shocked, “Mon ami, this cannot stand!”

Mina nods along, once again she gestures to the store with her head,

“Why don’t you go in first, that way you can experience the magic of this store uninterrupted.”

Ah, Todoroki gets it now. He nods, “Alright.”

The shadow is still there, although no longer moving. Todoroki tries not to make his intentions too obvious, so rather than going straight for the shadow he wanders into the store and walks along the wall. He takes stock of all the glittered items, some of which he’s actually seen Aoyama wearing. Does that mean this store is a real one after all?

He shakes that thought from his head, now is not the time.

Mina, who is no longer in his line of sight, calls out, “How are you liking it then? Fantastic isn’t it?”

Todoroki keeps his response simple, “It is.” The shadow still hasn’t moved, maybe whoever it is is hoping that by staying still they will go unnoticed. Of course, it’s too late for that now.

He’s close enough now that he should be able to get the jump of whoever this is, all he needs to do is quickly jump out and-

And when his arms wrap around the person he realises it’s not a person at all. Slightly shocked he looks down to find a bedazzled mannequin with wheels on the bottom. The moving from before must have been the mannequin just rolling around then, he relaxes for a second before another thought comes to mind, how did the mannequin start rolling? The store floor is flat, there isn’t anything on the floor to suggest something fell and knocked into the mannequin, the only option must be that someone moved it.

“Ah- Todo- He’s out here!” Aoyama shrieks.

Todoroki drops the mannequin and sprints out through the store, this time not bothering to follow along the walls. He skids to a stop just after leaving the entrance, immediately he begins scanning the area to try and find whoever had set them up. To his dismay the only people that remain are his two classmates, except now with bright paint splattered on their chests.

“Chuuya shot us, but he went that way!” Mina points out the direction, Todoroki gives her a thankful nod before running off. If he’s fast enough then he might just be able to catch up to Nakahara before he slips off.

-

Group E: Ojirou, Shinsou, Shouji

Aizawa watches the cameras and just sighs, the sort of deep sigh that lasts longer than five seconds. He can see as the next group enters, and they, like all the others, take a moment to look around the large open entrance area before advancing inwards. Shinsou comments about the lights being off, Ojirou suggests that it might have been a decision by Aizawa- it was not. While it is something he would do, and something he has already planned for the kids to do before the school year ends, does not mean he isn't annoyed that they are all pinning it on him.

What's more annoying is Dazai and Nakahara. More specifically the fact that they aren't fighting together, which was the whole point of this training session. There are enough cameras that they have more than one angle on the duo as they move around the place, of course, that's only helpful if they actually fought together. Scratch that, even if they bothered speaking to each other then the cameras would get something good out of this- but no, the pair have barely said a word to each other at all.

All Might looks over empathetically at him, "I get the feeling those two won't actually fight together at all."

Once again, Aizawa sighs, "How much do you want to bet that Nedzu will continue to request that they fight 1A until he gets the footage he wants?"

All Might grimaces, which Aizawa relates to all too well.

-

Yaoyorozu tries to quiet her breathing, her eyes following the newest group as they wander into the food court area and then towards building 'B'. All of them oblivious to the pair of teenagers hidden in the shadows.

Dazai gives her an expectant look, she can hear the echoes of her classmates talking and running around the place. For a second she begins to feel that all too familiar panic, her breath stutters for a second and she fights to bring it back under control.

“ *Do whatever you like, act without hesitation because if things go wrong then either me or Chuuya will fix it.”*

Right. Now is her time to think of something, come up with a base of a plan that can be changed as the situation demands it. Her eyes catch on the large black coat resting across her shoulders, an idea sparks to mind.

Dazai looks at her curiously as she crouches down and begins using her Quirk, Yaoyorozu does not offer any explanation. A few seconds pass, the sound of her classmates continues to echo as she works. When she’s finished with the first one she risks a glance up at Dazai and finds a grin in place on his face,

“Great idea Yaomomo~”

-

Group B: Sero, Sato, Koda

Sero was, admittedly, a little bit nervous when Aizawa-sensei told everyone the plan for today’s heroics lesson. Being taken down in a fight is one thing, but being picked apart by Dazai seems way worse and he really, really does not want that. Sure, it’s not like he has any major secrets or insecurities or anything but like, the way he managed to pinpoint Todoroki’s sore spot so quickly was freaky. Which, speaking of Todoroki, Sero isn’t all that keen on being in the same building as him during a training exercise. He remembers how the guy had acted way back during the first Villains vs Heroes fight, he had no qualms freezing the entire building. Of course, he can’t forget about the sports festival, even if Todoroki had already apologised for that Sero can’t just forget it. Getting frozen in a huge chunk of ice just sticks with you.

But yea, he already wasn’t looking forward to the whole thing and things just had to get worse.

“Oh ho~ Is this mister ‘nice try’ I see?”

Looking up Sero can see Dazai lounging against the railing of the second floor, the natural light streaming in through windows only just

allowing him to see Dazai smirking.

Sero should not rise to the bait, he should stay with his teammates and not allow himself to be taunted by Dazai.

Sero does not do that.

Instead he is all too quick to shoot some tape up so he can pull himself up to the second floor, he lands right next to Dazai. Dazai doesn't look surprised, which is really annoying but whatever. He aims another lot of tape to hit the guy but is left disappointed when he dodges out of the way.

Now a decent few steps away Dazai swings his arms around and- ah, he has the briefcase! If Sero can grab that and throw it down to Koda or Sato then this whole thing can finish right now. Dazai opens his mouth and Sero mentally prepares for another round of taunting, however, before anything can be said a scream rings out. A scream coming from where he left Koda and Sato.

Sero flings himself to the railing and nearly falls over it in his attempt to see which enemy those two are fighting, if it's Nakahara then they have no chance. If it's Yaoyorozu then they have like… a 40% chance. Oh but factoring in Dazai brings that right down to zero, in fact they probably have a negative percent chance with him here.

Oddly enough, when Sero peers over the edge he can't see anyone other than Sato and Koda. He squints a little and can just about make out that there is something on the floor in front of Koda, funnily enough he can see Dazai doing the exact same as him.

A second passes, the thing on the floor moves, Koda yelps and ducks behind Sato, "S-spider…"

…

Dazai breaks down in laughter beside him. Sero almost wants to join him, but he also wants to defend Koda from this guy, being scared of spiders is totally understandable.

In between laughs Dazai manages to get out, "Y-your Quirk is animal control and you're scared of spiders?

Koda cowers from behind Sato, seeing this Sero turns to Dazai with what he hopes is a disapproving look, "Hey! Laughing at him like that is totally…" his mind blanks for a moment, which then means he just

spits out the first thing he can think of, “unmanly!”

Dazai looks like he wants to laugh more, which, rude. Sure, it sounds odd for Sero to call something unmanly when that’s usually Kirishima’s thing- but you can’t really blame him! He’s spent so much time around the guy already he just can’t help adopting Kirishima’s favourite catchphrase.

In an attempt to get Dazai to stop laughing Sero aims a punch at him, which should connect since Dazai had moved closer to him when looking down at Koda and Sato. Emphasis on should, in truth Dazai once again jumps back just out of reach.

“Well this has been fun!” Dazai smiles in a way that really rubs Sero wrong, “Yaomomo~ You know what to do!” Dazai turns in a flurry of his large black coat and starts running away.

Sero jerks forward, his instincts pushing him to chase after him but pauses. Yaomomo? What did he-

The sound of two gunshots pulls Sero’s attention back to the ground floor, both Koda and Sato are now covered in paint. He can just about hear the echo of Yaoyorozu’s shoes as she also runs away, which leaves him in a bit of a pickle. Who does he chase after?

Yaoyorozu or Dazai? His classmate or the murderer from Yokohama?

Hm. Yaoyorozu it is.

-

Iida feels a strong sense of satisfaction when he watches Dazai and Yaoyorozu ambush Sero, Sato, and Koda. After the initial attempt of chasing Dazai had ended with a run in with Bakugou, both him and Midoriya had decided to split up to try and find where he could have gone. Unfortunately, given just how large the training hall is, that turned out to be an impossible task. Not that it wasn’t useful, in fact, had Iida not been running around the place he wouldn’t have overheard the conversation that tipped him off to where the cop team may appear.

While searching around in one of the many stores on the second floor he had heard both Mina and Aoyama pass the store. Initially he had left to go meet them to brainstorm what to do next and, for a second, he had been disheartened to see them splattered with paint. While not against the rules, Iida had felt it better not to speak with students that

had been taken out. He also had no intentions of following them just so he could break them free from 'jail' as soon as they got there. However, just before he could turn and leave the area something Mina said caught his attention.

"I can't believe he waited near the entrance area just to ambush us!" She had complained.

It did not take a genius to conclude that the likelihood of someone from the cop team attempting another ambush was high, and so Iida had found a discreet place to hide near the entrance on the second floor and had waited.

Not too long later and his patience had been rewarded, with Sero choosing to pursue Yaoyorozu Iida was given a golden opportunity to get an attack in on Dazai.

Without wasting a second Iida shot off after Dazai and, fortunately, managed to catch up to him just before he could slip off into the shadows.

And now here he is, staring down Dazai in some dark corner of the shopping centre. The other boy looks momentarily surprised before shifting his expression into a smirk, "Gonna take me down all by yourself?" His tone is teasing, just bordering on mocking.

Iida fights to keep a level head, he knows better than most the dangers of rushing into a fight with anger clouding his mind. Then again, he also knows that facing a stronger opponent without backup is a fool's play. Well, that can't be helped. If Iida tries to run for assistance then Dazai will slip away, his only hope for backup is if one of his classmates happens to stumble across them.

And as for not approaching this with anger… Well, Iida would say he's doing a mighty fine job, both in this training exercise and elsewhere. If he's being honest with himself, then initially he was quite upset and even angry at the decision. Bringing two Villains, two hero killers, into UA felt incredibly inappropriate- insulting even. But, if Aizawa-sensei and the other Pros believe those two have a chance of redemption, then Iida will do his very best to aid them.

"Prepare to be bested, foolish cop!" Iida declares. Since the first Heroes vs Villains fight Iida had been studying up on Villain's habits, both in action and speech. While some of his classmates seem to find that funny, Iida had found it quite helpful in understanding the mindset of Villains. He is aware that true Villains don't speak the same

way Iida tends to in these activities, but Iida feels his adaptation fits the learning environment better.

Dazai seems to pause for a moment before a grin settles on his face, for a second Iida expects some sort of taunting- perhaps even on the same level as his fight with Todoroki- but soon realises that his grin does not have any signs of malice. Instead, he almost seems amused.

“Oh please, only a novice would fall to you nefarious robber!” Dazai points a dramatic finger at him. That- that isn’t what Iida expected, but he has no time to dwell on it. However Dazai wishes to act, Iida will take it in stride and get that briefcase.

-

Todoroki, unfortunately, is not the most patient person out there. While he certainty doesn’t have as short of a fuse as say, Bakugou or even his father, he does tend to prefer things to be straightforward and quick. He had hoped that being in an enclosed space and having the upper hand in terms of numbers, this whole training exercise wouldn’t be too hard. Of course, he had expected it to be challenging, but at the very least he thought there would be more fighting. As it stands however, the cop trio seem to be running them around like fools.

Shouting echoes down the halls, likely a group of 1A kids chasing one of the cop trio or getting themselves caught. Todoroki grits his teeth knowing it would be pointless for him to get involved, no matter how fast he runs his opponents always seem to slip away just before he gets there. So far the only meaningful interaction he has managed to have with any of them was a brief moment where Nakahara dodged some of his attacks before using his Ability to jump away.

And, when he bumps into Midoriya and Uraraka, it’s obvious he isn’t the only one getting annoyed with this whole thing.

Midoriya, already crouching down with a flushed face from running, weakly smiles at Todoroki as he gets closer, “No luck?”

Todoroki shakes his head, something that causes Uraraka to groan, “Ugh, when Aizawa-sensei told us about this I had expected something other than…”

She hesitates for a moment, perhaps struggling to find the right words. “Chasing shadows?” Todoroki offers.

Uraraka nods while Midoriya sighs and stands up. If they want any chance of winning then things need to change, their strategy needs to change. “Midoriya,” Todoroki starts, “Do you have any plans?”

Midoriya brightens somewhat at that, which isn’t all that surprising, “Uh, well, yes! Since the last fights with Dazai and Nak- Chuuya, I’ve been brainstorming some ideas for beating them,” his face darkens a little, “But like this it’s impossible to use any of them.”

“How come?” Uraraka asks while placing a comforting hand on Midoriya’s shoulder. Todoroki feels a tad awkward, should he try and comfort Midoriya too? Maybe that would make things worse given that he has no clue how to do that.

“We have no clue who has been caught or not, plus everyone is so spread out that if we tried to pass along information then the other side would probably find out,” Midoriya responds. After saying that he pauses for a moment, his hands fidget slightly with his costume before he continues, “And that’s not mentioning the whole thing Dazai and Yaoyorozu have going on, plus the briefcases…”

That does not need any explanation, with the lights off the unique features of each of his classmates were lost to shadows, of course, for people like Shouji it was still easy to tell who they are- but a figure wearing a large black coat purposely running through the darkest corners? Now that could be anyone. Naturally, everyone had assumed it to be Dazai but after the third time two people happened to be chasing Dazai in opposite directions at the same time it became far too obvious what was actually going on. Yaoyorozu had made a second coat to disguise herself, to trick her opponents. It’s an admirable plan really, the weaker students would think she was Dazai and potentially avoid her and the stronger ones would be distracted by her, which would allow the real Dazai to carry out whatever plans he had up his sleeves. The duplicated briefcases are a nice extra touch, that way they can’t just send the strongest fighters to one person and be done with it.

Uraraka sighs, “Don’t remind me….” Todoroki looks at her curiously due to her embarrassed tone, this causes her to sigh once again before explaining further, “I thought I had run into Dazai, so I…. I tried to taunt him! But then he, or well she, shot at me but missed, which I know by now Dazai wouldn’t do…” She wilts a little after finishing.

Midoriya laughs a little at that, “Well at least you didn’t end up in jail.”

For a second it seems like Uraraka is content to silently agree, that is before her eyes light, “Deku! How about this, we go check out the ‘jail’. If we can get some people out, great, but even just getting a look would help you, right?”

Before anyone can actually respond to Uraraka’s proposal, the shouting from earlier gets closer and, in a whirl of shadow, a certain black coat comes running past. Todoroki quickly glances at Midoriya who is clearly rearing up to give chase, with a nod he turns to Uraraka, “You go, we’ll keep whoever that is distracted.”

Uraraka nods with determination, “I’ll meet you guys by the server room, oh and tell everyone else to go there too!”

A few members of 1A run by, clearly out of breath and not yet giving up on the chase. With one final nod of agreement Todoroki turns and begins to run, he can feel Midoriya keeping close to his side. Whether it’s Dazai or Yaoyorozu under that coat it doesn’t matter, he’ll catch up to them this time.

-

Despite how quickly she agreed to the plan, Uraraka does feel a little nervous about going to check out the jail area. If she remembers correctly, it should be on the second floor of Building ‘B’- a hat store to be specific. In an attempt to calm her nerves, she begins to think of what might exactly happen once she arrives there, one of the cop trio is being chased by Todoroki and Deku- but if that person is Yaoyorozu or Dazai she isn’t sure. Chuuya has been spotted around the place quite frequently, even Uraraka herself has seen him jumping around every or often. That being said, with his Ability it would be far too easy for Chuuya to cross the entire training hall in a few seconds. Ideally, no one would be waiting there, that way Uraraka can get whoever has been caught out of jail so they have a better chance later on. Chuuya would be difficult to beat, the other two she might just be able to manage.

Of course, all she really has to do is go have a look and report back to Deku who has been caught, but well, Uraraka wants to achieve something here. Freeing at least one person is her goal.

“Hey, over here!”

Uraraka stops in her tracks, her eyes flick over to the store where the comically loud whisper came from and find both Sero and Shouji beckoning her over. She smiles before jogging over to them, with

backup it'll be a lot easier to get at least one person out of jail.

"Sero, Shouji, are you both trying to free people from jail?" She asks and is immediately met with nodding.

One of Shouji's tentacles forms into a mouth, "We managed to get pretty close, but then Nakahara appeared." Sero winces at that, which probably means they had a close run in before managing to run back here. It might not be appropriate, but Uraraka can't help the tingle of anticipation that runs up her spine. After her first fight with Chuuya she had been nervous about the thought of going up against him again, but after a change of viewpoint she almost looks forward to it. Chuuya's Ability is similar enough to Uraraka's Quirk that she might be able to pick a few tricks up by watching him fight. By fighting him she'll be directly comparing herself to him, which while it may be disheartening at times she'll be able to track her progress a lot better.

"Are you gonna try and get people out?" Sero asks, which effectively pulls Uraraka from her thoughts. She really needs to keep her focus here, getting the information back to Deku is her main objective- not fighting Chuuya.

"If I can," Uraraka starts, "The important part is getting back to Deku so he knows who has been trapped, that way he can start thinking of plans."

"I don't suppose he gave you a plan for actually doing that?"

Uraraka quickly responds to Sero's question, "Nope!" She forms two fists and pumps her arms up in determination, "But don't worry about that, we can totally figure something out ourselves!"

Sero and Shouji share a look before turning back to Uraraka with a nod. "If we can drag the fight away from the jail area then someone can loop back to look and maybe get people out," Shouji suggests.

Uraraka mentally debates that method, it'll be far easier to do that than outright beat Chuuya. With how large this place is, with how some of the halls seem to twist and turn in a confusing manner, it wouldn't be too hard to get Chuuya to follow them around a few corners so the jail area is unguarded. Although, actually keeping him there long enough to get people out would be the problem, with how fast he moves all their work could be trashed in a matter of seconds if he realises what they're up to. Uraraka contemplates that before speaking, "Let's look around the area, there might be something we can use to keep him busy."

The other two agree and, a moment later, the trio creep their way out of the store and down the hall. Some of the shops seem to be in decent enough condition, minus one that has a smashed in window. Uraraka wonders if that had happened today or if UA staff just hadn't gotten around to fixing it, whatever the case she makes a mental note to avoid the area in case of glass shards.

A few times bangs echo down the halls, it's only after Shouji confirms it's not too close with one of his ear tentacles that they continue moving down the hall. Even then the air of nerves is thick, if they make too much noise, if they take a wrong turn or don't pay attention to their surroundings then there is a real chance that they could get caught right here. Ah, after being so confident telling Deku and Todoroki where to meet later she just can't get caught, it would be even more embarrassing then the taunting incident with Yaoyorozu.

" *You like to taunt people huh?! Well… Well! How about this- that coat makes you look like a ten-year-old!"*

What was she even thinking? Had that actually been Dazai he probably would have laughed her right out of the building, maybe even shot her while he's at it.

Still cringing at the memory, Uraraka turns her head to the side in an attempt to hide any blush that might have appeared on her face. Not that it matters really, with how dark it is-

Ah, that store, it could be perfect.

"Guys, this way," Uraraka calls to her teammates, she doesn't wait for them to follow.

It's near impossible to tell what the store was supposed to be before this, not with the inside so destroyed and the lack of a sign on the front. Whatever had happened here must have been a fight to behold, that or some crazy accident. After all, how else could the entire floor have collapsed in?

"Whoa, what happened here?" Sero asks, Uraraka silently seconds that. It must have been from a previous fight, same with that window from before, she would have heard it if someone had done this during this session. Why UA hadn't replaced the floor yet she isn't sure, but she sure isn't going to complain about it.

Uraraka stands cautiously on the edge of what remains of the floor, she peers down and is overjoyed to find all the chunks of floor are just waiting down there. Waiting for her to put them to use.

-

It takes just over a second for Chuuya to pick up on their presence and slide into a fighting stance, Uraraka fights back the urge to feel nervous at his quick response. Before coming over here they had hashed up a plan, Shouji will be on defence while Sero and Uraraka work on pulling Chuuya away from the jail area.

She catches a glimpse of someone inside the hat store, Kaminari if she can see right, and it fills her with determination. All she has to do is get a look at who is inside, even if the main part of their plan fails as long as she gets out of here with the knowledge of who is trapped in there then she succeeds.

Wasting not a second longer Uraraka throws a book in Chuuya's direction, she had grabbed some projectiles from a store before coming here, with the use of her Quirk the object soars through the air. At the same time Sero, who is stationed down the other side of the hallway, shoots some tape directly at Chuuya's centre. If it hits then he'll have trouble dodging the book, and if he tries dodging the book then he'll run into the tape.

Chuuya watches for a second, the tape gets close second by second. It's only when the book gets in arm's length does he act. A warm red glow surrounds the briefcase in his hand, Uraraka can just about make out as faint kanji appears with the activation of his Ability, in one swift movement he swings the briefcase upwards- directly hitting the book. The break in momentum causes the object to float up to the ceiling, a moment later Chuuya joins the item up there.

Before Uraraka can act and try to throw something else the red glow spreads to Chuuya's body and he slams down into the ground. One hand holds the briefcase, which Uraraka knows she has no chance of getting, while the other reaches out and grabs at something… Grabs at Sero's tape.

Thankfully Sero notices this and, likely remembering the last time he and Chuuya fought, quickly cuts the tape from his body.

This doesn't stop Chuuya from grabbing it though, in a split second the tape turns stiff as gravity forces it into a straight line. Chuuya shifts his grip before pulling his arm back and launching it right

towards Uraraka.

Given that she only has a moment to react, Uraraka doesn't think she can be blamed for her choice of action. Quickly, she leans down just enough to activate her Quirk on both her ankles and leaps towards the nearest wall. While she does successfully dodge the tape, her attempt to kick off from the wall and land does not end so nicely. She doesn't fall over, which is great, but it certainly was a near thing.

Once again proving his quick reaction time, Chuuya swiftly jumps forward and swings at her, which Uraraka is fortunate enough to dodge. In doing so Uraraka finds herself with her back to Sero and Chuuya across from her, she bites back a smile at this. All they have to do is push Chuuya back now, if they can keep up the offensive attacks then..

"You made yourself too light."

Uraraka scolds herself for momentarily getting distracted. Remembering her training with Gunhead she slips into a fighting stance and takes a calming breath, "What?" Chuuya doesn't seem like the type to try and manipulate someone with his words during a fight, at least not like how Dazai does.

Chuuya rolls his eyes, "That move, you were too light to pull it off."

For a second Uraraka has to think about what he's talking about, then it hits her. It just so happens that Chuuya's heel hits her too, because apparently she can't think and dodge simultaneously. She stubbles away slightly due to the force of the kick, but quickly regains her footing and presses forward. She needs to push Chuuya back, with this in mind she floats over another book and aims it at Chuuya. A small smile settles on her face as he jumps backward to dodge it.

Sero takes this as his chance to move in closer and make an attack, Shouji sticks close to him. It's only a brief moment of rest but Uraraka takes it, her mind flicks back to what Chuuya said. She's been trying to get that wall kick down for a while now, she had mastered doing it without her Quirk so the next move was to include it. Being able to float up and kick off a wall from any height would be very useful, both in battle and in rescue. Chuuya said she was too light to pull it off, which… Which makes sense. Uraraka feels mystified that she didn't realise this before but if her Quirk is pulling her up, allowing her to get the height, then naturally it would be preventing her from easily coming back to the ground. Her landings are always off because

her Quirk is attempting to keep her up, but if she just lets gravity do its thing then…

Uraraka waits for an opportunity, it doesn't take long. Both Sero and Shouji are more to the right of the hallway while Chuuya is more to the left, if he wanted to he could slip through that gap and get behind both boys. That would leave them open to attacks and ruin their progress of pushing him down the hall, so Uraraka needs to solve that.

She once again activates her Quirk on her ankles and leaps up onto the wall, spending only a moment actually on the wall she kicks off while praying this works. Her fingers touch and she quietly mutters 'release' and-

And she lands.

She's a little unsteady, sure, but it's nowhere near as bad as before.

Uraraka really wants to celebrate that, but she needs to keep focused. Chuuya is now in front of her so she should try and attack, she decides to throw out a kick knowing that it wouldn't land but hoping it would push him back.

Chuuya dodges, backwards which is great, as a grin forms on his face. Uraraka tries to pay it no mind, she needs to be focused right now! She cannot let her excitement from landing the move distract her.

From behind her she can hear her classmates yelling, mostly encouragement, from the jail. If she focuses she's sure she can hear Mina's voice, mentally she tucks that piece of information away just in case.

The fight continues on like that for a while, Uraraka and Sero launch attacks that miss and Chuuya strikes back with ones that hit. Fortunately, Shouji is always quick to jump in before either of them can be hit badly. A few times they get pushed backwards by the attacks, which isn't great, but overall they've made good progress.

So good in fact that Uraraka can no longer see or hear the jail, but she can see that store from before. Actually luring Chuuya into the store is going to be tricky, but Sero had come up with an idea beforehand that might just work. It had taken a few minutes of working to figure out how to set the thing up, but they did it and now it's time to activate it.

Chuuya had kept his focus solely on the three of them for the entire fight, a few times he glanced away to check where he was landing but

otherwise he hadn't taken much notice of their surroundings. A small part of Uraraka feels wrong thinking that, that part seems determined that that isn't the case. She doesn't have time to think about that though, so instead she prepares herself for the next part of their plan.

With another attack by Sero, Chuuya dodges once again without looking away.

Uraraka watches with satisfaction as his back makes contact with a piece of Sero's tape that they had previously set up across the hallway. Before Chuuya can do anything, namely use his Ability on the tape, Uraraka touches her fingers together with a shout, "Release!"

The tape, which had been attacked around a rather large piece of rock from the other room, suddenly jerks to the side. The momentum of the rock falling quickly drags the tape, and Chuuya, through the broken window of the store. Sero shoots a few extra bits of tape at Chuuya as he goes by, but in a matter of moments he's no longer in view. There is silence for a second before the sound of crashing echoes up to them. Along with the tape trap the three of them had set something up that would collapse all the other pieces of floor down after Chuuya was dragged through and to the bottom floor. It shouldn't hurt him, probably anyway, but it would buy them a few minutes to rush back to the jail and get some people out.

Uraraka shares a smile with the other two before turning and sprinting back down the hall. Chuuya is fast, no doubt that the second he gets free of Sero's tape he'll be jumping back up through that hole and zipping down the hall to catch up with them. If they want to get people out, or at least see who is actually in there, then they need to be quick.

It takes significantly less time to get back to the jail, which is entirely due to the fact they aren't fighting someone while moving. Uraraka is delighted to see her classmates waiting right in the doorway cheering for them.

"We heard that crash! What the hell did you guys do?"

"How did you manage to beat him?!"

"Those cops stand no chance against the true evil that is you!"

Taking a moment to catch her breath, Uraraka smiles, "We'll tell you all later, right now we have a jail to break into!"

With that Uraraka and Sero step into the jail and begin patting the shoulders of everyone inside, Aizawa-sensei had said that was the only way to break someone out after all. Everyone is excited to be back in the game, Uraraka particularly feels beyond hyped up. With the help of Sero and Shouji they had managed to get everyone free, not just one! Deku will be so happy to see everyone out, his plans won't be restricted that way. Not to mention the kick off the wall she did! How she knows the trick she'll be able to perfect that move before the next class training session, which will open up so many opportunities for her to get a leg up in future sessions.

(A tiny part of Uraraka feels doubt at all this, that whole fight… It felt too easy.)

"Wow! You guys did so well!"

Uraraka's head snaps up, "Hagakure, where are you?"

Hagakure picks up a piece of rubble from the ground and waves it around, "Right here! I was keeping an eye on the jail to see when I could sneak in and free everyone, but you guys beat me to it!"

"You were here the whole time?" Mina gasps.

Hagakure drops the rubble and laughs at that, which causes Uraraka to smile. All they have to do now is head to the server room and wait for Deku and the others, then, once they have a plan they can make a big push to get the briefcase.

Uraraka is the first to notice, simply for the fact that she happened to be looking in that direction. Down the hall the shadows seem to shift, just for a moment something reflects the meager amount of light here before disappearing again. She's about to bring this up, about to warn her classmates to be on guard, when the rapid sound of gunfire rings out.

Someone grabs her, Shouji she belatedly realises, and practically drags her to be hidden behind him. Two others, Sero and Kaminari, are also tucked away behind Shouji's large frame but no one else seemed to be as lucky. In shock people look down at their paint splattered chests and back up again, disbelief clearly written on their faces.

From down the hall Uraraka hears a laugh and tenses, "Ha! Turns out I don't need these goggles after all, Invisa-girl gave her position away herself!"

Uraraka can just see Hagakure from around Shouji, well, she can see the paint splatter floating in mid-air. That doubt from before springs back tenfold, had this all been a trap? Did Chuuya allow himself to be dragged away so Dazai could swoop in and shoot everyone who tried to escape? A heavy feeling settles on her chest at the realisation, sure Kaminari had managed to not be shot but Shouji had. They had no more people free than they did at the beginning of this.

Kaminari leans in close to her, “Uhhh, I think we should get out of here.”

Right, yes, they need to get out of here. Uraraka sweeps a glance around and commits to memory everyone who had been captured, then she turns to Kaminari and nods. “Sero,” she starts quietly, “can you shoot some tape at Dazai to distract him?”

Sero doesn’t waste any time to agree to the plan, swiftly he leans around Shouji and shoots multiple pieces of tape. It’s only a momentary distraction, one that Dazai will likely be quick to see through, but it should give them just enough time to put some distance between themselves and Dazai.

As soon as the tape is flying across the hall, Uraraka turns and sprints down the hall. She can hear as Sero and Kaminari follow close behind, Dazai yells something but she pays it no mind. A thought occurs to her as they run, the trap they had set for Chuuya is this way….

She really, really hopes they don’t run into Chuuya, even if it’s a learning opportunity. One fight with that guy is more than enough for her right now.

-

A loud crash breaks his concentration, it’s the sort of crash that means something has completely collapsed. Something got hit so hard it smashed apart and to the ground, in a place like this the only things that could be broken and sound like that would have to be the walls… Maybe the floors too.

The only way such a thing could happen would be a fight, a big fight with strong opponents. If there’s a fight, then that means one of the cop trio must be in the area. Out of the three cops there is only one that might warrant his classmates to smash a wall up, only one that would have the strength to do it himself.

A grin pulls at his lips as he turns and begins running to where the

crash had come from, a fight with the bandaged freak is his main goal but one with shorty wouldn't hurt. No, it would be better than that.

Bakugou will enjoy this fight, he decides, because he'll win and show those Yokohama freaks who is really in charge here.

Chapter End Notes

Yaoyorozu, who doesn't know Uraraka meant that insult for Dazai, "Do I always look like a child when wearing long coats? Why didn't anyone tell me ;-; …"

Haha, anyway, hope you all enjoyed this chapter! I'm happy to report that this fight should be finished up in the next chapter, hopefully anyway! I really want to start writing the next 'arc', it's not my favourite of the ones I have planned buuut it's going to be sooo good for developing things! I get to be a devious little author while writing it too, which should tell you what to expect ;)

Now that I've teased that, let's come back to what actually happened in this chapter! I got much enjoyment out of writing that Dazai vs Iida moment although I definitely could have dived deeper into Iida's feelings on SKK but to be honest I couldn't be bothered…. I might do it later though, if it comes up. I also had fun writing the start Todoroki POV, trust me when I say that this won't be the last you hear of The Glitter Boutique!

To everyone who has been looking forward to Chuuya and Uraraka having bonding time over their Ability/Quirk I hoped you enjoyed that part! There will be more to come so look forward to that!!

As always, any suggestions for 1A and SKK moments are appreciated! Or just anything you want to see in this fic for that matter!

Hmmm I think that's all I want to say…

Thank you for reading! <3

Chapter 15: Cops and robbers pt.3

Chapter Summary

Did Shinsou need to do this part? Maybe not, but he feels it's more authentic this way. Nakahara seems like the guy who smashes through walls often after all.

Chapter Notes

CW: canon typical violence

Tell me if I missed anything!

As always, thank you to sleepy_ete for beta reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chuuya was, admittedly, not expecting to be dragged through a window and gap in the floor and then, just to top things off, have a bunch of bricks piled on top of him. He knew those three were up to something, it was painfully obvious the way they got so excited any time he moved backwards. The tape across the hallway was also so very obvious, but Chuuya figured he may as well fall for it, see what tricks they had. Maybe he was spending too much time around Dazai because really he should have just got the three of them out instantly and moved on, but no, he just had to let things drag. Now he's here, under a bunch of rubble and really wishing he had stayed back in Yokohama.

Sighing, he allows himself a moment more of just laying there. Dazai hadn't told him any sort of plan before this whole thing started, which is far more infuriating than if the idiot just started bossing him around. It wouldn't be hard for Chuuya to just take down everyone on the cop side, the quickest way naturally would be to just use Upon the Tainted Sorrow as soon as they stepped inside the building. Of course, he could go with a more stealthy option and wait for the 1A kids to split into small groups and take them down- hell he could even set some traps. The only reason he hasn't done any of that is because Dazai would annoy him to hell and back if he messed up his plan, which again, Chuuya has no knowledge of such a plan. Knowing Dazai though he'll say that Chuuya should have known anyway, which is stupid but whatever. In order to save his future self from having to deal with that Chuuya has resolved to be more passive, run around a

bit to get the kids moving, guard the jail when he gets bored of that, take down a few kids that are too persistent.

Well, he may as well get up now and go chase after those three. He's pretty sure Dazai is loitering somewhere around the jail, so maybe he'll chase them over to be caught by the fish. At least that way Dazai can't complain about Chuuya catching someone he didn't want caught.

It barely takes a thought for the chunks of floor to begin floating up and allowing Chuuya to stand and dust himself off. Should he bring some of this with him? Would it be useful enough to bother? Maybe if he-

"Hah, there you are!"

Instinctively, Chuuya shifts forwards and spins to face his opponent. Well, he tries to but the explosions quickly getting closer makes that task harder. He isn't too surprised that it's Bakugou here, even less so surprised that he's jumped into attacking immediately.

A chunk of floor flies into Bakugou's path, the second of delay it causes gives Chuuya enough time to jump some distance back and begin piecing together a plan of attack. Bakugou is quick and his Quirk deadly, he'll blow up any projectiles sent his way so hand to hand combat would be better… Chuuya eyes the explosions once again and decides against that, he'll figure something out from over here where he will not get exploded.

"Tch, you could've got a sneak attack in there," Chuuya comments. Typically he wouldn't bother saying stuff like that, taunting with attacks that would have been better is much more of Dazai's style, but with the new plan of befriending 1A he figures it can't hurt. Giving pointers out, like how he did with Uraraka, will help them trust him more and encourage bonding. Or something like that anyway, Dazai had explained it earlier but Chuuya didn't pay him any attention.

Bakugou scoffs, "Like fuck that'd work." He almost looks insulted, even more so when Chuuya raises an eyebrow. "I'm not a fucking idiot," he starts, "you'd see through that shit miles away."

That much is true, mentally Chuuya praises the kid for not bothering with something that wouldn't work. Other 1A kids would definitely still try for a sneak attack, which would give Chuuya the chance to let them get close and then take them down. Before he would have bet that Bakugou would be the type to go for that route, the type to brute

force his way through something rather than plan around it. He knew the kid must have some intelligence beyond yelling and explosions, he is near the top of his class in grades, but that doesn't always translate to battle smarts.

Well, there is one way to test how battle smart this kid is.

Chuuya makes no indication of his plan before launching himself forward and slightly to the left of Bakugou, it takes a second for the kid to react but even that is a lot shorter than some of his classmate's reaction times. Without hesitation he shifts to better face Chuuya before pulling his hands up in a defensive position, well, Chuuya would use it as a defence but the explosions forming on his palms clearly show that Bakugou has other plans in mind.

Briefly Chuuya lands on a floating piece of floor before jumping to one closer to Bakugou, with Bakugou's eyes trained on him Chuuya almost thinks he'll miss the previous piece of floor rocketing towards him. As soon as the piece gets close enough to block Chuuya from Bakugou's vision he jumps upwards and twists himself to land a kick easier before dropping back down, his intent to get a hit in while Bakugou is blowing up the piece of floor.

As predicted, Bakugou wastes no time in grabbing the chunk and blowing it up, what is surprising however is the fact that instead of letting the remains of the chunk fall to the floor he keeps them in his hand. Without looking, Bakugou flings said chunks upwards, towards Chuuya, with an open exploding palm following close behind.

Chuuya dodges, because even an attack at that close a range couldn't beat his Ability. The chunk of floor Bakugou threw just so happens to hit the briefcase right in the centre as he's moving away, which shit, is enough to make him lose his grip. He doesn't panic, because he could easily use his Ability to get the briefcase back, but he does internally groan. If Bakugou grabs the vase and manages to get it to the entrance area then the cop team will win, which means Chuuya will have to deal with Dazai's complaining about this for the rest of his life. Well, the rest of Dazai's life- Chuuya is fairly certain he'll be the one to live longer.

Bakugou whips his head around to face Chuuya and wastes no time in rushing closer, a snarl on his face as his explosions grow in size and frequency. Once more Chuuya simply uses his Ability to jump out of the way, this time settling himself in one of the ceiling corners, in response Bakugou yells, "Just stay still and fight me!"

“Who are you to give me orders huh?” Chuuya asks, he pauses a moment before adding, “Shouldn’t you be grabbing that briefcase by now?”

Bakugou scowls and launches a chunk of floor up towards Chuuya who dodges it, “I already told you I’m not a fucking idiot, that bandaged fucker has fake cases so why waste my time?”

Jumping down Chuuya aims a kick at Bakugou’s chest, once again the kid shows quick reflexes as his hand shoots out to grab at Chuuya’s ankle. For a moment he lets his leg linger there, just long enough that Bakugou focuses a little too much on grabbing it, and then he promptly lifts his other leg to smash into Bakugou’s side. He didn’t put his full strength into it, but the kid still ends up halfway across the room.

Now completely floating Chuuya watches as Bakugou re-centres himself and clearly prepares to make another attack, “Sure you wanna risk it?”

“I’m going to beat your ass, then,” Bakugou pauses as a grin forms, “I’ll go show that fucker just where he can shove those tricks of his!”

Chuuya chuckles a little as he lowers himself onto the ground properly, “Seems we have something in common then.”

Bakugou doesn’t look confused at that, but his expression is clearly demanding further explanation on that statement. Either he thinks Chuuya is trying to taunt him or he’s just offended that a ‘villain’ thinks that they’re alike, either way Chuuya is happy to expand, “the urge to beat that idiot fish up.”

Bakugou smirks and Chuuya thinks, yea maybe befriending this guy won’t be so hard after all. If insulting Dazai is all it takes… Well, he’s already a pro at that.

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“Deku!”

Midoriya’s head snaps up to watch as Uraraka, along with Sero and Kaminari, quickly make their way into the hallway leading to the server room. A sense of relief fills him as they get closer, it was only after he and Todoroki had left to chase Dazai (or Yaoyorozu) that he realised that sending Uraraka off on her own wasn’t a great idea. While she could definitely handle herself her Quirk is far too useful to

lose in a fight like this, the jail is an area that the cop team is most likely to hang around.

It's too late to think about that now though considering that Uraraka has already been there and back.

"How did it go?" Midoriya asks, they must have run into some trouble over there considering Uraraka has only brought two people back. After chasing around Dazai (Yaoyorozu?) for a few minutes they had once again disappeared, instead of being discouraged both him and Todoroki set about getting everyone to gather in the same spot so they could begin planning. Looking around now there are a decent amount of people that haven't been caught yet so hopefully it won't be too hard to fight the cop team…

Uraraka cringes at that, "Well, let's just say things were going great…. Then Dazai appeared." Both Sero and Kaminari nod solemnly at that, both a perfect mirror of each other. Which, really, Midoriya shouldn't laugh at, Dazai can be pretty scary after all, and yet he can only just keep himself from chuckling at that. Judging by the expressions of his classmates, he isn't the only one struggling.

By some miracle no one actually laughs, which gives Uraraka time to actually explain what happened- and more crucially, who is still in jail. Midoriya hasn't actually been keeping track of the time, mainly because of the lack of clocks around, but he guesses that the lesson time will be coming soon. They have enough time to do something for sure, but staging a rescue mission to get the others out of jail might be pushing things.

"At this point we should put all our effort into one last big attack," Midoriya sighs as his brain starts whizzing with ideas, "First we actually need to find the cop team, which Jirou can do I guess, but then we have to get there and knowing Dazai's he'll probably run off. We really don't have time to be chasing people around…. No, no, they won't stay still for that… Maybe if we- No that won't work…"

One thing Midoriya really likes about his class is that no one gets mad at his rambling, at worst they give him an indulging look and at best they praise him for his plans. Even better though, is when they join in and help develop some of his ideas.

Shinsou hums a little, "We could divide and conquer? Teams of three should work, yeah?"

Midoriya considers this for a moment before nodding, "Actually, yes,

that could work well! We already know which Quirks Chuuya has trouble with, ah, and with Ojirou Dazai wouldn't be able to nullify anything! Oh and Shinsou…."

Once again, Midoriya is very grateful his classmates leave him to ramble about Quirks and team formations until he sorts his ideas out. They have ten people to work with, technically eleven but Bakugou is currently off doing who knows what, and near endless strategies for Quirk combos. Not only does he have to think about the practical sense of things, but also what would Chuuya and Dazai do when faced with certain people? Chuuya has already shown he won't speak to Shinsou no matter how hard he tries, so no use sending him there. Kaminari's Quirk won't have any effect on Dazai, in fact he's more likely to affect an ally in his attempts.

Despite knowing his classmates don't mind waiting, Midoriya does try to keep his brainstorming session short. They don't have all the time in the world after all. "Alright," he starts, "Uraraka, Kaminari, and Tokoyami will have the best chances against Chuuya."

Jirou cuts him off before he can continue, "Shouldn't I be in that group too?"

She's right, and Midoriya says as much, "You should, but we'll need your help locating each of the cop team and getting us into position. Once that's done you can go join in the fight against Chuuya." Jirou nods in understanding, Midoriya turns to the others and continues explaining, "The other teams will be me, Ojirou, and Sero and then Shinsou, Todoroki, and Tsu. Either team will have a decent chance against Dazai or Yaoyorozu, so it doesn't matter which we end up against."

"Once we get the briefcase back to the entrance we'll win right?" Uraraka asks, to which Midoriya nods. Hopefully at least one team can get the briefcase to the entrance, that way they at least have a one in three chance of winning. Making duplicates of the briefcase and Dazai's coat is such a good idea, annoying to deal with sure, but good nonetheless.

"We aren't sure who has the real one, and even if we did they might have swapped it around. The main focus should be getting the briefcases to the entrance," Midoriya explains. Around him his classmates visibly prepare themselves for the task

"Well then, let's get moving," Jirou smirks a little as her earphones

slip into the wall next to her.

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Let it be known that while Kaminari is nowhere near as brave as say, Midoriya, he certainly isn't a coward. Well, maybe he is a little bit but- But not when it matters! Sure, the idea of fighting Chuuya is low-key terrifying, but he'll deal! He'll go out there and do his best all while begging whatever god exists to let the fight end quicker. His classmates believe that his Quirk might stand a chance against Chuuya, so he won't chicken out.

Even now, as they steadily approach the store that Chuuya should be in all while hearing the chaotic sounds of a fight echoing from that store he has not turned around! He wants to, but has not! Which is even more impressive given the fact the sound of explosions is very clear, thus meaning Bakugou is fighting Chuuya, thus meaning the chance of being hit by an explosion has just gone up about 60%. Bakugou may be a great fighter but man, he sucks at teamwork sometimes.

Jirou sends them a sympathetic look once they get close to the store, "I'll be back as soon as I can." She whispers, which feels redundant when considering how much noise there is from the fight.

Uraraka nods at her, which Jirou takes as her cue to leave, before turning to Tokoyami, "You remember what we talked about, right?"

Kaminari does, he made sure of it. On the way here the four of them had started brainstorming some ideas on how to get the briefcase away from Chuuya, while doing that they also came up with a few plans for attacks.

"In darkness there is the potential for chaos," Tokoyami… Agrees? It's hard to tell honestly, but that sounds like a good thing. Maybe.

Uraraka seems equally confused, which is partly comforting. What is less comforting is the wall of the store, the one they are supposed to enter, smashing into pieces as something- no wait, someone flies through it. He really shouldn't be getting distracted like this, but Kaminari can't help but wonder where the hell all the rubble flying across the place came from. The store window was already smashed when they got here, so it must have come from somewhere else…

Fortunately, his classmates aren't so easily distracted like he is. As soon as Chuuya jumps through the hole in the wall, which must mean

Bakugou was the someone who got thrown through, Dark Shadow rips through the air to land a hit. It isn't successful, not really, but Chuuya does look slightly caught off guard by the attack even as he jumps a fair distance away.

"Oi!" Bakugou yells, "This is my fight!"

Again, good fighter but terrible teammate. Kaminari looks over at Bakugou as he emerges from the rubble and, wow, he looks a lot worse for wear. How long had the two of them been fighting? He pushes that thought aside for now, "We're here to help dude!"

"I don't need help!"

Yea, he should have expected that response.

What he doesn't expect is for Chuuya to huff at that, a huff that sounds awfully like a laugh, "You sure about that?"

Bakugou growls at that but thankfully stays put while Dark Shadow whips out in another attack. Instead of jumping away again, Chuuya raises a foot and aims a sharp kick right at Dark Shadow's head. One thing Kaminari has always wondered is just how Dark Shadow works because like, a being made of shadows should be able to just dissolve away from an attack right? That's what Kaminari thinks, but Dark Shadow does not do that at all! Instead it takes the hit, like a champ he must say, and slithers backwards to assumedly prepare for another attack.

Uraraka gives him a pointed look before flicking her eyes over to Bakugou, she then touches a rather large piece of rubble and shoves it in Chuuya's direction. Mentally, Kaminari slaps himself into focusing and turns to face Bakugou, "Let us help dude and this'll end so much quicker!"

Bakugou scoffs, like he actually wants the fight to be longer, "I'm beating this fucker myself!"

Ironically, it is then that the piece of rubble Uraraka used earlier comes flying back but this time covered in a red glow. With Bakugou distracted yelling at him he does not notice this little problem until it smashes against his stomach, which Kaminari is so glad it didn't happen to him.

Part of him wants to go and see if Bakugou needs help, the other part knows he'll end up getting yelled at and or exploded. He turns back to

the fight, which is actually not even a fight at the moment since Chuuya is chilling on the ceiling and using rubble to deflect Dark Shadow's attacks. There isn't much Kaminari can do from here, if he tries to use his Quirk then his classmates will probably end up getting shocked in the process, he could throw something but his arm strength really isn't that good.

Fortunately, while Kaminari stands there trying to come up with an idea his classmates take action. In a move that is so cool, Uraraka jumps onto the wall and manages to grab hold of one of the chunks of rubble under Chuuya's control and yank it down as she jumps back to the floor. That gives enough of an opening for Dark Shadow to sneak through and strike at Chuuya- Which actually lands?? Or well, maybe Chuuya just decided to jump back to the ground on his own but Kaminari is choosing to believe Dark Shadow knocked him down.

Chuuya lands gracefully and does not waste any time shooting forward to Uraraka.

Now, if asked Kaminari would say he has no clue how this next thing happened, because honestly he does not have the fastest reaction time. If pressed he would say it's because of all the first person shooters he's been playing recently, some of the people he plays against are so crazy good he has no choice but to get better. Like this one player, FlyingFish, is able to react and get a headshot in the time it takes to blink. Although, FlyingFish hasn't been online in a while… Anyway, maybe his reaction speed increased because of that game. Or maybe it was just a fluke, who knows.

What he does know is that when Chuuya suddenly changes trajectory and heads straight towards Bakugou, who is still kneeled over, he shoots out electricity faster than he ever has. Somehow it hits him, which wow, Kaminari will be bragging about later.

And it really does hit him, unlike before when it wasn't quite clear if Dark Shadow had landed a hit or if Chuuya just jumped away Kaminari can clearly see the electricity bounce along Chuuya's arm. Once again Chuuya quickly changes direction, does he suffer whiplash like ever?, and lands a good amount of distance away from the four of them.

Bakugou laughs loudly, "Ha, if even this idiot can land a hit you really aren't that strong!"

Kaminari, still buzzing from actually landing a hit on Chuuya, ignores

the insulting nickname.

“The light of heroism prevails,” Tokoyami says seriously. Kaminari smiles at him, he’s pretty sure that’s a compliment.

Chuuya still seems out of it from being shocked, so Kaminari turns to Bakugou once again, “The others are fighting Dazai, so let’s get this over wi-”

Bakugou head snaps up, he grins, “I’ll leave this fucker to you then.”

Kaminari finds that very confusing considering just a few minutes ago Bakugou was yelling at them to leave him to fight Chuuya alone. What’s even more confusing is when Bakugou straightens up and starts running off, this causes Chuuya to laugh and say, “Give that bastard a hit around the head for me.”

For some reason Bakugou’s grin gets wider at that, “Do it yourself!”

If Kaminari didn’t know better he would say the two of them are joking around like friends, which really should be impossible.

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With Jirou’s help it doesn’t take long for them to find Dazai, well, Shinsou hopes it’s Dazai anyway. It’s much too dark to actually tell who they are chasing right now, so it could well be Yaoyorozu. Whoever it is keeps ducking in and out of stores trying to lose them, which is thankfully not working. It would be such a pain to have to hunt Dazai/Yaoyorozu down again.

Dazai/Yaoyorozu ducks into yet another store, but this time is going to be different Shinsou can tell. Whoever they’ve been chasing has been steadily getting more tired, they’ve been slowing down. Add in Tsu’s weirdly fast hops and Todoroki’s ice gliding and it’s only a matter of time until they catch up, which means their opponent must be looking for a way out of this.

Shinsou motions for his teammates to stop before entering the store, quietly he says, “I think it’s a trap.”

Tsu tilts her head a little, “You think they set up a trap before we found them? Ribbit.”

Shinsou shrugs, “It was probably done before any robber even entered, or there might not be anything set up at all.”

It takes a moment, but Todoroki nods in understanding, “It will be easier for them to shoot us in an enclosed space.”

“In that case we need to get them out here again,” Tsu responds. There are only a few ways that could work though, they can’t get close enough to the person without them shooting- so physically chasing them won’t work. Shinsou could use his Quirk, but if it’s Dazai in there it either wouldn’t have an effect or he would just be ignored. Tsu’s Quirk isn’t suited for this, which means….

“Todoroki,” Shinsou starts, “You think you can freeze them out?” Maybe it’s not the most heroic way of doing things, but then again they are playing robbers in this situation.

Todoroki does not raise any concerns about the morals of such a thing, instead he nods and starts sending waves of ice into the store. Actually, this will be way more helpful than expected. If the ice disappears then it’s Dazai in there, if not then it’s more likely for it to be Yaoyorozu.

For a few minutes all they can hear is the crackling sound of ice being created and then-

Boom.

From the store next to them a figure, a very familiar figure, rushes out. The three robbers share a look for a moment, a look of ‘How did that happen?’ Shinsou shrugs off the confusion as quickly as he can, “Go after them! I’ll catch up.”

The other two nod and run off to try and close the distance between Dazai/Yaoyorozu and themselves. Separating may not be a smart idea, but Shinsou needs to check something out. Plus he’s the slowest runner of the three of them, it’ll be fine.

Still, he moves quickly and doesn’t spare any time to dawdle. The store next to the iced out one looks rather normal, it’s only once he’s ventured deep inside does he come across something interesting. The wall shared by this store and the iced out one has a rather large hole in, a hole that does not look like it belongs at all. Shinsou crouches down and picks something up from the ground, he grins when he finds exactly what he expected.

The remnants of a pack of explosives. A pack that he knows Yaoyorozu favours when making explosives, a pack that Dazai wouldn’t have.

He's disappointed that the other Dazai team is the one that gets to fight the guy, but he can work with this. Or more like, his Quirk can work with this.

Dropping the remnants of the explosives he sprints out of the store and down the way his teammates went, his body protests at all the running but he ignores it. On the way there he brainstorms a few plan ideas and mentally thanks his past self for staying behind, this way he can try to catch Yaoyorozu off guard.

When he does arrive on scene, which is to say once he finds the dimly lit corner Yaoyorozu is hidden in, he makes sure to soften his steps. Todoroki is putting on quite the show with all the ice, he must still be mad at Dazai from that initial fight.

One hand comes up to fiddle with his voice changer, he'll go with Nakahara for this. Once he reveals himself trying to get Yaoyorozu to answer a question will be ten times harder, so preferably he wants this to work on the first try.

He waits a moment and watches as Todoroki sends yet another ice wave as Tsu leaps into the darkness, Yaoyorozu must have forgotten about him by now. Bracing himself, Shinsou runs into the closest wall, hard.

Said wall happens to be rather brittle, so with the force of him slamming into it the whole thing crumbles down. Did Shinsou need to do this part? Maybe not, but he feels it's more authentic this way. Chuuya seems like the guy who smashes through walls often after all.

Loudly, he yells, "Shit!" As expected, it comes out sounding exactly like Nakahara.

He hears as Todoroki takes a sharp inhale, his brain likely moving at twice the speed to figure out how to deal with Nakahara. Shinsou doesn't feel like being turned into an ice cube, or worse being burnt to death, so he quickly speaks up again, "That fucking- Why the hell are you hiding in some corner? Did you forget that fishy fucker's plan?"

Todoroki, thankfully, has looked over and realised that he is not actually Nakahara. He does send some ice over though, probably to keep up the illusion, but none of it actually hits Shinsou. For the first time Shinsou is glad about the minimal lighting for he doubts Yaoyorozu will actually be able to see him in enough detail to realise his true identity.

Yaoyorozu doesn't respond, which is annoying but Shinsou isn't one to give in so easily. With a grunt he makes an effort to smash some of the ice around him, "I'll deal with them, go and find that idiot! You know where he is right?"

It takes a second, but then he hears the sound of a few gunshots and shoes rapidly hitting the ground as someone, Yaoyorozu, runs out from the dark spot. Shinsou is scared for a second that she'll actually go and find Dazai, which would make things so much worse, but thankfully she hesitates just a second.

She hasn't seen him yet, which is great because it means she finally speaks, "Wh-"

He wastes no time in pulling her under his influence, his shoulder hurts from ramming into a wall so he decides someone else will have to be responsible for the briefcase, "Give the briefcase to Todoroki."

Yaoyorozu mindlessly does just that, Todoroki takes it and with a quick glance to Shinsou starts running off again. Tsu is the faster runner, or hopper?, so it would make more sense to have her bring it to the entrance area. He would have done that, except now that Yaoyorozu is out of commission they are supposed to go find either Dazai or Chuuya to join in those fights. Midoriya had explained as Jirou led them around that he would prefer if they came to support the other Dazai/Yaoyorozu team, but if they found Nakahara first then they should help there. Against Nakahara Todoroki would probably do great, but his ice is useless against Dazai. Tsu on the other hand has an advantage since the guy can't get rid of mutant type Quirks. So yes, Todoroki gets to deliver the briefcase.

Tsu gives him a slightly worried look, "You ran into the wall, ribbit, are you feeling alright?"

Shinsou sighs but nods, his shoulder hurts like hell but this is what he signed up for when he joined the heroics course.

-

"Hi again!"

Midoriya stops where he is, because what? Jirou had said that Dazai, or Yaoyorozu, was in the food court area of the building. That spot has the most light, still not all that much, so Midoriya had thought it must be Yaoyorozu. He had thought there was no way Dazai would be anywhere but the darkest corners of the building.

And yet, here Dazai is, sitting on a bench smiling at them. He might have waved too, Midoriya wasn't paying attention.

Dazai sighs and comically slumps down, "Shouldn't you be attacking me right now?"

That snaps Midoriya into moving, because yes they should be! Really, he shouldn't still be so caught off guard by Dazai. Confronting the enemy head on like this seems exactly like something Dazai would do!

Using One for All, Midoriya shoots across the space. Mentally he prepares to dodge any incoming bullets, he isn't moving in zig-zags so Dazai will probably take a shot at him…

Midoriya finds himself getting closer and closer and no bullets come, in fact, it's only once Midoriya is in arm range does Dazai move. Still with that smile on his face Dazai allows himself to fall backwards just as Midoriya pulls back an arm to hit him, in one fluid motion Dazai's hands make contact with the floor which allows him to kick over and land upright. Only then does he pull his gun up and fire, which Midoriya is only able to avoid being hit due to the tape that attaches to him and yanks him to the side.

He isn't able to land on his feet, but it's better than being shot and having to sit out for the rest of the fight. Sero offers him a hand, which Midoriya gratefully takes.

"So, what's the plan, Midori-kun?" Dazai asks casually.

Midoriya can't see how that could be a taunt, or at least he doesn't see how it would lead to one, but even still he makes sure not to answer. Fighting Dazai will be tricky, even if all he needs to do is get the briefcase.

Midoriya resists the urge to look over at Ojirou, he wants to check that he's ready to carry out the plan. He knows not to though, since that'll give Dazai a hint about it. The plan is fairly simple, Midoriya will go in and try to disarm Dazai. Ojirou, who will be keeping close throughout, will then jump in and engage in hand to hand combat. Dazai most definitely knows how to fight without a gun, so Midoriya is banking on Ojirou being stronger overall. Sero will hang back and use his tape to pull them back if needed while also watching for an opening to grab the briefcase.

With a last lingering hope that things will work out, Midoriya once again jumps in to get closer. This time he moves in a zig-zag pattern,

which he is glad for when Dazai begins shooting.

Dazai had moved backwards at some point, which gives Midoriya the chance to use the bench as leverage. Without breaking his stride he leaps onto the bench and channels just a little bit more of One for All into his legs, in a burst of power he jumps upwards and attempts to angle himself to kick Dazai as he lands. It's hard to keep himself in the right position while also keeping himself heading in the right direction, absent-mindedly he wonders how much Chuuya's Ability helps him when doing stuff like this.

Dazai doesn't make an attempt to dodge, instead he swings the briefcase up just in time to collide with Midoriya's foot. The hit causes him to veer off course, and just like before he struggles to land on his feet. Midoriya wants to feel embarrassed, but the sound of a gun reloading is all the warning he needs to get back on his feet and move out of the way.

Dazai fires a shot, one Midoriya thinks must be more of a warning than a real attempt to hit. His other arm swings back and forth with the briefcase, "Say, shouldn't you be taking more care with this thing?"

Midoriya doesn't respond, instead he manoeuvres to try another attack. Once again Dazai slips away unharmed, Dazai tuts his tongue, "Who knows what's supposed to be inside here, if you're so careless it could get destroyed!"

He makes a good point, one Midoriya will remember for future training sessions like this. As it stands though, he knows the briefcase is empty so he can afford to be a bit more reckless.

Unfortunately, even with Midoriya being more aggressive than usual with his attacks Dazai always seems to be able to dodge. The minutes drag on like hours and Midoriya feels the embarrassment from before returning at full force.

He's just about to concede and swap to a backup plan when he notices an opening, a tiny window that has more chance of failure than succession. Midoriya holds back as Dazai sweeps the briefcase up in a dramatic arc, one he knows is hiding Dazai while he reloads the gun. A second later he lets the case drop down and it's only a moment, just a second, but as the briefcase lowers Midoriya can see Dazai's hand not yet settled into position on the gun. He just reloaded the thing one handed, of course he had to move his finger away from the trigger for

that.

Using more of One for All than he really should, Midoriya kicks a nearby rock as hard as possible. He hopes against hope that it will hit the target, he hopes so badly that Dazai's hold on the gun is just loose enough that he can knock it to the ground.

He watches with baited breath as the rock gets closer and closer, he watches as Dazai's eye flicks to the rock just a moment too late.

The rock hits, the gun goes flying away. Dazai's eye widens slightly as the gun clatters to the ground, mentally Midoriya holds himself back from cheering.

He needs to make use of this opportunity, both him and Ojirou actually. Without wasting any more time Midoriya once again jumps in close to Dazai, this time secure in the knowledge he won't get shot.

Dazai scowls at him, "So unfair!" He complains, which Midoriya finds ironic given that he is sure Dazai uses underhanded tactics all the time.

Midoriya throws a punch, which Dazai uses an arm to block. Ojirou, who was hovering around the pair this whole time, whips his tail around towards the arm holding the briefcase. Dazai ducks down and rolls backwards to get out of range.

He's getting closer to the gun, Midoriya realises. Determined not to lose the upper hand Midoriya yells, "Sero, the gun!"

Sero does not need to be told twice, before Dazai can make a grab for it a length of tape has already flown out and pulled the gun away. Once again Dazai scowls, "So rude!"

Again, Midoriya ignores the irony in that statement and instead moves forward for another joint attack with Ojirou.

Well, that was the plan but the sound of yelling and explosions causes him to falter.

Out of nowhere Bakugou appears, a violent grin on face and explosions popping from his hands. He wastes not a second to rush in, easily shoving past Midoriya to get to Dazai. Midoriya watches stunned as Dazai expertly deflects Bakugou's attacks, he watches as the tell tale blue light of his Ability appears. Bakugou falters, just a second but still far too long when dealing with Dazai. Dazai swings a

leg out just as he shoves Bakugou's chest, while Bakugou falls to the ground he rushes backwards to create some distance.

"I would say nice to see you again Kacchan, but it really isn't," Dazai sighs, "This is way too much effort to deal with."

Bakugou leaps up from the ground and growls, "Do not fucking call me that!"

Dazai sticks his tongue out and Midoriya sighs. There's no chance they'll be able to pull off any good teamwork like this now. All his previous plans will need to be thrown out at this point, and unfortunately mid battle isn't the best time to come up with new ones.

The fight continues on in a similar manner, Bakugou attacks relentlessly until Dazai manages to do something to interrupt the flow of his attacks. Midoriya and Ojirou then swoop in to try and continue with their plan from before, but before they can get much done Bakugou shoves his way back in.

At some point Dazai dodges a fist and sighs, "You totally suck at teamwork, shouldn't a hero be good at that?"

Bakugou bristles, "Fuck do you know about being a hero?"

Dazai shrugs and once again moves out of range of an attack, "More than you apparently."

Midoriya, who knows a lot about being a hero, agrees with Dazai. Hopefully in the next three years Bakugou will learn how to work in a team, Midoriya really doesn't want fights to end up like this one once he's a Pro.

It's during this lamenting of his future that Midoriya once again spots an opportunity. It's not something he can act on straight away, but now that he's noticed it he might just be able to exploit it. When Bakugou throws out one of his explosive right hooks, there are a few different things Dazai seems to do in response. In one of them he pushes the briefcase upwards and into Bakugou's space, almost right to his chest, while ducking the other way.

Midoriya bides his time, he continues with the pattern of attacks they had set before and tries not to let anything give his plan away.

When he sees Bakugou's arm pull back in that familiar manner, he waits just a second to see what Dazai will do. It's only when he can

clearly see the briefcase being shoved upwards and towards Bakugou does he act.

As fast as he can Midoriya launches himself towards the pair, towards Bakugou's back. He does not make any attempt to pull back or soften his blow as he slams into Bakugou, an act that sends the two of them flying away from Dazai.

Midoriya looks up in time to see as Dazai looks down to his empty hand and back up again at the briefcase still snug against Bakugou's chest.

Interestingly, Dazai's expression of shock perfectly matches everyone else's. Including Midoriya, who had really thought that little trick would not work.

He doesn't have time to think about that, because Sero has already snatched away both the briefcase and Midoriya. In a whirlwind of motion Midoriya finds himself holding the briefcase and being shoved in the direction of the entrance.

"Hey-" Dazai starts, but is cut off by the sound of explosions. Good, Bakugou can keep him busy.

With that thought Midoriya makes a beeline for the entrance.

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Uraraka really, really wants this fight already. Sure, at first it was fun and educational- it still is educational actually! It just so happens that the only thing she is learning is how terrible she is compared to Chuuya!

Things had been looking up for a while, Kaminari kept getting sneaky attacks in while both her and Dark Shadow kept Chuuya busy. She had felt hopeful, she had thought that maybe once Jirou got back they'd be able to get the briefcase in a timely manner!

But no! Jirou got back and that's when things fell apart. Jirou's Quirk is so useful but, as they quickly discovered, also easy to manipulate. Just like in that initial fight, Chuuya practically danced around them, he jumped from one spot to the next so quickly that it sometimes left Uraraka's head spinning. When Jirou actually got the opportunity to fire off some sound waves, Chuuya would angle himself so one of her allies would get hit also.

Uraraka doesn't blame Jirou or anything, after all Chuuya had even used Uraraka's Quirk against her a few times. She's just… frustrated. Even with the little tips Chuuya keeps dropping it feels like there isn't a way in hell she'll ever be able to beat him.

She can tell the others feel the same, well, not Kaminari but that's because he overloaded himself again.

Chuuya, with the briefcase snugly in hand, watches them from his spot down the hall. He raises an eyebrow, "Giving up?"

From beside her Tokoyami sighs, "To give in to darkness is the easy path, one that must not be taken."

Uraraka nods, "What he said!" It's true she wants this to end already, but she won't give in. Until Aizawa-sensei announces the end of the lesson she'll keep fighting, even if she is so over with it.

Chuuya shrugs as if to say 'your funeral' before kicking up a large bit of rubble and sending it down the hall. Uraraka dodges, overloaded Kaminari does not.

She ignores his sound of pain, because he'll probably be fine, and gears up for another attack. She's a little too tired to entertain ideas of running around, so maybe she can launch something like Chuuya. Then again, he'll easily block that. Oh, maybe she can launch Tokoyami or Jirou? That'll make it easier for them to attack and Chuuya's Ability doesn't work on other people.

She nods to herself and prepares to reach over to touch Tokoyami when a familiar voice crackles to life from one of the microphone/camera sets in the corner of the hall.

"Cop team wins, join us outside for review."

Uraraka collapses to the floor like a puppet with cut strings. Jirou pats her shoulder in a comforting manner before going to deal with an overloaded Kaminari.

Chuuya strolls down the hall, the only thing showing that he had just been in a fight being some dust along his clothes. He offers a hand to Uraraka, who takes it and allows herself to be pulled up to her feet. Chuuya smiles slightly, it's not a warm smile exactly but she can tell he's being authentic when he says, "You all did a good job, much better than some rookies I've trained back home."

Uraraka smiles back and ignores the reminder of where Chuuya is really from, if she does that then she doesn’t feel as guilty being nice to him.

Chapter End Notes

There is no one more happy than me that this fight is finished. I am so tired of planning and writing these fights! I want to write SKK being silly! I want bonding! Sure, I think it turned out good and everything but so many months just thinking about the same fight gets tiring... Speaking of plans, the 3v1s were mostly written on the spot as I couldn't be bothered thinking about them when I did the planning for this whole fight. That came back to bite me as I never did finish the plans, so yea, wrote it on the spot. While Chuuya and Yaoyorozu's fights had some ideas of what might happen wrote down Dazai's fight did not. All I had for Dazai's fight was, as copied from my planning document,;

'MSO find dazai just sat waiting for them
bakugou appears at some point
dazai fight'

As you can tell, I am a master of planning. Speaking of the fights though, as always I hope they were satisfying to read! I feel like some people might be disappointed that there wasn't a full Chuuya vs Bakugou fight, or even the full Chuuya v 4 fight. I just felt it would work better like this, but I can totally understand if anyone was a little upset! There will be more scenes of SKK and 1A fighting, only one or two bit ones like this but I do want to include a lot of training moments so to speak. Bakugou will get his chance to fight SKK, I promise!

I wrote most of this chapter in one sitting, which was crazy since I did not think I would do that. I also listened to Seventeen the entire time, so big thanks to them and their amazing music.

I did actually have a bit of a scare about a week ago. You see, I turned on my laptop and was like 'I have a few hours so I'll sit and write so much!' Well. When my laptop turned on my home screen was a default one (Should be that one Zhongli art from the Sanxingdui museum crossover) but I thought 'that's fine, I'll just change it back!' My laptop is constantly doing weird things, so I didn't think about it much. Anyway, I went on settings to change the background and I couldn't find the picture in my files. In fact, I couldn't find any pictures! I also couldn't find a single document,

at all! My laptop had, somehow, wiped itself between me using it last night and turning it on the next day. I wasn't even doing anything weird on it the night before, just watching youtube and writing fanfiction as per usual. But here's the thing, the document that I write this fic on is on my laptop- the only copy was on my laptop. The only copy of my 4000 word planning document was on my laptop, same with 90% of my WIPs.

So yes, for an afternoon I lost everything. Fortunately, I was able to get everything back just as I left it. I immediately made copies of all my documents to a USB stick for safe keeping, I have learnt from my mistake. I think the fact the first thing I said to my friends about the matter was 'I think I just got hit by the ao3 writers curse' makes it funny. (Side note, does the curse include mental/emotional damage and not just physical illness? Because for that afternoon I was on the verge of tears, I think it counts.)

Anyway, about this chapter. Tokoyami was, once again, so fun to write. I also had fun writing Kaminari's POV, it was the easiest of the chapter by far! The reason for that being that I accidently made him talk like I do haha. It fits him so I didn't bother changing it, but yes, very refreshing to not have to reword things too much.

Also, to those curious, yes Dazai is FlyingFish and yes I do have plans for Kaminari to find out.

The next couple chapters or so will be 'filler' moments with a few of them being ideas suggested by readers! If you have an idea let me know and it might just appear~

Thank you all for reading! <33333

Chapter 16: The real Chuuya vs Bakugou competition

Chapter Summary

Oh ho? As one of the two fucks, Dazai feels the urge to weight into the conversation, “Chuuya’s cooking is superior anyway~”

Chapter Notes

CW: Dazai mentioning he doesn't want to eat, Dazai-typical suicide mentions

Not sure if those count as CWs but I'd rather be safe than sorry, let me know if I should change it!

Thanks to sleepy_ete for beta reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yaoyorozu privately allows herself a moment of joy after everything is said and done. With the cops and robber battle finished, and with the class review done, she can finally relax a little.

The whole thing was an experience to be sure, but she can’t say she didn’t enjoy it. Well, perhaps enjoy isn’t quite the right word but still, she definitely learnt a lot from the experience. At first she had been so nervous to be working with Dazai and Chuuya, even after Dazai had encouraged her to make some plans up she still felt a little weary. Looking back on it now though her anxieties were definitely unfounded.

Of course, she knows that Dazai most likely did have a plan. Even if he said he wanted her to take the lead there is no way he would have walked into the exercise without a plan, he had no way of knowing if Yaoyorozu would come up with something or if what she came up with would be any good. Despite that, any time she plucked up the courage to tell him an idea he easily went along with it. She didn’t actually come up with too much, just a few ideas on how to lure people around. The briefcase idea was definitely her best, even now she feels some pride at coming up with it.

The worst part of it all was, naturally, falling for Shinsou’s trick. She really should have seen through it, in fact, she was suspicious upon

hearing it. Shinsou had said she went off plan, but she knew for a fact the plan was ‘keep the students away from each other for as long as possible’. She really should have stuck to her guts and ignored him, but his voice changer is really effective and well… Yaoyorozu just started second guessing herself and panicked a little.

She would feel far guilty about it, and she did, but by the time she had got outside for the class review Chuuya was very loudly scolding Dazai for losing his briefcase. Hearing that she wasn’t the only one that got defeated lifted her spirits a little.

Ahead of her, her classmates laugh. They’re all walking back to the dorms together, both Dazai and Chuuya included. From where she is she can’t tell what they’re speaking about, but it must be something interesting if the exaggerated movements Dazai keeps making are anything to go by.

Yaoyorozu finds herself looking forward to the next practical heroics class, maybe she’ll get to work with Dazai and Chuuya again.

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“Bakubro, you’re cooking tonight?!” Kirishima exclaims in pure joy, which is very amusing.

Bakugou continues grabbing things out of cupboards while huffing, “I’m not cooking for those two fucks.”

Oh ho? As one of the two fucks, Dazai feels the urge to weight into the conversation, “Chuuya’s cooking is superior anyway~”

Bakugou freezes at that, the other 1A kids around the room turn to Dazai with expressions of shock and horror. Seems like he just broke an unspoken rule, how fun.

Kaminari, quite bravely may he add, shuffles close to Dazai with a nearly white face, “Dude take it back, like, right now.” Dazai raises an eyebrow, which prompts him to continue with his rushed explanation, “Bakugou has this superiority- uh, what I mean is he- well”

Ah, that. Bakugou’s superiority complex is so obvious for anyone to see, but Dazai had figured it started and ended on the battlefield. Seems that isn’t the case though, Bakugou must want to be the best in everything possible.

Dazai sighs and acts like he doesn't understand what Kaminari means, "Chibi may not look like it but he really is the best chef in the world."

Before Chuuya can hit him for the use of the nickname, Bakugou whirls around and glares at Chuuya. "Cook something, and I'll make it a thousand times better."

Chuuya will probably refuse this. "He'll do it! Good luck Chuuya!" Dazai shoves Chuuya forward in the direction of Bakugou and grins at the annoyed shout he gets in return. Despite that, Chuuya does not make any attempt to back out.

Dazai grins as the pair begin working out what they'll be cooking, he had half expected Chuuya to refuse. Even if the fights were easy, Chuuya would probably want to get some rest after the cops vs robbers game. Then again, maybe he agreed because he knew it would save him from Dazai pestering about wanting food. Hmm, he'll have to ask later.

Kaminari is still standing oddly close to Dazai, he should deal with that. Putting on his best 'this is a normal smile what do you mean?' smile, he turns to Kaminari, "Who do you think will win?"

Kaminari visibly jumps from the sudden question, which is so funny, "Uhh, Bakugou definitely." he shuffles away a little, having seemingly finally noticed just how close he was.

Dazai hums like he's considering it, "Maybe, but I have to bet on Chuuya otherwise he'll get violent so…"

Chuuya slams the fridge door closed, clearly he wants to turn and yell at Dazai but Chibi knows him so well, so naturally he knows that if he does Dazai will make some comment about him being such a violent dog or whatever.

Yaoyorozu is still lingering at the edge of the room, she's been like that since everyone finished changing and started walking back to the dorms. She has never stuck him as the socially awkward type, but then again that was when she only spoke to her classmates. If Dazai had to make a guess now, he'd say she wants to speak to him and Chuuya but feels too awkward to. It's likely she wants to thank them for going with her plans, but she may also want to befriend them. If Dazai's plan of upping her self confidence has indeed worked, then she'll feel like being friends with the two of them is the least she can

do. Naturally, Dazai wants this to happen. Having Yaoyorozu openly trust them will improve how the rest of the class sees them. He wants to let Yaoyorozu make the move herself though, if he looks too eager to make friends all of a sudden people may get suspicious. Besides, it'll do wonders for her confidence if she manages it.

It isn't quite the full step, but Yaoyorozu makes progress when she decides to directly ask Dazai a question, "Does Chuuya cook for you often?"

Dazai shrugs a little, "For some reasons Chibi thinks I'll simply pass away if he doesn't see me eat, so strange~" Chuuya shoots him a look over his shoulder that translates to 'bastard, we both know you just wouldn't eat'. Which is partially true, depending on Dazai's mood on the day, but 1A doesn't need to know that. A few of them might figure it out themselves, but that's a later problem.

Midoriya laughs at that, he seems a little tense though. It might be due to the passive aggressive cook off going on, or maybe…. "Haha, my mother is like that too! You guys must have known each other for a while huh?"

And there it is. Dazai knows for a fact that given the chance, every single person in UA would love to pry into their lives in Yokohama. The teachers want to know about the Port Mafia, more specifically how Dazai and Chuuya ended up working there. The students seem to want to know everything and anything, anytime Dazai makes an off hand comment about Yokohama he can literally see ears pricking up with interest. A few of the teachers have tried to get information, but never by asking direct questions. Out of all of the students, Dazai isn't surprised the first to ask something was Midoriya. He always seems to be itching for more information, sometimes it seems like his mouth moves to ask a question before his brain thinks it through.

Ah, but how should he play it? Childhood friends forced into a life of crime? Oh, maybe childhood friends that were separated and only met again once one was already too deep in the Port Mafia. The other selflessly joined to keep the first one safe. Now that certainly paints a romantic picture, but the question is how far can Dazai push it before Chuuya kicks off?

The answer is, apparently, not at all. Chuuya, who is chopping vegetables quicker than he can stab people, sighs, "A minute drags on like a month with this fool, so yea, you can say that."

That is an annoyingly good answer. Directly answers the question without actually giving away any information, it's the type of answer Dazai usually loves to use. In another situation he might even be proud of Chuuya for it, now though he's annoyed that his scheming has to come to an end. Stupid Chuuya, always putting a stop to his fun.

Resisting the urge to stick his tongue out at the back of Chuuya's head, who would probably be able to sense it, Dazai sighs and flops onto the kitchen island before him. "It feels like just yesterday that we met for the first time~"

Mina, who seems like the type to always jump for gossip, sits down at the island, "How'd you guys meet anyway?"

Dazai grins as an idea forms. If Chuuya won't let him paint them as tragic childhood friends, then he'll have to deal with this other option, "I was just wandering around, completely defenceless and innocent," Chuuya scoffs at that, "when I was ruthlessly attacked!"

A few 1A kids look at him in disbelief, which is charming. They really think him so undefeatable huh? "I found myself slammed into a wall, and then kicked in the face all by a vicious little dog!"

Kaminari looks at him uncertainly, "Kicked…. by a dog?"

Dazai nods seriously, "A little ginger mutt." It takes a seconds, but Dazai watches as the dots connect and one by one the class's eyes turn to Chuuya. Chuuya, in a show of much more restraint than he thought he had, sets the knife in his hand down before turning around.

Chuuya doesn't say anything, instead he just gives Dazai a look of 'don't start your bullshit'. Naturally, Dazai looks back at him with a grin that translates to 'Deal with it.'

"Careful Chibi," Dazai starts, "If you get distracted Kacchan is going to win~"

Both Bakugou and Chuuya glare in sync due to the nicknames, this then makes Dazai wonder just how angry he could get the two of them at the same time. If he thinks about it he may even be able to say a single sentence to get the pair of them to start yelling at the same time, the real question is what should he say? Insulting Chuuya's height always works to get him mad, but Bakugou wouldn't fall for

that.

Chuuya glares at him, “Don’t you dare.” Without further explanation he turns and goes back to preparing whatever dish he’s planning to make. Dazai can’t quite see what ingredients he’s got, not that he would have much of an idea of what Chuuya would make of them anyway.

Kirishima glances between the two of them quizzically, “Don’t dare do that?”

Dazai shrugs while putting his best face of innocence on while Chuuya sighs with more force than necessary, “He’s up to something.”

“He is?” Midoriya asks.

“Don’t fall for that ‘Oh I’m so innocent’ face I just know he’s pulling, that bastard is up to something I can feel it,” Chuuya continues before anyone can respond, “He’s probably thinking of ways to piss me off.”

Dazai gasps, “Me? I would never!”

A few of the 1A kids chuckle at this, despite only having known each other for a short amount of time they clearly already know just how much Dazai enjoys annoying Chuuya. The fact they feel relaxed enough to laugh like this is a good sign that the ‘Befriend 1A’ plan is going well. Although, despite being relaxed enough to laugh, Dazai can still stop a bit of tension in a few of them. Hm, a week or so more and that should disappear, hopefully anyway.

Dazai allows himself to slip off the kitchen island just enough that he sits properly in a chair, once stable he sighs and begins rummaging for his phone. UA got rid of the messaging features somehow, which isn’t that big a deal but still annoying. How is he supposed to spam Chuuya with useless pictures now?

“Chibi Chuuya~”

Chuuya glances over his shoulder, which gives Dazai the chance to snap a quick picture. Taking as many pictures as possible will have to replace spamming Chuuya, an idea pops into Dazai's head causing him to grin a little. Once they’ve finished up here and are back in Yokohama Dazai is going to spread his pictures everywhere, all the Port Mafia grunts will have them, he’ll plaster them to the walls in every street. Everyone will get to see the fearsome Nakahara Chuuya being a good little UA student.

Kaminari once again leans in close to Dazai, huh, he must be getting braver. “You take pictures of him like that all the time?”

Dazai nods, “Yep! You wanna see some?”

Now that catches the attention of the 1A kids. The last time he offered up his phone for perusal things did end on a slightly tense note, what with the whole ‘We get ambushed by rival gangs all the time’ thing. But even with the possibility of seeing a video like that again Dazai can tell they are too interested to pass up the chance, after all, these are the only pictures of Yokohama to exist out of the city itself! (Which is a lie, Dazai himself has sent numerous pictures to people just to mess with them.)

Kaminari nods eagerly as Dazai quickly opens up the photos app, he pauses for a moment before picking a certain photo album. These photos are his favourites, which is to say these are the pictures of his various pranks or the ones that look the most unflattering.

He clicks on a random one and leans back a bit so more people can see, it’s a rather unflattering picture of Chuuya asleep with pen all over his face. For once it wasn’t Dazai's fault, instead Chuuya had somehow managed to drool enough to make the written documents under his head smudge and get all over his face. It’s rather disgusting actually, but also very funny.

Once he feels the 1A kids have looked long enough, he swipes to the next one.

It’s once again a picture of Chuuya, except this time covered in glitter and glaring at the camera with killing intent. Ah, that day was great on so many levels. Getting Chuuya with the glitter bomb was amazing, and then, when Chuuya got his revenge Dazai was able to think up three more ideas for killing himself. None of them worked out in the end, but mainly due to Chuuya interfering.

He swipes once again, this time the picture is a selfie of Dazai in front of floating red objects.

Uraraka, who had previously been very silent, tilts her head a little, “That’s Chuuya Ability right? Why’d you take a picture?”

Dazai grins, “Well, for some very tragic and unknown reason Chuuya’s place happened to flood, a leaky pipe I say. Anyway, Chuuya had to go on some very important business so he left all his things floating ‘til he got back…”

Chuuya once again sighs forcefully, “Firstly, we all know the flood was your doing and secondly, that bastard kept sending me pictures of him almost touching my stuff.”

“Touching your..” Midoriya starts before understanding dawns, “His Ability would make it fall!”

“Yep~” Dazai smiles, “Trust me though, Chuuya deserved it.”

Chuuya turns to glare at him while reaching a hand out to grab something, ah, he’s going for the salt. Dazai bites back another grin when he notices Bakugou also reaching out for the salt without paying attention. Their hands meet, which causes their eyes to immediately snap over to each other. For a moment neither says anything, then they both whip their hands back and look at each other in what must be either shock or disgust.

Dazai laughs with most of the 1A kids following suit. Both Bakugou and Chuuya look annoyed by the laughing but don’t actually say anything to stop the laughing, they must be too embarrassed by the whole thing. Sensing an opportunity, Dazai smirks, “Awww, you two wanted to hold hands huh?”

Chuuya and Bakugou, both still clearly embarrassed, turn to glare at Dazai.

“Shut the fuck up Bandages,” Bakugou snaps. Dazai thinks that Chuuya might have said something similar, had Bakugou not beaten him to the punch. Ah, if only they had spoken at the same time, that would have made things even funnier.

Dazai’s phone vibrates in his hand, his eyes flick down to find a game notification lingering at the top of his screen. Over half of his phone storage is taken up by random games, most of them being cheaply made add-filled games. There are a few decent ones though, mainly shooter games he plays to kill time during missions.

Kaminari gasps, “No way, you play that game too?”

Dazai shrugs, he used to play quite often actually. While the core mechanics of the game are basic it has a great map creation feature, a few times Dazai had actually recreated places around Yokohama in game to better make plans. Most of the time though he just messed around on the game during missions to annoy Chuuya, he also got a lot of fun from forcing Hirotsu to take over in the middle of a battle. He hadn’t had much time to play recently though given the whole UA

thing. “What level are you?” He asks even though he’s fairly certain he’s a higher level than Kaminari.

Kaminari whips out his phone and quickly moves to open the app, “I’m still stuck on the level 50 challenge, what about you?”

Dazai grins, it’s just as he thought, “Level 80.”

Kaminari’s eyes widen comically, “For real?” He seems shocked for a moment, then his eyes lighten up as he shoves his phone screen in Dazai’s direction. “Dude,” he starts, “I’ve been stuck on the level 50 challenge for like a week, please help me!”

Dazai peers down at the phone while contemplating, helping out would make Kaminari like him more. While Kaminari might not have a large amount of influence over the class, if the others see Dazai helping him out then their opinion of him will likely improve. “Hm, fine fine. You’ll owe me one though~”

Ah, what dangerous words those are. Back in Yokohama the idea of owing the Demon Prodigy a favour would scare many people down to their bones, in fact, there were many times where people had pulled out of deals at the last minute because of that. The idea that Kaminari is about to agree to owing Dazai a favour for help with a video game is just too funny.

Kaminari cheers, “Dude thanks so much! Sero’s gonna be so jealous when he finds out you’re helping me… Wait, what’s your username?” As he speaks his fingers flick around the screen to pull up the ‘Add friend’ section, Dazai bites back a grin. When Kaminari showed him his account Dazai had actually recognised the username, he never truly pays attention to the people he plays with but sometimes he finds someone who is more fun than the others.

Rather than responding, Dazai simply pulls up his own account and turns his phone for Kaminari to see. He leans in to see properly and then in a very comical move, drops his own phone in shock. Dazai muffles a laugh as the 1A kids around them turn to the boy in concern.

“Are you alri-”

Snapping his head around Kaminari flounders around, “Am I- You don- This guy-” he gestures to Dazai, “He’s- he’s FlyingFish!”

No one gives him a reaction, which causes him to huff, “Look ok, if

you played the game you'd understand how crazy that is! FlyingFish is like, the best player! I thought I was lucky enough to be added as a friend but now…"

He trails off before turning his attention back to Dazai, "Wait wait, why did you add me? Oh and that one trick shot- Wait no, your maps, are they-"

All good questions, unfortunately for Kaminari, he's not going to answer any of them. Instead he grins and turns his attention to Chuuya and Bakugou, "Oh look, I think it's time for judging~"

As if on cue, both Bakugou and Chuuya begin plating their meals and turning to bring them to the island. Dazai ignores the sounds of protest from Kaminari, "Let's see who is the better cook, shall we?"

It doesn't take long for Kaminari to give up protesting once the rest of the 1A kids begin moving in closer and taste testing both dishes. Dazai, not being all that hungry, sits back and simply observes.

Bakugou still keeps throwing nasty glares in Dazai's direction, Chuuya's too whenever someone compliments his food, but overall he seems slightly more at ease. Ironically, it seems the competition has actually lessened tensions, not by much, but still lessened somewhat.

"Hey… Aren't you going to try anything?" Uraraka asks and it only takes a moment for Dazai to realise that she is speaking to him.

Dazai spares her a glance and shrugs, he really can't be bothered eating anything right now but since Uraraka's called attention to it he'll have to now. Of course, he could use some misdirection and make the 1A kids forget about it but Chuuya is unlikely to let it go now.

"You fuckin' got a problem with my cooking?" Bakugou growls.

Not what Dazai was going to say, but he'll roll with it, "Hmm, maybe~"

Bakugou's face twitches, beside him Kirishima laughs and slings an arm around his shoulders, "Relax Bakubro!" He turns to Dazai, "Although, maybe he's just nervous that you poisoned it or something!"

Dazai perks up at that, while he knows for a fact Bakugou hasn't poisoned anything (nothing he could get would work on Dazai

anyway), this is a golden opportunity to cause some problem. Chuuya gives him a warning look, Dazai ignores it.

In one swift movement Dazai shoots a hand out to grab a utensil to scoop up some of Bakugou's dish. Before anyone can stop him, Dazai stuffs the food in his mouth.

Chuuya sighs, the rest of the class look at him in confusion. Dazai hums a little as he chews, he won't admit it but Bakugou is good at cooking. Another thing he won't admit is that Chuuya is also a good cook, but if he would admit those things then he would say that Chuuya is the better cook for real.

After finishing the food Dazai slumps down a little, "No poison, how disappointing…"

A few of the 1A kids look somewhat uncomfortable at that, Chuuya looks fed-up, Dazai knows he just looks disappointed but of course, on the inside, he feels very amused.

-

Kaminari flops down onto his bed, smile still on his face from that whole ordeal. He never thought watching people cook could be so fun, sure he'd seen the shows like Flamin' Kitchen- but like, that show is so not real. The head chef literally sets dishes on fire if he doesn't like them, that doesn't happen in regular cooking.

Watching Bakugou and Chuuya get all worked up over cooking was just something else, even the way they moved around the kitchen was hilarious. Both so tense you'd think they were in an actual fight, oh and the moment with the salt! Kaminari actually doesn't think he's seen a worse expression on Bakugou's face before, not even during the USJ incident!

He's also secretly happy that Chuuya is a good cook, a large amount of 1A just suck at cooking. That sounds kinda rude, which is why he never says it aloud, but it's true! Yaoyorozu and Todoroki have never had to cook before, damn rich people, Sato's only good for desserts and don't even get him started on Mina. Kaminari isn't that good a cook either, he can admit, but at least he doesn't somehow burn through pans. That takes a special type of bad cook. Anyway, there are only a few actually good cooks in class, so having one more means the chance of getting good food for dinner increases. A thought comes to mind, would Chuuya agree to cook for the class? He does for Dazai,

but then again those two are pretty close.

Kaminari ponders this as he unlocks his phone and goes about checking notifications. Usually he's more on top of this stuff, but today's been busy so he's got a few things to check. Mindlessly he hops from app to app and responds to what he feels like; his mother asking if things are ok, his sister demanding pictures of Dazai and Chuuya (he is not going to ask why thank you), a bunch of spam emails, and a couple post notifications from a few of his online friends.

Kaminari doesn't go around bragging about being a 1A student online, getting hounded by the media once was enough for him, if that happened online too he would lose it. A consequence of that is that his online friends have no clue who exactly they're talking about when they bring up UA or 1A. It can be pretty funny actually, during the sports festival his friends had done a running commentary- some of the things that were said he immediately went and told his classmates.

Still happy from the cooking contest, Kaminari waits as his phone loads up the posts made by his friends.

they call me ManAnt
@orc_filth
you guys think if I kill my annoying neighbour ua will get me out of jail? □□

pb noodles <3
@cd_arts
@orc_filth I think they will bestie!!

Fuck you sqh
@BINGLUOHE
@orc_filth @cd_arts the whole USJ thing was bad enough, why the hell would they put murderers in with an literal traumatised children?

they call me ManAnt
@orc_filth
@BINGLUOHE so real!! imagine what they're doing to those poor kids jeez

Kaminari's mind freezes to a stop at that. His previous thoughts of how he could pester Chuuya into cooking for the class vanish within seconds.

pb noodles <3
@cd_arts
@BINGLUOHE @orc_filth UA will only admit to the mistake after a 1A kid gets killed by those two… sad world we live in

Fuck you sqh
@BINGLUOHE
@SurprisedPikachu How we feeling?

they call me ManAnt
@orc_filth
@BINGLUOHE oh my god yes. @SurprisedPikachu you defended ua a lot back when the usj happened, thoughts?

…

'Thoughts?' They want to know his thoughts on this? Kaminari resists the urge to scream at that, they don't know who he is, they don't know that he is one of those 'poor kids'. Besides, they make good points. Dazai and Chuuya are literal murderers, they have probably killed way more than just one person. From the way those two fight they've probably attacked a whole bunch of people, Kaminari can't blame his friends for thinking like that.

No matter if Chuuya is a really good cook, or if Dazai's super skilled at video games and even offered to teach him. The fact that Chuuya stood up to Mineta shouldn't mean anything really, anyone would do it so who cares.

Those two are scary guys. Villains. He needs to remember that.

Yea, villains. Not people he can just be friends with. It doesn't matter how fun they are to be around, they are bad people and that's that.

(That should be that, anyway, but Kaminari isn't so convinced. He remembers back when Aizawa-sensei first told the class about Yokohama and that some Pros were heading out there, back then

Kaminari was still terrified of the pair and couldn't stop thinking about that video. He remembers what Aizawa-sensei had said, that the reason those two were so scary were because they acted like teenagers. Unlike, say, Shigaraki who had a spot on villain persona and kept it up at all times, Dazai and Chuuya had only seemed 'evil' during the actual… Well, murder. Other than that they actually acted their age.

Which is why a certain post actually pissed him off a little, 'murderers in with literal traumatised children?' Technically that's all true, but like, Chuuya and Dazai are children too? They act way older sometimes, but it's so obvious in the way they interact with each other. That might sound stupid, but hear him out. Kaminari has two younger twin sisters, they like to act all grown up and responsible all the time. It's so annoying because then his parents will be like 'oh Denki, why can't you be like your sisters?' and then he has to fight back saying 'well actually they are little terrors but you don't see that'- anyway, he's getting off topic. Point is, when those two get a moment to goof off and act their age they do it exactly how Dazai and Chuuya do. Gone is the united front that gets school projects done a month before the due date and in its place is a pair of girls that make stupid bets and even stupider dares.

The fact that his sisters know how to act mature doesn't mean they aren't children, because the second they get the chance they become the most insufferable tweens ever. So, can't the same be said about Dazai and Chuuya? They act all scary and tough but when they let that drop and act like teenagers- boy do they act like teenagers. The arguing and shoving, the threats and insults, the nicknames! It's all so childish that the thought that all those two boil down to is a pair of murderers is beyond stupid.

But thinking like that feels…. wrong. When have people ever sympathised with villains? When has thinking of the villain as anything other than that helped anyone?)

His phone vibrating pulls him from his thoughts, for a second he's scared it'll be another post about Dazai and Chuuya. It's not though, just a couple messages from his group chat with his sisters. That lifts his spirits a little, it's been a while since he got to speak to them both at the same time so-

Dumb: stop thinking so hard we can feel it from here

Dumber: Have u been cursed or smth? This isnt like u

Never mind, he never wants to speak to these two again.

-

Aizawa absolutely is the type of man to say 'I told you so', he has many many times and he knows he will continue to say it. In some situations though, he can't be bothered mustering up the effort to say it, even if the phrase is only four words. A great example is back when the dorms were first implemented, some of the kids had decided to pull an all nighter to celebrate moving in together. Aizawa warned them they would regret it, the kids did not listen, and so the next day when they could hardly keep their eyes open Aizawa didn't even bother saying the words. He just looked at them with slightly raised eyebrows, that caused the lot of them to turn away and groan.

Another good example is the exact situation he is in right now, as Nedzu gleefully looks through the notes and footage from the cops vs robbers fight from yesterday Aizawa spares a look over at All Might across from him. All Might, in his powered down form, gives him a tired look, one that says 'I hope for our sake you're wrong.'

"Well," Nedzu claps his paws together, "Those two really are something! 1A truly has a lot to learn, I think it would be best for these training exercises to continue."

Aizawa looks at All Might, All Might looks back at him.

"I'm sure the kids could learn a lot but…" Midnight twirls a strand of hair around her finger, "Didn't you say the cops vs robber fight would be the last one?"

Nedzu smiles a little, "I wish to see them fight together! It's unfortunate that in this fight they largely worked separately, it is my hope that if these fights continue they will eventually work together! Besides, all this fighting is helping 1A improve I'm sure!"

And there it is, exactly what Aizawa knew Nedzu would say.

"All this about helping 1A to improve, what about 1B?" Vlad King huffs, which also isn't that much of a surprise. It's normal for there to be a little competition between the hero course classes, which

naturally seeps into the teachers in charge of them too. Before, when the advantages of having Dazai and Nakahara in class weren't so obvious, Vlad King had been all too willing to let Aizawa handle them. Which, really, those two were never going to go to a different class given that Aizawa is the only one who can erase Nakahara's Ability in an emergency. Part of Aizawa wants to roll his eyes at Vlad King, if he wants 1B to have the same opportunities he should also have to deal with the chaos that those two (mainly Dazai) bring wherever they go. He doesn't do that though, instead he slumps further into his capture scarf while wishing he was asleep.

Nedzu nods, "Of course of course! I'm sure we can arrange a few training sessions with 1B."

For a few minutes Aizawa is mercifully allowed to ignore all conversation and hide in his capture scarf. But, as always, good things must come to an end.

"One last thing," Nedzu starts in a tone far more serious than his previous statements. Aizawa tips his head up to get a better view of Nedzu as he speaks, "Despite my best efforts, it seems I cannot delay this any longer."

A few of the others look at each other with confusion, some in worry. Aizawa refuses to jump to conclusions just yet, knowing Nedzu this could be anything.

"In a few days time the HPSC has scheduled a meeting between themselves and Dazai and Nakahara, no UA staff are to be present."

Now that wakes Aizawa up.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone!

I have to say, I originally thought I wouldn't have enough 'filler' ideas to properly pad things out but now it seems I have too many ideas... (Always on the look out for more though!)

The main attraction of this chapter is the little cooking contest, which by extension makes me feel like the other part are too short -_- Well, not Kaminari's part but the other two sections. Well, Aizawa will be getting another POV in the next few chapters that will (probably) be longer, so he'll have to deal with a short one here. I have to give full credit to the user Nneko for

the cooking competition, especially the bit where Dazai eats the 'poisoned' food. I had a lot of fun writing that bit!

As for the Kaminari section, I actually wrote that part first and I really like it! I am a sucker for social media AUs, which now I'm asking myself why I haven't included social media more in this fic??? Oh well, I'll have to sneak some more in when writing future chapters. Back to Kaminari, does he have sisters? Well, he does now! Would he have deep thoughts like what I wrote, maybe not, but I need people to start thinking about this stuff in advance so now he gets to! (Useless information here: Kaminari's username in the chat with his sisters is 'The OG')

Some of my favourite things to do when writing this fic is coming up with chapter names and picking a quote for the chapter summary. For most chapters I keep the title sensible so it's easy for people to tell what's going on (for example, if someone wants to just skip to fight chapters then it's easy because they're all labelled as such) but sometimes I can't help myself from picking a more silly choice (See chapter 12's title). As for the summary quotes I tend to pick the line I like best from the chapter! That means sometimes the summary quote it really serious or just funny. I bring this up because this chapter has both a silly title and summary quote, how fun right!

Some people may have noticed that I title chapters something like 'number - title' which I am big enough to say I regret doing! It's so confusing for even me, I can't image how it must be for you guys -_- I have to stick to it now though, so we'll all have to put up with it. Just know when I refer to a chapter, such as mentioning chapter 12 in the paragraph above, I mean what ao3 considers chapter 12 and not whatever chapter has '12 - title'. Ugh, why must I make things so complicated for myself....

As always I have to leave the chapter on a cliff hanger, who would I be if I didn't?

Thank you all for reading!

Chapter 17: Training time!

Chapter Summary

Chuuya is a little caught off guard by that actually, "You do know gravity is physics right?" He really, really hopes she does.

Chapter Notes

CW: Dazai typical suicide references

Let me know if I missed any!

Thanks to sleepy_ete for beta reading <3333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The problem, Dazai finds, with randomly assigning groups is that it rarely ever plays to anyone's skills. Sure, sometimes you might get lucky and people that work well together might end up in the same group, hell, you might even discover a whole new pairing with previously unseen potential. When possible Dazai prefers to hand select groups, at least then if it all turns to chaos then it will be the most optimised chaos.

Dazai slumps down in his chair a little and risks a glance over at Chuuya's little 'research group'. Their teacher for this lesson, some pro he hasn't bothered to remember the name of, had decided that looking answers up to questions is absolutely a group activity and refused to listen to any arguments saying otherwise. That ended up with Chuuya being paired up with Bakugou and Mineta, which really is the worst combination possible. Mineta is so clearly terrified of the both of them, which means he's too busy almost crying to actually do any research. Bakugou is flipping through textbooks with such speed that Dazai is surprised none of the pages have ripped off yet, every time he finds an answer his flipping stops for a moment and his grin gets wider. It's obvious he's trying to 'win' at finding the answers and from the looks of it Chuuya might just be playing along. Anyone else would think that Chuuya is just quietly doing the work, but Dazai knows the slug much better than most.

Dazai's own group isn't much better to be honest, in fact it may even be worse. Somehow he's ended up with two of the more forgettable members of 1A and the sparkly guy that sits behind him. Despite calling them forgettable Dazai has made an effort to remember

everyone's names, faces, and Quirks in 1A just in case he needs the information later on.

First in this rag tag group is Koda Koji who can talk to animals, his Quirk isn't the worst out there but just rather easy to beat, after all if there are no animals around left alive who will he talk to? Although, Dazai isn't so sure the guy even talks in the first place. So far, despite being a good half hour into this research task, he has not said a single word. Sometimes it looks like he wants to say something, but he always ends up staying silent. Either he struggles with speaking to others, or he's just scared to say anything with Dazai sitting so close… Hmm, he'll have to keep an eye on this kid to see which one it is.

Next is Sato Rikido, strength Quirk based on how much sugar he intakes. His personality does seem a little plain at times, but he certainty does have that 'heroic spirit' that seems to be a requirement to get into UA. Then again, that tiny pervert made it in and he seems the type to run away crying at an ant- maybe it isn't a requirement after all.

The most interesting of the lot is naturally Aoyama Yuuga. There are a few reasons Dazai likes this kid the most out of the group, firstly, his reactions are just fantastic. Always so over the top and dramatic, somehow always including a reference to sparkles, randomly swapping to French halfway through a sentence- what isn't there to like? If Dazai started acting like this he actually thinks Chuuya would kill him, which makes it even more important he spends more time around this kid to properly learn how to be like him. There's also another thing about the kid that catches Dazai's eye, something that he'll have to test out over the next few days. If he's right about this little hunch, well, that would be valuable intel indeed.

Sato sighs and sets his textbook down, "I can't find the answer to question ten in here."

Dazai flicks his eyes over to the question sheet, before this he hadn't bothered to put much effort into this research task. He probably should have helped a little, if only to improve opinions about him, but oh well, better late than never.

Question 10: What item is illegal to put through a mailbox?

Well, that's an odd question. Dazai understands that heroes in training need to learn the law to properly enforce it and stop villains, that much is a given, but really who cares about mailboxes? Surely UA should be teaching them more important laws, or at the very least teach them the important stuff first and leave these types of laws for later?

Aoyama physically wilts, "We simply must find the answer, another failing grade will dampen my sparkle…"

When he says something like that, who is Dazai to argue? Leaning back in his chair a little, Dazai says, "It's ice cream."

All three of them look at him in a mix of shock and confusion, if he were betting then Dazai would say that they're currently thinking 'Woah, he's actually going to help' and 'That can't be right.' It is right though, which Dazai says as much.

Sato gives him a dubious look, "And you're sure about that?"

Dazai nods, "I need to know what the laws are first before I can break them all, that's one of my life goals you know."

Sato does write Dazai's answer down, which he's happy about because he knows it's right, but looks uncomfortable while doing it. Hmm, maybe that last comment wasn't a good idea after all. Oh well, he'll work on getting this odd little trio to like him more another time. Maybe they'll end up in the same research group again, wouldn't that be fun?

-

"You're not very good at making new friends are you Chibi~"

Chuuya throws a half-hearted punch in Dazai's direction, mainly because if he hits the bastard like he wants then Aizawa would come over and scold him.

Dazai pouts, "What was that for?"

Stepping to the side, Chuuya easily dodges as Dazai attacks back, "You're annoying, that's why."

"Well," Dazai starts, "Maybe if you made some other frie-"

A sense of satisfaction fills him as Dazai yelps and falls to the ground

when Chuuya throws out a much stronger punch. Dazai shoots him an offended look, Chuuya rolls his eyes in response, “This is your fault, so you should be taking the brunt of responsibility.”

Chuuya takes a quick look around the training hall while Dazai whines on the ground. Much like the last time they were here everyone in 1A has been split off into groups to practise with their Quirks. A good few kids seem to just be messing around, something he doubts they’d be doing if they had noticed Aizawa lurking in the shadows right beside them. If Chuuya had to guess then he'd say the pro plans to sit there quietly and add to their punishment until someone notices him, that certainly seems like his style anyway.

“But Chuuuyya,” his eyes flick back to Dazai who is still lounging on the floor, “I have such an unlikeable personality, you’ll have a much easier time making friends than I would!”

Chuuya snorts, “You got that right.”

Dazai, finally, pulls himself up. Then, in true Dazai fashion, leans his entire body weight onto Chuuya’s back, “How about this Chibi, let’s divide and conquer! You take your little gravity friend, how's that?”

Uraraka is on the other side of the hall working with a few of the girls, she seems to be trying to master jumping from one floating object to another. So far, from what Chuuya’s observed, she’s fallen more times than she’s succeeded. Well, it couldn’t hurt to go over and give some pointers but first…. Chuuya angles his head to face Dazai, “And who will you be taking?”

Dazai gives his best ‘I’ll only cause a little bit of trouble’ smirk before answering, “No need to worry about that!”

Chuuya thinks he does, in fact, need to worry about that given Dazai might go and get himself killed. While he would love for the idiot to suffer the consequences of his actions, Chuuya simply cannot allow him to die by anyone else’s hand, that will be Chuuya’s reward for dealing with him for years thank you very much.

Chuuya sighs, shrugs Dazai off his back, and leaves without saying anything more. A few kids look over to him as he walks across the hall but most keep focused on what they’re doing, a couple of those kids that look over are from the group messing around. It seems that taking their attention away from each other allowed at least one of them to gain spacial awareness, if the shout of ‘A-Aizawa-sensei!’ is anything to go by. Speaking of, even as he begins scolding the 1A kids, Chuuya

can feel Aizawa's eyes on his back tracking him. In Chuuya's opinion, he should be keeping an eye on the real troublemaker (Dazai) but whatever.

It doesn't take long to arrive in the corner of the hall Uraraka and her friends are working in, instead of just walking up to them Chuuya decides to observe a little. Somehow none of them notice him, which raises the question of how do these kids have such little awareness?

With a critical eye Chuuya watches as the group continues working. Uraraka is still jumping between different floating platforms with varying levels of success, she seems a lot more confident when jumping but not so much when she lands. It probably doesn't help that her Quirk doesn't keep the platforms level, each time she lands the things wobble just enough to make her trip over her own feet. Chuuya, naturally, does not experience this when he uses his own Ability but he does have a few ideas to help her improve.

Mina and Jirou seem to be working together to destroy a rather thick slab of concrete, the combination of acid and sound waves are doing a decent job at eating away at it. Chuuya's never handled acid or sound waves before, or at least not in a way that would be helpful right now, but he's sure he could come up with some advice to give them. If worse comes to worse he can give them a couple pointers for hand to hand combat, from what he's seen 1A are severely lacking in that skill so he's sure they'll appreciate it.

When Mina, finally, notices him she gasps, "W-When did you get here?"

The other two girls turn in shock along with a few other nearby students, well that confirms that 1A sucks at paying attention to their surroundings. Chuuya shrugs, "Couple of minutes ago."

Jirou sends her friends a confused glance before looking at him, "Uh, why?"

Now, Chuuya could explain that he saw Uraraka struggling and thought he would help, or he could say that Dazai annoyed him too much so he left the idiot. He doesn't do either, instead he turns to Uraraka, "You're struggling right?"

Caught off guard all the girl can do is nod. Chuuya hums, "Well, use your Quirk on me." Normally, he wouldn't let anyone get close enough to use their Quirk or Ability on him, minus Dazai of course, due to it being too much of a risk. Of course, there are people he

trusts wouldn't hurt him, but outside of that group anyone could be waiting for the chance to get close enough to hurt him. He's taking the risk now though, mainly because he doubts Uraraka would strike first like that. Well, she might if the situation was different, but right now he's not actively being a threat.

He waits a moment for her to answer but gets nothing, "I have a few suggestions in mind, but I need to know how your Quirk actually works to make 'em any good."

Understanding dawns in Uraraka, "Ah, alright!" She quickly manoeuvres herself back to the ground and makes her way over to Chuuya. After a moment of thinking, or perhaps hesitation, she leans down and taps her fingertips against both of his ankles. The effect is… Strange. Almost immediately, Chuuya's feet rise up from the ground and leave him hovering, while that isn't a new experience for him it certainly is different. Now, he understands why Uraraka was struggling to keep her balance so much. Upon the Tainted Sorrow affects his whole body which makes for stable and uniform movement, in contrast Uraraka's Quirk is only affecting his ankles.

"I was actually wondering this, but how different is your Ability compared to Uraraka's Quirk?" Mina asks with genuine curiosity. Chuuya watches in amusement when a little distance away Midoriya's head twitches in their direction.

"For floating like this? Well, the best way to imagine it would be to think of a swimming pool," Chuuya starts as he begins moving a little to get used to it, "Upon the Tainted Sorrow is like standing on a big raft, there's a lot of room to move and you don't really need to worry about falling. This Quirk feels more like standing on a kick board, you're still floating but it's way less stable." If Uraraka used her Quirk on more of her body then she'd probably have an easier time, Chuuya isn't sure she's able to do that though.

The three girls around him nod in understanding, Uraraka in particular. "Then… Do you still think you can help?" She asks in a hopeful tone.

Chuuya makes a show of rolling his shoulders, he's a bit wary of doing this and falling straight on his face since Dazai would never let him live it down. It'll be harder to manoeuvre given the differences between his Ability and her Quirk but…

He wills himself forward, pleased to find it isn't too different than

when using his Ability. He's slower than normal, but that's to be expected, even still he quickly jumps and lands in the centre of one of the floating platforms. Chuuya allows himself a moment before leaping over to the next one, beneath his feet the platform wobbles but he stays steady.

"H-how did you do that so quickly?" Mina gasps, Chuuya almost laughs at her over-dramatic behaviour.

Chuuya looks over at Uraraka, "Did you see what I did different?"

Uraraka thinks for a moment, Chuuya simply stays silent to allow her a moment to think it through. To other people it may not have been much of a difference, but any gravity manipulator should have been able to notice and know the importance behind it. Well, any gravity manipulator that uses their power often for this stuff, from what he's seen so far Uraraka is inexperienced.

While he's looking in her direction, which just so happens to allow him to see another group of 1A kids some distance away, he notices them up to something…. He can't quite tell what that something is, but he swears he just heard Dazai laugh so whatever it is can't be good. From the looks of it the group is composed of Yaoyorozu, Kaminari, and that arm guy, whose name might be Shouji? Chuuya hasn't spoken to him really, so he can't be sure of that.

After a minute passes Uraraka sighs, "I know it was something to do with the landing but I didn't see it…" She sounds disappointed with herself which causes her classmates to shoot her concerned looks.

"I'll do it again but slower, so pay attention," Chuuya says. It'll be harder going slower due to the loss of momentum but it shouldn't be too bad. He hears some yelling, along with the sound of Dazai laughing once again, he decides to ignore it. Whatever that idiot is up to isn't his problem right now.

This time when he readies himself and leaps across to the other platform and back he can feel Uraraka's intense focus on him, part of him feels a little flustered about it. When was the last time he displayed a skill like this and had such an attentive audience? Probably when he was doing something with Dazai if he's being honest, but that fishy idiot doesn't count.

Once Chuuya has steadily landed and turned his attention to the three girls, Uraraka nods, "I saw it this time!"

Chuuya smiles and jumps down from the platform, “Think you can do it yourself then?”

Mina whips her head from one gravity manipulator to the other, “Wait wait wait! I didn’t see it!” She exclaims before Uraraka can get an answer in.

“I think,” Jirou starts, “the trick is to crouch a little as you land, right?”

Mina still looks confused, so Chuuya decides to elaborate a little for her sake, “It’s all gotta do with your centre of gravity-”

For a second Mina still looks confused, she must have thought it through though as a moment later her face changes to one of dread. “Don’t bring physics into this! I totally suck with that subject….”

Chuuya is a little caught off guard by that actually, “You do know gravity is physics right?” He really, really hopes she does.

Mina flushes, “Of course I know that!” She hesitates a moment and when she speaks again her voice trails off a little, “I just didn’t realise you guys needed to know that stuff…”

Alright, that makes sense. “Technically I don’t need to be good at physics to use my Ability, it just makes things a lot easier,” Chuuya explains.

Uraraka nods in agreement, “It was only recently that I realised how much getting good at physics would help. I haven’t even touched the advanced content yet but I already feel like I understand my Quirk better.”

Both Mina and Jirou nod understandingly, in contrast Chuuya looks at her with a questioning expression, “Only recently?” Even back before he had joined the Sheep, back when he was freshly out of that lab and wandering around Yokohama trying to make sense of things he had, on some level, understood what physics was and how it could help him get better with his Ability. Of course, back then he had no clue it was called physics and was widely taught in schools around the world, instead, he had just noticed common trends when he did certain things and dove into exploring how that all worked.

“Oh, well,” Uraraka begins, “I don’t know how it is in Yokohama, but here we aren’t allowed to use our Quirks unless we have a special licence or we’re in a training setting, like a hero school for example. I

just never thought about improving my Quirk control before UA."

Jirou is the next to speak, "How is it in Yokohama anyway, I imagine they must have some laws about Abilities right?"

Chuuya nods, "Yea, there are it's just… Well, hardly anyone pays them any attention at this point." Compared to what else goes on in the Port Mafia, breaking a few laws about Ability use is the least of anyone's worries.

Maybe he shouldn't have said that actually, given the way the mood seems to drop a little at that. The 1A kids are definitely warming up to both him and Dazai, which is good for that idiot's plan, but it seems that every step forward is accompanied by two steps back the second the kids remember why exactly they're at UA. From now on he'll have to avoid speaking about anything related to the Port Mafia and maybe Yokohama in general too but that might be harder.

Fortunately, the awkward atmosphere doesn't last for long when shouts and groans echo around the training hall. Chuuya doesn't need to look to know Dazai is at fault, he does anyway though if only to access the damage. Lo and behold, Yaoyorozu, Shouji, and Kaminari are sprawled across the ground with electricity dancing around them, Dazai stands in the centre of this mess with a sly grin on his face. When he notices Chuuya watching he waves and then, in true Dazai fashion, simply steps over the groaning Kaminari and walks away-most likely going to find some other kids to terrorise.

Chuuya sighs heavily and then physically turns around so he doesn't have to deal with whatever Dazai is up to now, teachers should be responsible for their students right? Yea, so Aizawa can deal with this while Chuuya actually has a little bit of fun teaching Uraraka.

His reaction gets a few laughs from the girls around him. After she finishes laughing Jirou asks, "How are you two even friends?"

"Trust me, we're not," Chuuya huffs.

"What? But you two are so close!" Mina exclaims, beside her both Jirou and Uraraka nod along.

"I spoke to him once and haven't been able to get rid of the fucker since, he's more like a parasite than a friend," Chuuya explains which once again gets a few laughs. They think he's joking, but Dazai really is like a parasite sometimes. Chuuya shakes his head a little to clear his thoughts, "Well, that's enough about that idiot, let's get back to

what we were doing."

Uraraka smiles once more before adopting a more serious expression, "Right! With your help I'm sure I'll be able to master this trick!" Chuuya smiles back in return and watches as Uraraka activates her Quirk and begins preparing herself to make another attempt. Back in the cops vs robbers fight Uraraka had taken his advice and managed to pull off that wall kick rather quickly, so he's sure it won't take her long to get the hang of it. Maybe after she's more stable doing basic jumps between the platforms he can teach her a few tricks, mostly ones just for show though, after all, he can't let her get too good. While both he and Dazai could beat her with or without their Abilities, it might come back to bite him if he teaches her too much.

"Hey," Mina says, interrupting his thoughts, "You think you could show us some tricks too?"

Chuuya takes in Mina's hopeful expression along with Jirou's not so subtle interest in the topic, "Not for your Quirks no, but I could show you a few hand to hand combat moves?" Again, he won't show them anything too detailed but the basics like how to throw a punch and how to block should be fine.

Jirou smirks, "I don't suppose you have some tips for dealing with creeps like Mineta?"

Ah, yes, now that's something he can do. "I sure do, courtesy of my mentor back home."

Uraraka, who had seemingly delayed beginning her training to listen to their conversation, chimes in, "Your mentor? You mentioned her before I think... She wouldn't be mad at you for sharing her techniques?"

Chuuya shakes his head, "Nah, back when I first met her Ane-san made it damn clear what would happen if I wasn't respectful to women. If I didn't teach you this stuff she'd probably come to UA herself to set me straight." Which is absolutely the truth, Ane-san had made it clear from the beginning that she expected him to be a gentleman regardless of if he was in the Mafia or not. While he had managed to scare Mineta away from harassing the girls for now, he gets the feeling that won't last, especially once he and Dazai get back to Yokohama. Showing them a few moves he's seen Ane-san use is the least he can do really.

That earns a few laughs, along with a couple looks of admiration. "She

sounds awesome," Mina smiles excitedly, "Alright, teach me everything so I can be a badass like her!"

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Midoriya is trying his best not to get distracted, he really needs all the practice he can get with his Quirk so training time is valuable but… But he can't help but keep looking over at Dazai and Chuuya! Getting to see those two in action is always so interesting and distracting, it was honestly so hard not to start rambling about Abilities during the cops and robbers fight when he had, at multiple different times, got a close up view of Chuuya using his Ability. Every time he felt his mind starting to wonder he had to mentally slap himself to focus again. Now though, there are no consequences if he lets his attention wander and starts to theorise about Abilities. Well, there might be if Aizawa-sensei catches him, but Midoriya is banking on him being too busy watching other students to notice.

Chuuya isn't using his Ability right now, which makes sense given the Ability erasing bands he always has on. Part of Midoriya thinks that's unfair, but that part of him is just desperate to find out exactly how his Ability works. It's such a cool Ability when he thinks about it from an analytical standpoint, completely changing the gravity on any object he touches, including himself, is just insane. It's even more insane when Midoriya thinks about how much control Chuuya must have to be able to even use his Ability, surely if he wasn't careful he would just go smashing through a wall if he tried to walk up it?

A few minutes ago Midoriya had watched as Chuuya easily jumped from floating platform to floating platform, he moved with such a fluidity that just screamed experience and total mastery- which would make sense if he hadn't been under Uraraka's Quirk's control. Just moments before Chuuya had gone over there Midoriya had watched as Uraraka struggled to stick the landing, he knows for a fact that Uraraka's Quirk works differently than Chuuya's Ability due to eavesdropping on their conversation, so how was he able to so easily adapt and succeed? Is being able to easily move around mid-air a side effect of his Ability? Or maybe he's just so used to it that the difference provided by Uraraka's Quirk isn't an obstacle. It could also be the case that he's just got a really good understanding of physics and is able to easily figure out what he needs to do to pull a move off, which if that is the case that creates more questions of if that is a learnt skill or something that came along with his Ability. For people with Quirks, their bodies naturally change to accommodate them with the exception of the mind. Sure some Quirks are mental based and

likely boost the user's memory and critical thinking skills but none have given the user an innate understanding of something like this, not that Midoriya knows of anyway- but of course that doesn't apply to Abilities. Everything Midoriya knows about Quirks is useless when thinking about Abilities.

For a few minutes he had just stared in Chuuya's direction hoping he would be able to figure out the answers to his questions. It hadn't worked though, so he had decided to shelve those ideas for now and swap his attention to somewhere, or someone, else.

Midoriya now watches with an attentive eye as Dazai nods along to whatever Kaminari is saying. That little group is just too far away for Midoriya to be able to hear anything, which is a shame, but he's able to make an educated guess as to what is happening. Yaoyorozu is currently crouched over making what looks to be a large blanket, Shouji already has one wrapped around his arms, Kaminari doesn't have one though which makes Midoriya think that the blankets must be insulated to protect the wearer against electricity. That group must be planning to have Kaminari let off some electricity while Shouji and Yaoyorozu try and withstand it, or maybe they'll be trying to get close to Kaminari, maybe even try and fight him. Midoriya isn't sure how good of an idea it is, but he's in no position to go over and interrupt.

"What are you looking at?"

Midoriya jumps at the voice, Todoroki's voice he realises after a moment. With a sheepish smile he turns to his classmate, "Oh well, I was just watching Yaoyorozu, Kaminari, and Shouji. I think they're about to do something that will-"

Midoriya notices sparks of electricity in the corner of his eye and turns to fully watch the scene. It starts off well enough with Yaoyorozu and Shouji easily advancing through the field of electricity, but then Kaminari lets off what must be just a little too much electricity. In a matter of moments both Yaoyorozu and Shouji shout, in shock or pain, and drop to the ground, Kaminari follows soon after with a vacant expression on his face. Midoriya would be more worried about the trio if he could not see them rolling around and groaning, they mustn't be too hurt then.

Todoroki makes some sort of sound from beside him but Midoriya is in no position to properly focus on him. Just a moment ago, when Kaminari let off that too big attack, Midoriya saw as it hit Dazai- or well, as it didn't hit him. As soon as the electricity got close the blue

light from Dazai's Ability appeared and protected him from ending up on the floor groaning, even now as the last few sparks of electricity bounce around Midoriya can see as his Ability quietly activates. Dazai waves at someone, probably Chuuya, but Midoriya pays it no mind. Instead he keeps his eyes on the string of kanji floating around Dazai's feet, it's faint but if he squints then he can just make it out. That's another thing he's desperate to know about, why does kanji appear when an Ability is activated? And also, what's with the names? No Longer Human and Upon the Tainted Sorrow. Dazai had previously said that they don't name their Abilities, which now makes sense knowing about the kanji, but also how is that possible? Why does it happen? The names must mean something right? It just- It just makes no sense and Midoriya is itching to ask questions.

Dazai steps over Kaminari, who is still drooling away on the floor, and begins walking away… Actually, he begins walking in Midoriya's direction. Oh man, did he notice him staring? Is Dazai going to yell at him or something? Well, actually, Dazai doesn't seem the type to yell but still.

As Dazai saunters closer Midoriya can feel Todoroki stiffen from beside him and immediately feels guilty. Todoroki is still upset about what Dazai said during their fight, he should be focusing on that and supporting his friend and not geeking out over Abilities.

Dazai gets closer and Midoriya prepares himself to tell him to go somewhere else when, without any warning, Todoroki turns and walks away. He supposes he shouldn't be so surprised, but still, he expected more of a confrontation.

"No, wait!" Dazai exclaims. Todoroki pauses for a moment, like he's contemplating hearing Dazai out, before glancing over his shoulder. Seeing that this is likely the most he'll get, Dazai quickly says, "I didn't know you'd be so upset over what I said, so I'd like to apologise."

Well, that's surprising. Midoriya didn't think Dazai was the apologising type, then again, what does he actually know about the guy? Dazai and Chuuya haven't been here that long, and yet he feels he knows Chuuya far better than Dazai. Not that he knows Chuuya all that much, but still, what he does know is leagues more than what he knows of Dazai. Oh, maybe that's a side effect of his Ability? Being so mysterious does create an inhuman vibe sometimes, so maybe…

Midoriya snaps his wandering mind back to attention just as Todoroki

turns to him, “I’ll see you later Midoriya.” With that he continues walking away, not a word said in regards to Dazai’s apology.

He half expects Dazai to try and run after him, but instead he just shrugs, “Oh well, can’t win them all.”

He feels conflicted for a second on if he should follow Todoroki himself, but ultimately decides to stay where he is. It does feel like a somewhat selfish decision, given how badly he wants to question Dazai, but he reasons with himself that if Todoroki wanted him to follow then he wouldn’t have said goodbye to him.

“So, Midori-kun, you were looking at me?” Dazai asks, much to Midoriya’s horror. He had been hoping Dazai hadn’t noticed. What would be the best way to answer though? He could just lie and say he happened to be looking in that direction, or that he was curious what was happening with Kaminari’s group but he gets the feeling Dazai will see straight through that. Maybe it would be best to be honest? If he is then Dazai might even answer some of his questions, which would be amazing. Or maybe he should lie after all, then Dazai will leave and Midoriya can focus on training like he should be doing. Oh, but if he-

“Midori-kun?”

Midoriya snaps out of his spiral of thoughts, right, he needs to answer now. Sheepishly, he nods, “Sorry, I was just curious about your Ability...”

“Well, No longer Human is the best Ability out there, so I suppose I can forgive you,” Dazai says nonchalantly, unaware of the storm of thoughts that sets off in Midoriya’s mind. He can’t tell if Dazai is lying about having the best Ability or not and it’s seriously getting to him. Sure, being able to nullify Abilities is a strong power, but there must be other Abilities that are better right? For example Chuuya’s Upon the Tainted Sorrow, ah, but then again what does it matter about other Abilities if Dazai can just nullify them away? Actually, are there any limits to his nullifying powers? Is he able to nullify mutant Abilities, if those even exist?

Well, there’s only one way to find out. Stealing his nerves Midoriya takes a deep breath, “I was wondering if I could ask some questions actually, a-about Abilities that is.”

For a second Dazai doesn’t say anything, which does cause Midoriya some anxiety. His brain wants to run at double speed to try and figure

out what to say in case he's made Dazai mad or something but he resists the urge. Dazai seems to contemplate before answering, "Hmmm, alright but you have to answer my questions on Quirks in return!"

"Deal," Midoriya says before he can even comprehend it.

Dazai grins, "Midori-kun, you always make the best deals, you know that?"

Midoriya feels an odd sense of pride at that, something he's not sure is all that appropriate. Well, he can think about that another time, right now he has to focus and make sure he asks the most important questions. Which are… All of them? Damn, why did he never think about which ones he wants an answer to most before this? Once he gets back to the dorms he will be ordering all his questions to avoid this ever happening again.

"So, Midori-kun," Dazai says, taking the choice away from him, "How do Quirk genetics work?"

"Quirk genetics?"

Dazai nods, "Yep! I know a few things, of course, but I was just curious about the exacts… For example, what happens if two people have completely opposite Quirks and they have kids?"

Thankfully, Midoriya has always had an interest in that topic so he's easily able to come up with an answer, "Oh well, the most common outcome would be to just get one of your parents' Quirks. The second most common would be to get some sort of mix between the two Quirks and the most rare outcome would be getting both." The real rarest outcome would be getting no Quirk but Midoriya doubts Dazai wants to hear about that.

"Someone could have two Quirks?" Dazai looks thoughtful at this.

"Well technically it would only be one Quirk, but yes," Midoriya hesitates before continuing, "Todoroki's Quirk is like that."

Dazai nods but doesn't say anything further. Midoriya waits a moment before deciding it's time for him to ask a question, it may not be the most important question he could ask but it's something he's been wondering about. "Do you know anything about how Abilities are named?"

Dazai raises an eyebrow, or more accurately the only eyebrow visible, “We don’t pick the names.”

Midoriya nods, “Ah, yes, I remember you saying that! I was just curious because the names are oddly specific and must have some sort of meaning, if you get what I mean…” He hopes there is a meaning anyway.

“Well, the meanings are up to interpretation,” Dazai thinks for a moment, “For example, what do you think the Ability Love Disappears Tonight does?”

Love Disappears Tonight? Based on the name Midoriya assumes that it involves something being taken away or ‘disappearing’. The inclusion of the word ‘love’ makes him think it has to do with emotions, so making emotions disappear?

Midoriya says as much to Dazai and is disheartened when he shakes his head, “Close but not quite!” Dazai waves his hand behind him in the direction of Chuuya, “A few months ago Chuuya was sent to find this Ability user, Misaki something, and got a little too close during the fight, he ended up getting hit with Love Disappears Tonight. For the next week until we found her again he kept forgetting everything that happened the day before.”

Midoriya takes in that information and makes sure to commit it to memory. “So the Ability gave him amnesia?”

Dazai nods, “Yep, now, your interpretation of the name wasn’t entirely wrong given that Chuuya would forget what emotions he felt the day before, but it wasn’t entirely right either.”

“So,” Midoriya starts already knowing he’s pushing it, asking another question, “What about No Longer Human? What do you think that name means?”

Dazai is silent for a moment, then, “ Well, if Abilities and Quirks are what makes up a person, what makes up their identity, then getting rid of it would make them no longer themselves or even inhuman, right?”

Midoriya feels conflicted by that. He, partly, understands what Dazai means but there surely has to be more to it… The idea that someone can’t be considered human if they no longer have their Quirk or Ability just doesn’t sit right with him.

There isn't time to think about that though as Dazai doesn't take too long to ask his question, "So, other than genetics, is there any other way to pass along a Quirk?"

Midoriya feels his heart skip a beat at that, that question is far too close to the secret of One for All. He wills himself to calm down because there is no way in hell that Dazai has figured him out no matter how smart he is. In a tone that he hopes sounds relaxed, Midoriya answers, "No, the only way is genetics."

For a second he swears Dazai looks at him in a way that says 'I see through that lie' but the next moment it's gone. Midoriya resists the urge to nervously laugh, which will only give Dazai reason to be suspicious. Although, this line of questioning has sparked an idea in his head, "Can you pass Abilities along?"

Dazai shrugs, "It's happened a few times in the past but it's a rare situation."

Midoriya feels like he's going to have twice the amount of questions by the end of this, the idea that Abilities can be passed along opens up so many different ideas. Dazai said it's rare, but how rare? Is there some sort of requirement or limitation, for example only being able to pass an Ability along to a family member? What would happen if someone passed an Ability along to someone who already had one, would they get two or would one take dominance over the other? How would Quirks come into play, could someone with a Quirk also get an Ability? Midoriya, desperate for more information, quickly asks, "Could you tell me about the past times it's happened?"

There has to be a common link between the cases where it's happened, but what is it?

"I would, but it's my turn to ask a question Midori-kun," Dazai replies, "I want to know about how the body adapts for a Quirk."

He's slightly disappointed that he'll have to wait to hear more but that was the deal they made. "Um, I'm not sure how to explain it… The body just, adapts?" Midoriya cringes at his terrible explanation.

Dazai sighs, "Obviously, but to what extent? Do people get injured by using their own Quirk often, or have their bodies developed an immunity to it?"

It's a reasonable question, a reasonable question that gives Midoriya a lot of anxiety all of a sudden. The question Dazai asked earlier about

passing along Quirks along with this… Has he figured out that Midoriya's Quirk hasn't always been his? The rational part of his brain tries to calm himself down, Midoriya hasn't broken a single bone while Dazai and Chuuya have been at UA- which means there is no way that Dazai could have realised anything amiss. Although, if he had watched the Sports Festi- No, Midoriya cuts his thoughts off there. He needs to answer now before Dazai gets suspicious, "In most cases they'll be immune, but there might be side effects to their Quirks that might hurt them."

Dazai nods in understanding and, thankfully, doesn't seem to pick up on Midoriya's panic. After giving himself a moment to calm down Midoriya feels a little excitement at knowing it's his turn to ask a question.

"So, about people passing Abilities alo-" Midoriya starts but is quickly cut off when explosions echo around the training hall. In one swift movement, Dazai darts forward and twists around Midoriya.

Bakugou, now in the spot where Dazai just was, growls, "Don't run, bastard, I want a rematch!" Midoriya feels a spark of annoyance at his appearance, couldn't he have waited a few minutes more or just, you know, not done this at all? Midoriya is trying to gather important information here!

Dazai, still using Midoriya as a human shield, huffs, "It's rude to interrupt a conversation you know. Besides, if you can't even beat Chuuya in a cooking contest, what hope do you have of beating me?"

"I won that contest!!"

"Oh yea? How come everyone praised Chuuya's food more then?"

That seems to piss Bakugou off more, which, in turn, causes Midoriya to get anxious. He knows the anger isn't aimed at him, but still, he spent so many years being the target of said anger that it's hard to brush it off.

Dazai shifts behind him, likely about to say something to further annoy Bakugou, when, for just a moment, they make contact. Midoriya stiffens as he feels One for All being ripped away from him, the power he worked so hard to gain just gone in a moment. He's being irrational, he knows, and yet he can't stop the spike of fear that runs up his spine at once again being Quirkless. Yaoyorozu had once asked him after his one on one with Dazai what his Ability felt like, back then he had said he felt Quirkless with no hope of getting it

back… His classmates didn't understand the truth behind that statement. They didn't understand that he knew what it was like to be Quirkless, and this is it. This feeling of missing something so so important, of missing something that almost seems vital to life…

" *Well, if Abilities and Quirks are what makes up a person, what makes up their identity, then getting rid of it would make them no longer themselves or even inhuman, right?"*

Midoriya now finds himself agreeing with Dazai just a little bit more.

Just as quick as it happens, that sensation ends. One for All comes crashing back to him, something that causes Midoriya to sigh in relief.

Dazai, now standing further away from him, shrugs a little, "Oops."

Midoriya turns to him with the intent of saying something, he isn't sure what yet, but quickly loses that opportunity. Bakugou takes a step towards Dazai, "Oi, use your shitty Ability on me!"

Shocked, Midoriya can only stutter out, "K-Kacchan? Why would you wan-"

Bakugou glares him into shutting up, "Don't call me that Deku!" He jerks his head in Dazai direction, "That bastard only won last time because I was caught off guard, if I get used to it then I'll definitely beat him next time!"

While that does make a lot of sense, Midoriya really can't imagine willingly having his Quirk nullified. Even just that second he spent in contact with Dazai was terrible, experiencing that for longer periods of time and more often sounds like a nightmare. Realistically, he knows it would get better the more he got used to the feeling but still…

"And why would I get rid of my advantage like that?"

For a second Midoriya thinks Bakugou might just leap forward and grab Dazai anyway, but fortunately, that doesn't happen. Instead, someone, Aizawa-sensei, claps to get everyone's attention on him.

"Dazai, Nakahara, and Yaoyorozu are free to leave," Aizawa-sensei says simply.

Midoriya reckons it's the end of the lesson, so how come only three people are allowed to leave?

Aizawa-sensei, seeing the looks of confusion around the hall, grins, "I said there would be punishment for the team that lost, did you think I forgot?"

Ah.

Dazai chuckles, "Have fun Midori-kun!"

Midoriya mentally prepares himself for whatever Aizawa-sensei has prepared for them, if the smirk on his face is anything to go off then Midoriya guesses it's going to make most of the class miserable by the end.

Bakugou looks mad at his chance to rematch Dazai, or his chance to build up a resolve against No Longer Human, being cut short. He turns and stomps away and if Midoriya had to guess, then he'd say that Bakugou plans to 'win' whatever they'll be doing next to make up for it.

Most of the class has started moving to gather around Aizawa-sensei by now, so Midoriya begins walking over there himself. While doing that he can't help but take one last glance over to Dazai, who is now walking side-by-side with Chuuya. One of his arms is slung over Chuuya's shoulders, something that by now isn't a surprise. Those two always stand and sit close to each other, most of the time with some part of their bodies touching. It looks so natural for them that Midoriya has no doubt that the two of them have been like that for a while.

Chuuya leans slightly into Dazai and Midoriya is struck with a sudden realisation, if they have been like this long before coming to UA then that means Chuuya must have constantly been having his Ability nullified. Midoriya can't help but wonder how he would be able to put up with that, living in a dangerous place like Yokohama would surely mean he would feel anxious not being able to use his Ability. Maybe he's used to it after so long? Or maybe he puts up with it because he and Dazai are close? Or maybe…

"Midoriya."

Snapping his head back over to Aizawa-sensei, Midoriya sheepishly nods, "Sorry sensei!" He gained a lot of information about Abilities today that he'll have to mentally sort through later, analysing Dazai

and Chuuya's relationship will have to be a task for another day.

-

"What are you doing?"

Mina, who was not expecting the sudden question, jerks backwards. Her back hits into one of the sofa cushions they had set on its side and- shit.

Her friends around her groan, "Dude" Kaminari starts, "We spent so long on that part!"

Mina huffs and turns around to face him, in doing so she can also see Dazai watches from the corner of the room. "It's his fault, I was startled!" She points an accusing finger at Dazai and only a moment later does her mind catch up to her action. It totally was his fault but like, Mina has met people that refuse to take responsibility and get all pissy when people point that out. Who knows if Dazai's going to get pissy or like… call out her deepest secret and laugh.

Dazai crosses his arms, "People have told me before to stop sneaking up on them, apparently I'm very startling." Huh, ok, he took that pretty well. He sighs and tilts his head like he's genuinely confused, "That aside, what is this mess?"

Kaminari squawks a little, "What- hey! This isn't a mess, it's our blanket fort!"

From beside him Kirishima nods proudly, "Training today was super tiring, so we made this fort as a reward."

Dazai looks at him sceptically, he doesn't say anything but it's clear he has Opinions. Sero jumps to the defence of their beloved blanket fort, "Don't make fun of it! We've worked really hard!"

And isn't that the truth. It's kinda stupid considering they all know it won't survive more than 24 hours, which is for two reasons. Either when they sleep in it it'll collapse on them or the second they leave for class tomorrow someone will knock it down, both of which have happened before. Mina suspects it's Iida who keeps knocking down their fort but she has yet to get any evidence. He always gets so annoyed when they make forts in the common area.

Dazai shakes his head, "No no I'm not here to make fun it's just….

that's a terrible fort." Everyone's kinda silent for a second, which gives Dazai the chance to walk closer and begin circling around their fort. "There is no structure here, oh and over there that blanket has nothing holding it down. Don't even get me started on the dipping in the middle."

Kaminari grips the pillow in his hands tighter, Mina isn't surprised. Whenever they get the chance to make a fort he takes it really seriously, once she even thinks he called it his baby. "Not like you could do better," he sniffs, and wow is he crying?

Dazai ignores the crying, "Oh I could, and I will."

"Huh," Mina says with clearly a lot of thought, "You're going to help us?"

Dazai nods and then, without any hesitation, ruthlessly kicks a pillow and the whole fort comes crashing down. Kaminari makes the sound of a dying animal, Kirishima gasps as if he just witnessed a murder. Dazai looks up with an innocent expression, "What? Anyone with sense could tell that was holding the whole thing up, if you want it to withstand force you need to spread the pressure out more."

Dazai begins shifting the pillows and blankets, or to be more specific he kicks them out of the way so he can get to the pile of paper and pens they had previously dumped on the floor. Mina was planning to make up a bunch of signs like 'do not kick down!', 'private property', and 'only cool kids allowed'. Dazai picks up a pen and quickly begins sketching out a very detailed and professional plan.

"I'm familiar with the best ways to knock down a house, so I know which parts need fortifying to keep it up," Dazai explains casually like that's normal knowledge to have.

Mina decides to roll with it though. If Dazai can help their fort withstand attack (by Iida who definitely is the secret fort smasher) then she'll do anything for him…. well, not anything, but like anything legal. Hopefully with his help they'll finish up sooner too, it's already getting late and Mina is exhausted from training with Chuuya today. Don't get her wrong, it was absolutely amazing and she learnt so much (that she will be using on Mineta the moment she gets the chance) but man, she'll need like a week of rest before she's up for it again!

-

Over the years that UA has existed many things have changed but there is one thing that, no matter how many years pass, never seems to go away. That would be the rivalry between the A and B heroics classes, whether it be academically or physically those two classes are always at each other's throats trying to 'win'. In some cases even after students have graduated and joined the world of Pro Heroes they still cling onto those rivalries, in Aizawa's opinion, the whole thing is stupid. There isn't a way to stop teenagers from being competitive though, so Aizawa has to begrudgingly put up with it.

This year's 1A and 1B are no different.

There is another thing that has always remained true, something that only staff of UA are aware of. It is something that really shouldn't happen given they are Pro Heroes and, more importantly, adults but, as many before him, Aizawa finds it hard to resist this one 'tradition' of sorts. He still stands by the fact the rivalry between heroics classes is stupid but…

"Soooo, which class is stronger anyway?"

"1A."

"1B."

Vlad King shoots him a glare, Aizawa easily ignores him.

The other truth, the 'tradition' of sorts is simple; while the kids of the A and B heroics classes have their rivalry, so do the homeroom teachers of those classes.

Dazai, who once again is lounging on Nakahara without a care in the world, smirks, "Sensei, I didn't know you're the competitive type."

Aizawa resists the urge to roll his eyes, "I'm not." Which is true, the only time Aizawa had ever made an effort to win something was back when he needed to win the Sports Festival to get into the heroics course. Since then Aizawa has worked hard but 'winning' has never been a priority. As long as the goal, whatever that may be, has been accomplished and he worked hard then it hardly matters where he places. The only reason Aizawa entertains the staff rivalry is because Vlad King insists his class is better, which Aizawa knows for a fact to be false. The 1B kids are strong and smart, they'll all make great Pros one day but Aizawa can't bring himself to say his class is worse.

Dazai doesn't look convinced, "Sure Sensei, whatever you say."

Nakahara rolls his shoulders back, or at least he tries to with Dazai still leaning on him, Aizawa wonders if the kid ever gets back pain due to Dazai. “When are these kids getting here anyway?”

Vlad King glances at him with a look of suspicion and caution, “Any moment now.” Aizawa understands why he’s on guard, he was the same when Dazai and Nakahara first got to 1A. Of course, he still makes sure to keep an eye on those two and not let himself get too complacent but when over half the time they’re just bickering and being childish he has learnt not to waste energy being on guard all the time.

Now that he's thinking about it actually, he should probably say something to Dazai before the matches start. It’s his duty as a teacher to make sure all students, regardless of class, are safe at all times… It may also have something to do with the fact that Vlad King would forever hound him if a 1B kid was hurt too badly. Never mind the fact that he’s just as responsible for Dazai and Nakahara as Aizawa is.

“Dazai,” he waits until the boy turns to look at him, “No messing around, got it?”

Dazai pouts, “You have such a low opinion of me Sensei.”

Vlad King looks between the two of them before huffing, Aizawa ignores him once again. Unfortunately, Dazai does not, “So Vlad King, or should we call you Sensei too? Anyway, I bet you think 1B will do better against us, right?”

“Call me Vlad King and yes, I do,” he answers simply.

Dazai smirks and Aizawa, despite not having known the kid for long, immediately knows it means trouble. Now that Dazai knows what Vlad King expects, he’s probably even figured out about the rivalry between classes, he’s sure to do something to cause chaos.

Before Aizawa can call the kid out on it, because that’s part of his job while watching over those two, the students of 1B start trailing into the room. They all seem a little nervous and apprehensive, which is understandable. At the front of the group walks the class president, Kendo, and the vice-president, Shoda. They too seem a little nervous about what is about to happen and yet they walk on despite that, the rest of the class seem to be inspired by the two of them. Aizawa can see why they were picked for the positions of president and vice-president.

Once all the kids have come to a stop in, Vlad King introduces the lesson, “You all already know what’s happening today, so let’s get right to it.”

In a normal lesson this might be where Aizawa would chime in to explain something, but he’s not here to teach 1B. Instead his job is to be on hand in case Nakahara tries anything with his Ability, so he stays quiet.

Vlad King gestures to the large screen behind him, “You’ll be fighting in teams of four against those two, if you get captured then you’re out. If you all get captured then your team fails, you can also fail if time runs out and you have more people captured than the other team.”

The 1B kids all seem to understand well enough, so hopefully they’ll be able to start soon. The sooner they start the sooner it will end and Aizawa will be able to go take a nap.

“Here are the teams in the order you’ll be fighting,” Vlad presses a button and the screen behind him flicks to a list of students in five groups. Aizawa glances back to see what the teams are, he may not be too familiar with the 1B kids but he does know all of their Quirks, by the looks of it the teams might actually give Dazai and Nakahara a challenge. Hopefully not more of a challenge than 1A did, otherwise Vlad King will never let him live it down.

Team A: Tsunotori, Tetsutetsu, Honenuki, Kaibara

Team B: Shishida, Shiozaki, Rin, Tsuburaba

Team C: Tokage, Kamikiri, Bondo, Awase

Team D: Yanagi, Kodai, Monoma, Shoda

Team E: Kendo, Komori, Fukidashi, Kuroiro

The 1B kids start looking at each other and grinning, likely already thinking up plans on how to win. One kid in particular seems to gain some confidence from seeing the team ups as he laughs loudly then, with a somewhat shaky finger, he points at Dazai and Nakahara, “You two have no chance against the superior class of 1B!”

For a second everything is quiet, a few 1B kids look at Dazai and Nakahara anxiously like they expect the pair to pounce on Monoma for saying that. Vlad King looks ready to step in and protect his students but Aizawa gets the feeling that won't be needed.

Dazai once again smiles in a way that promises trouble, "If you say so~" He then, finally, stops leaning on Nakahara. Instead he turns and takes a step closer to Aizawa, "Sensei…"

Aizawa sighs already knowing exactly where he's going with this. Before pulling the paintball gun out of his pocket Aizawa turns to address the class, "This is a fake weapon but you'll treat it as a real one for training." He takes the gun out and watches as some of 1B tense up despite the warning, Aizawa turns his attention to Dazai, "Don't do anything inappropriate or you won't be getting this back for a long time."

Dazai seems to think about that for a moment before speaking, "Does shooting myself in the head count as inappropriate?"

Before anyone else can say anything Nakahara reaches over and smacks Dazai hard, "Idiot! I've told you not to say shit like that."

Dazai pouts, "But Chuuuyya, it was a real question!"

"A real stupid question more like," Nakahara says while rolling his eyes.

Aizawa keeps his eyes on those two as Vlad King tries to move past Dazai's question, he might be explaining something further about the matches about to happen but Aizawa pays it no mind. Nedzu had made it clear that after the incident with Bakugou all teachers were to take Dazai's suicidal comments seriously, no matter how comical he might try to make them. Aizawa has tried to keep a close eye on the kid in case he tries anything but he suspects that might be a pointless task. Dazai is smart, if he did something he would most definitely keep it as secret as he could from everyone else. Well, maybe not everyone.

Nakahara sighs as Dazai pokes him, much like how one pokes a sleeping bear. Despite their near constant arguments it's clear that those two care for each other, if Dazai were to try something then Aizawa suspects Nakahara would be the first to find out. Of course, Aizawa will need to mention that comment Dazai just made to Nedzu and still make an effort to keep an eye on the kid but he thinks that, for now at least, Nakahara seems to have a handle on the situation. It

might be for the best to let Nakahara take the lead on dealing with Dazai's suicidal tendencies for now anyway, the kid clearly has experience with it and Dazai is leagues more comfortable with him then with any of the Pros at UA.

Aizawa can only hope that the kid won't need to be in the position of keeping Dazai from making a serious attempt or helping him heal after one any time soon.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is the longest of them all so far at just over 10k.... I really don't know how that happened haha

First of all, I have no clue if that law about ice cream is real or not, I found it on some random website so who knows... If it isn't a real law then we can just pretend it is in this universe.

I hope you all enjoyed the bonding time with 1A- I know I did. Quite a few of you were excited for Chuuya and Uraraka bonding, so I made sure to extend that section past what I had planned :D I absolutely loved writing Chuuya talking about Kouyou, actually I just loved writing Chuuya in general.

Also there is an alternative world where Kouyou does turn up at UA to scold him. Dazai would be sat there like 'Ooooo he's in trouble!'

I feel like I made up a lot of stuff about quirks and abilities during that Midoriya POV -_- Making it up was fun though so who cares....

The ability 'Love disappears Tonight' is inspired by the book 'Even if this love disappears tonight' by Misaki Ichijo, I recommend reading it!!

Fun fact- you know when Aizawa was like 'Did you think I forgot?' in reference to the punishment for losing? Well... Actually I did forget about that. I went back to check something in that chapter and went 'Ah.'

Iida totally is the fort smasher, maybe that's OOC but (puts on Iida voice) that fort is a hazard in case of an emergency like a fire and is inconsiderate as it is in a shared are. Mina catches him one day and no one believes her.

I feel like the teachers having a rivalry might be a little on the OOC side, at least for Aizawa anyway. Speaking of 1B though, originally the SKK vs 1B was not going to be a full chapter but then I looked up their quicks and went 'huh' because they have some good ones!! So yea, the planned 'filler' (or whimsy as a friend calls it) has expanded by a chapter. If there are any 1B lovers out there this is for you.

This part goes out to fellow SVSSS fans- You all know how everyone (SY) insults SQH for not remembering what he actually wrote? Well... I'm afraid I'm siding with SQH now... I genuinely have forgotten part of what I've wrote, so yea, I think people who keep re-reading this fic know more then me at this point....

But!! I have started re-reading my own fic so I don't accidentally write the same thing twice. While I've been doing that I've actually been taking notes of edits I want to make, mostly just changing words and correcting mistakes. I do want to edit some parts by adding or taking away a sentence or two, nothing that should change the plot majorly though. Anyway, I was wondering if you all would want a list of changes after I make them? I know some people like to know when things have been changed so I could totally leave a list of all the changes in the comments of next chapter. Let me know what you think!

Now, a few of you may have noticed this fic is part of a series now, you may have even noticed that it isn't the only work in the series. Well! To celebrate hitting 100k words and 6k kudos I decided to write a oneshot of SKK+1A going to the beach and being silly. That could never happen in this fic but I had the idea and wanted to write a couple scenes so I did, even though it's not my best work I hope you can all enjoy it! Also, thank you all so so so much for leaving kudos on this fic! <33333

Next chapter may take a little while to write considering I have no plans for the 1B fights and I have a couple exams in a few weeks -_-

Thanks for reading! <33333

Chapter 18: SKK vs 1B

Chapter Summary

With a smirk Chuuya closes the distance between him and Dazai, and Tsuburaba. Once at a close enough distance he, with no hesitation, flings his partner right at Tsuburaba.

Chapter Notes

CW: Canon typical violence

If I missed any let me know!

Thanks to sleepy_ete for beta reading <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Team A: Tsunotori, Tetsutetsu, Honenuki, Kaibara

Hopping up onto a nearby ledge Dazai sighs loudly and is promptly ignored by Chuuya, expected but still rude.

Honestly, Dazai isn't sure what to make of these fights with 1B. Don't get him wrong, he and Chuuya will absolutely win all of the fights and he will get some enjoyment out of it all but it's just… Stupid. When creating his plan to get into UA he knew they would end up stuck with one of the hero classes, that much was a given. Bringing two known murderers into UA is a risky move, even with the pros around Nedzu would want the reassurance of knowing that the kids spending the most time around them would be able to protect themselves should anything happen.

Dazai had made plans for what to do should they end up with a different hero class than 1A, that meant he did spend some time researching all the other hero classes and their Quirks. He had expected to end up fighting the hero class kids at some point, either in a training fight set up by UA or when he and Chuuya eventually make their escape.

What he didn't expect was Nedzu parading him and Chuuya around UA for free training fights. If he remembers correctly, and he most certainly does, then they only agreed to help out 1A.

The way he sees it, there are two reasons why Nedzu would make them fight 1B despite it not being part of the original deal. The first reason is simple, Nedzu wants to make the most of having two skilled fighters at UA. It makes sense, no matter how good at acting the pros are they will never be able to truly replicate the mindset and fighting style of a villain. Two actual villains, or criminals as Dazai would prefer to be called, on sight will give the hero kids more real world experience than fighting the pros would.

The second reason is similar in nature, Nedzu wants to see him and Chuuya fight. Dazai has no doubt that the training grounds are covered in cameras, in fact he can see a few right now, so it only makes sense for Nedzu to be reviewing the footage of their fights to analyse them or something similar. Maybe he's trying to find weaknesses or maybe he's using the footage to come up with counter attacks for all their moves, he might even be watching to see how they work together in a fight so he can use that against them. So far he and Chuuya haven't really worked together all too much in fights, oh, maybe he set this fight up with 1B in hopes they would?

Dazai resists the urge to grin a little, no matter how hard that mouse bear looks he will never be able to figure everything out. If he really is as smart as they say then he might be able to come up with a plan to successfully take one of them down but there would be no chance if the two of them are together- which they are, all the time. Actually, Dazai knows the pros would need one hell of a miracle to take Chuuya down in a real fight. Even holding himself back the Slug can easily wipe out a whole class of hero hopefuls, that's not even to mention Corruption. Nedzu might have figured out by now that Chuuya is holding himself back but Corruption is something he won't have even the faintest of ideas about. Ah, what Dazai wouldn't give to see Nedzu's face the first time he lays eyes on the beauty that is Corruption.

Chuuya, who previously was busying himself stretching, looks at him in suspicion, "Whatever you're thinking, stop."

Dazai adopts his most innocent expression, "I have no clue what you mean Chuuya."

"Sure," Chuuya scoffs before turning his attention to the training grounds around them. A large industrial area full of twisting pipes, large buildings, and tricky narrow spaces- which is to say, the perfect place for someone like Chuuya to fight. Dazai can almost see it now, his loyal dog jumping from pipe to pipe in ease. Sure, it would be

better if there were more projectiles laid around but Chuuya can always make those himself from pipes and walls.

The fight should be starting soon so really he and Chuuya ought to be coming up with plans. As if reading his mind Chuuya looks back to Dazai, “How are we playing this?”

Dazai hums a little as he thinks. There are five matches so, in theory, they would draw or even lose one to keep things interesting. It would be funny to see how mad Bakugou would get if he heard a group from 1B did what he couldn’t. Then again, 1B’s teacher Vlad King seemed so sure his class would win and Dazai would hate to prove him right.

Alright then, so they’ll win these matches. Dazai thinks back to his earlier thoughts about Nedzu, maybe he should just give the mouse bear what he wants. He and Chuuya can work together, show off a little bit, and then hopefully Nedzu won’t send them off to fight the other hero classes in UA. They’ll have to hold back a bit though, lest Nedzu gets an idea of how strong they truly are.

Mind made up Dazai hops down from his perch and turns to Chuuya, “Say Chibi, how about we show them a little bit of what we can do together?” He would have said to show off what Soukoku is made of but if his theory is right and Nedzu is watching through those cameras then he would rather not have him hear that. Soukoku is an infamous name in the Yokohama underground, he wouldn’t be surprised to hear people outside of Yokohama know of them- especially Nedzu. If Nedzu finds out that they're Soukoku then Dazai imagines they’ll be arrested on the spot, which would make their mission so much more annoying.

“You sure that’s a smart idea?” Chuuya asks somewhat dubiously.

Dazai nods, “Just don’t overdo it, alright? No one needs a show off.”

Chuuya rolls his eyes, he’s probably about to make some comment about Dazai being the one to go overboard more often. Fortunately, Dazai doesn’t need to hear it as the loud abrasive sound of metal hitting metal suddenly rings out. A second later the ground begins to rumble and Dazai watches in slight disbelief as a large metal tower begins to fall. He really hadn’t expected 1B to start out so boldly.

“Crab dinner?”

Dazai glances over at Chuuya before sighing, “Fine fine but next time I pick the plan!”

-

Chuuya moves with an easy confidence towards the source of the noise and destruction. The closer he gets the more the ground shakes, if Chuuya wasn't able to stabilise himself with his Ability then he would probably be disorientated as hell right now. Is that what 1B is aiming for?

Unfortunately, not many 1B kids made it to the one vs one fights during the Sports Festival which means he has little idea what exactly he's about to go up against. He would have asked Dazai but that idiot had disappeared off into the maze of metal pipes and buildings soon after agreeing to a plan, then again he doubts Dazai would have told him anyway.

He's pretty sure Tetsutetsu has a Quirk similar to Kirishima's and the horns on Tsunotori probably mean something but beyond that he has no idea. He is thankful though that Vlad King had taken the time to actually introduce his class by name, if Chuuya had to fight them while saying shit like silver guy and horn girl then he'd hate this whole thing ten times more. He had enough of doing that during the period where 1A had yet to introduce themselves.

The sound of metal on metal suspiciously stops the second Chuuya arrives at a rather large clearing, he gets the hunch there might be some sort of trap around here. The question now is if he should walk into said trap or find a way around it, he can't see any 1B kids around but it surely shouldn't take too long to find them if he tried. Then again if he does fall for the trap he may gain some information about someone's Quirk, plus it is likely the 1B kids will come out of hiding once they think Chuuya is trapped.

Mind made up, Chuuya begins walking into the clearing, he makes it about half way before something weird happens. What should be stable, cold metal sinks beneath his foot like quicksand. In a matter of moments his legs have been consumed up to the knees, for a brief moment he feels a surge of panic and goes to activate his Ability. He manages to stop himself though, mainly because he isn't sure if struggling will make things worse, plus the whole point of getting himself trapped was to lure the 1B kids out.

For now he'll have to let himself slowly sink, if needs be he should be able to pull himself out using Upon the Tainted Sorrow, if not then he's sure Dazai will be able to nullify the metal back to normal. Although, that does raise the question of if his legs will be trapped in

the metal once it becomes solid again.

“I told you it’d work out!”

Chuuya snaps his head in the direction of the voice, Tetsutetsu and Honenuki. He can’t see the other two anywhere, so whatever is going on with the floor must be due to Honenuki. It’s most likely the kid turned the floor into quicksand by touching it, so for now he’ll have to make sure the kid doesn’t touch him. The chances that he can turn a person into quicksand are low but Chuuya would rather be safe than sorry.

Honenuki nods before turning to Chuuya, “Vlad King told us all about you, I know you’re the stronger fighter but you can only be as strong as the floor you stand on.” Honenuki looks around for a moment, perhaps trying to find Dazai, before continuing, “You’re more difficult to deal with, so we’ll be leaving you trapped for a while.”

Chuuya can’t help but respect the kid for his confidence there, not to mention that his plan is actually half decent. Chuuya guesses that they plan to go find their teammates after this and take down Dazai as a group of four, not a bad plan indeed. Unfortunately for them, there are a few major gaps in that plan. Leaving Chuuya alone is an idiot’s move, they should have at least one student keeping watch to prevent escape.

Not to mention how ironic it is to say ‘you’re only as strong as the floor you stand on’ to the guy who can literally fly. Chuuya gets the feeling these kids either haven’t properly factored in Upon the Tainted Sorrow or have just underestimated it, he isn’t sure which is worse.

Tetsutetsu with his shiny metal skin grins and begins walking away, “Alright, now we just gotta find the other guy!”

Another reason their plan won’t work is because of Dazai, more accurately because of the fact they have yet to notice him creeping up behind Honenuki. When he wants to, that idiot can walk without making a single sound, something that has led to Chuuya getting scared half to death before.

Honenuki probably made the entire ground around here into quicksand in preparation for Chuuya’s arrival, he clearly isn’t expecting anyone to brazenly walk across the quicksand area to get to him. Chuuya briefly wonders how much Vlad King actually told his students about the two of them, he feels like knowing that No Longer Human would allow Dazai to walk across the ground like it had never

been changed would be a rather simple thing to think of.

Chuuya keeps his attention solely on Honenuki, easily ignoring the familiar light of No Longer Human that gets closer and closer until…

The second Dazai's hand makes contact with Honenuki Chuuya uses his Ability to launch himself upwards, he would rather not find out what would happen if his legs were still underground and Honenuki's Quirk got nullified.

Chuuya watches as Honenuki begins to turn his head in shock to Dazai, that's when he strikes. Adjusting his weight Chuuya easily drops back down to the now solid ground, in one swift move he swipes a leg out to trip Honenuki over. Clearly not expecting the attack the kid crumples to the ground.

He won't be down for too long though, so Chuuya will need to 'knock' him out. Once again the rule of no actual harm coming to the students was put in place, so for now he'll have to deal with pretending to do the job.

Tetsutetsu yells in shock from behind him but Chuuya trusts Dazai will deal with him, as predicted the sound of a gunshot soon rings out.

Honenuki still needs to be dealt with so Chuuya throws a punch at his face only stopping at the last second. The kid makes a confused sound, to which Chuuya explains, "I'm not allowed to actually knock you out, so just pretend I did."

It would be annoying if the kid just got up and continued fighting, if that did happen and neither of the teachers overseeing this fight said anything then Chuuya would be pissed. If any of these kids managed to 'knock' Chuuya out, which won't happen, he would have the courtesy to play along.

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Kaibara, who had insisted on staying close to the trap just in case, looks out at the current situation and resists the urge to sigh. He knew they should have set up some sort of sneak attack, but no, Tetsutetsu just had to start destroying things. The moment he had done that all stealth they could have used had gone out the window. Honenuki had been confident they could use all the noise to their favour but now look at him, Kaibara isn't an expert but that certainly looks like a disadvantageous position!

Oh well, he might be able to turn things around with a new plan. “Alright,” He starts while turning to his classmates Pony, “Getting Honenuki back is going to be difficult but if we get Tetsutetsu and then-”

Pony nods her head enthusiastically, “Yes, I know what to do!”

Kaibara gets the chilling feeling she does not, in fact, get what to do. He’s about to question that and maybe explain his plan more when Pony simply turns and runs off into the clearing, as in the clearing where the fight is taking place.

This time he doesn’t bother holding back his sigh.

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Chuuya is very familiar with all the sounds Dazai makes in a fight, partly because they’re in fights together so much but also because Dazai likes to communicate information and ideas with tiny gestures- which, unfortunately, Chuuya has to learn. He knows the difference between a ‘ugh I have to do work’ sigh and a ‘wipe them all out Chuuya’ sigh, he knows what an actual cough sounds like and what a ‘this guy is so stupid’ cough sounds like. Other people might think he’s insane for thinking that Dazai sneezing means they have five minutes until the building blows up and honestly the Chuuya from a few years ago would have agreed, now though he just accepts that this is his life.

That’s all to say when Dazai takes a sharp intake of breath, one that is slightly shocked, Chuuya knows to dodge left. He does just that and moments later a flying horn wizzes past where his head would have been before swinging around and going straight for Dazai. That fishy idiot makes no move to dodge so the horn hooks onto his coat and drags him off, the sight reminds Chuuya of a kitten being dragged away by the scruff of its neck.

An accented voice accompanies more horns as they fly out towards Chuuya, “I must separate you two!”

Now that he's aware of the other 1B kids being present it’s easy to jump up and put some distance between himself and them. One kid, Kaibara he thinks, rushes forward with his two arms rotating like drills- Chuuya ignores the urge to think how odd that is, he has a fight to win.

Just as Kaibara gets close Chuuya notices movement from behind him,

annoyance fills him as he notices Honenuki trying to get up. Easily dodging Kaibara's spinning fist, what he assumes is a fist anyway, he calls out, "Oi, mud kid! I knocked you out so stay out!"

Honenuki looks over to him, "But-"

Chuuya aims a kick at Kaibara's stomach which sends the kid tumbling away, "No buts dammit!"

Before Honenuki can try to argue more another horn swoops in and begins to drag him away. "I will save you!" Tsunotori pauses for a moment before looking over to Tetsutetsu, she seems confused for a moment before asking, "Do you need saving?"

Tetsutetsu nods enthusiastically, "Yea! I totally got shot in the leg see! Can't walk on that." Chuuya glances over and there is, in fact, a splotch of paint on Tetsutetsu's leg. Well, at least the kid is playing along with the whole fake injury thing unlike a certain someone.

Tsunotori does not seem phased by this and instead smiles, "Ok! I will save you all!"

More horns fly out that hook around her teammates, in a matter of moments all four of them have made a speedy retreat back into the maze of twisting pipes and large buildings. Chuuya could chase after them, using his Ability he would be able to catch up to them in no time really, but if he did that Dazai might complain about being left behind…

Speaking of that idiot, Chuuya glances over to where the horn had dragged him earlier. On the very edge of the clearing lies Dazai motionless, the horn seems to have pinned his coat to the ground. Someone else might worry about his lack of reaction, Chuuya knows better, "You planning on getting up any time soon?"

Dazai doesn't respond, Chuuya sighs and begins making his way over to his partner. He really should be able to get out of this himself given how he can get out of any pair of handcuffs no matter the situation. Hell, he could ever just take his coat off and stand up.

Once close enough Chuuya finds Dazai just laying there while staring off into space, "Oi, Mackerel."

Dazai's eyes trail over to him, for a second he still doesn't say anything. Then he blinks and Chuuya watches as his face changes from emotionless to overly dramatic, "Ah, has Prince Charming come

to save me?”

“As if,” Chuuya scoffs and yet he still leans down and rips the now motionless horn from the ground.

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Kaibara takes back his previous sigh directed at Pony, despite not being what he had planned at all she had done really well. Not only had she successfully gotten Honenuki and Tetsutetsu out but she had also been able to put a decent amount of distance between them and the other team.

They might be down a teammate now but that’s fine, Kaibara is sure he’ll be able to figure something out before those two show up again. They might be able to pull off a stealth attack but it would be risky, splitting up again likely wouldn’t end well now they have an odd number. Ok, so a three on two fight, that’s doable.

“Alright you two,” he looks over at Pony and Tetsutetsu, “I have a plan that might just work.”

Pony nods, “Yes, tell me!”

Kaibara is about to do just that, except all of a sudden he finds himself laid on the ground with a very sharp and familiar object pinning him down. He looks up to Pony in shock and confusion because why the hell is one of her horns pinning him down?!

Tetsutetsu jumps up from his spot on the floor, although he very obviously is balancing on one foot, while Pony gasps, “No, that wasn’t me!!”

It wasn’t? Then how…

The realisation comes just a second too late, Kaibara watches helpless from the ground as a bandaged hand grasps Tetsutetsu from behind, then a blue light appears, and finally Tetsutetsu’s steel turns back to flesh just as Dazai brings his gun up and pretends to hit him in the head with the end. “Annnd you’re out!” Dazai announces.

Tetsutetsu glances back at him before sighing, “Yea true.” With that he flops to the ground like he truly had been hit. Say what you want about him but at least Tetsutetsu knows how to play along.

Pony, thankfully, doesn’t wait around before acting. Horns shoot out

from her head to scoop up Tetsutetsu, Honenuki, and herself before flying as high upwards as she can go. Kaibara understands why she didn't bother trying to save him, after all, if Nakaraha has control over the horn pinning him down then he might just take over any other horns sent this way.

Speaking of the devil, Nakahara appears with his head tilted upwards, "She's just sat up there… You think she wants to force a draw?" Kaibara thinks the same, while Pony is great at what she does there is no way she could beat both of those two on her own. Hiding up in the sky is the best way to ensure that their team doesn't lose this fight.

Dazai hums, "Probably, but you can deal with that right?"

Nakahara rolls his eyes as a red glow envelops his body, a second later and he is floating without a care in the world. Kaibara grimaces, it seems there isn't a way for them to win after all.

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Team B: Shishida, Shiozaki, Rin, Tsuburaba

Chuuya sighs, annoyance quickly building with every second Dazai wastes. That fish had insisted on picking the plan this round, which was all fine and well until they actually went in for the attack on the 1B kids. The beast man Shishida wasn't much trouble but then his teammates Tsuburaba turned up and now here Chuuya is, trapped in a cube made out of solid air.

The only plus side to all this is the fact the cube blocks out any sound, which means Chuuya doesn't have to hear whatever teasing Dazai is spouting off right now. That idiot is refusing to nullify the cube and let Chuuya out, instead for the past three minutes he's been talking about something. Chuuya made it a point to look away from him when it became clear Dazai wasn't letting him out of the cube just yet, whatever he was saying will just have to go unknown.

Finally, the solid air around him disappears as the familiar light of No Longer Human illuminates the area. Chuuya gives his partner an unimpressed look, in turn Dazai grins, "So Chibi, you heard all that right?"

Chuuya scoffs, "As if, why the hell would I stare at your fishy face trying to decipher whatever you were on about?"

Dazai sighs very fakely, “Oh well, I suppose it can’t be helped. Now, carry out the plan well little doggy~”

“Shut up!” Chuuya exclaims as he begins stomping off in the direction the 1B kids had run, “What plan are you on about anyway?”

“The plan I just told you about of course! Not my fault if you didn’t pay attention~” Dazai grins as he speaks, which only causes Chuuya more annoyance. That bastard won’t bother repeating his plan so Chuuya doesn’t bother asking, instead he gives Dazai a nasty glare before continuing on to find the 1B kids. Whatever, he’ll figure out what Dazai wants when the actual fight begins.

-

Chuuya can’t help but grin a little, he would never tell Dazai this but he really does love the move they’re about to pull off. There’s just something about it, the fact that Dazai takes the lead and puts those top notch acting skills to use, the fact Chuuya gets to jump in like a badass before beating people up, the fact that their opponent never sees it coming- he isn’t sure which aspect makes him love it.

The 1B kids are immediately on guard the moment Dazai strolls into view with both arms held high, unbeknownst to them Chuuya is tucked close behind him. Dazai sighs dramatically before any of the 1B kids can attack, “That Chibi yelled at me, so I’m swapping teams!”

Chuuya can’t see them but he just knows the 1B kids must have been thrown for a loop at that. Dazai lets the confused silence hang for a moment more, then Chuuya can feel it as his partner begins to bend slightly at the waist, almost as if second nature Chuuya places a hand on Dazai’s shoulder and launches himself over. There are a few vines coming from that Shiozaki girl which Chuuya makes sure to kick as hard as possible on his way back down to the ground.

In their defence, it doesn’t take long after that for the 1B kids to jump into action. Chuuya spies Tsuburaba take a deep inhale of breath and waits until the last moment to yank himself away from the air cube just as it forms.

After successfully dodging that Chuuya changes trajectory and aims a kick towards another 1B kid called Rin. The kid throws an arm up, Chuuya watches as his flesh turns into a much harder looking set of scales. Unfortunately for him, the momentum gathered by Chuuya already means he is powerless to prevent himself from being knocked over.

Chuuya aims a kick in the general direction of the kid's face, close enough that he'll be out but not close enough that any harm will actually come to him.

There's a shocked yell from behind him, which when he glances over turns out to be the work of Dazai. There his partner stands with a handful of vines and a grin on his face, across from him Shiozaki has her hands clasped together as if in prayer.

"You have taken my vines from this world, this is a sin that cannot go unpunished!" Shiozaki declares, ah, Chuuya understands now. Dazai has hold of some of her hair vines so, if he had to guess, she likely can't use those ones anymore.

Shiozaki's vines begin growing in length and move to surround Dazai, interestingly the girl herself starts to move away from the scene, almost like she's getting ready to make a run for it.

Chuuya hears a growl from behind him, without looking Chuuya simply jumps out of the way. Unintentionally, he's ended up far from Dazai- something he now doubts is a coincidence.

If only to prove that theory moments later a large box of solid air forms around Chuuya, it's large enough he has space to move around sure, but when two of the 1B kids are making a run for it with Rin over their shoulders that hardly helps.

Tsuburaba is still loitering near the edge of the cube of air, he's likely supposed to stay here and keep Dazai from getting Chuuya out too quick.

Speaking of, it seems that idiot has only now managed to get out from all those vines. He says something, probably taunting Tsuburaba or insulting Chuuya, before turning and running towards the edge of the air cube.

Chuuya gets a strange sense of deja vu as he watches Tsuburaba create another air cube the moment Dazai nullifies the first one. Dazai's eyes find his and Chuuya sighs upon realising what that idiot was on about earlier, that little plan he refused to tell Chuuya once he could actually hear suddenly becomes very obvious.

Chuuya, in a mirror of the first time they pulled off this move, activates Upon the Tainted Sorrow and plants his feet in the ground. It won't quite be like the time they fought Rimbaud but as long as Chuuya stays put then it doesn't matter how many air cubes

Tsuburaba puts up, all Dazai needs to do is come to him.

Which he does in the most annoying way possible, which is to say the idiot waits until he is close enough before just jumping like he expects Chuuya to catch him no matter what.

Chuuya does catch him, but that's neither here nor there.

Tsuburaba looks taken aback, which may be due to Dazai jumping at Chuuya and not the fact his air cubes have been rendered useless.

An idea pops into Chuuya's mind, one that will not only take down their opponent but also give Dazai a little payback. With a smirk Chuuya closes the distance between him and Dazai, and Tsuburaba. Once at a close enough distance he, with no hesitation, flings his partner right at Tsuburaba.

Both Dazai and Tsuburaba make similar sounds of shock and confusion as the pair collide. Chuuya knows the Mackerel will complain about that for the rest of time but man, that sure did feel good to do.

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Team C: Tokage, Kamikiri, Bondo, Awase

Aizawa watches with amusement as Vlad King tensely calls out the beginning of the next match. His fellow Pro certainly doesn't look happy about this turn of events, something Aizawa knows all too well. He too had once thought his students could put up a decent fight against Dazai and Nakahara only to be shown wrong, that understanding doesn't make him spare Vlad King any smugness.

If anyone were to ask, Aizawa would make it clear he is not getting enjoyment from seeing the 1B kids lose but rather at the knowledge that Vlad King will have to tell their coworkers how the matches went. Vlad King had spent the morning subtly bragging about his students and how they would succeed where 1A couldn't, Aizawa knows a few Pros that won't let the man live that down after finding out what really happened.

Vlad King shoots him a look, "There are still three matches left."

"There are," Aizawa easily agrees. He does not say that he severely

doubts 1B could win any of them but Vlad King seems to hear it anyway. With a huff he turns his attention back to the screens as his students begin moving.

Aizawa too lets his attention trail back to the screens, he chooses to focus on Dazai and Nakahara. On the surface they seem to just be standing in place chatting, something Aizawa often tells his students off for doing. He knows whatever they're talking about must be relevant though considering they have done the same thing for the past two matches and won. They must be discussing plans then.

Tokage, a girl from 1B who got in on recommendation, begins splitting her body into small parts using her Quirk. Her parts split off into two groups and begin wizzing across the training grounds, if Aizawa had to guess then he would say her plan is to try and split Dazai and Nakahara up.

Given the information she has at hand it isn't an unreasonable plan, in the past two fights Dazai and Nakahara have worked as a pair, to assume they would be weaker apart makes sense.

Which, as a side note, Aizawa knows for a fact Nedzu is having the time of his life watching through the cameras right now. The principal has never said that he has a live stream of all of UA's camera's but Aizawa knows he does, that's a Nedzu thing to do after all.

Nedzu has been wanting to see Dazai and Nakahara fight together since they joined UA, that's one of the reasons he kept organising more training sessions between class 1A and those two. Although, now Aizawa gets the feeling the mouse bear had an ulterior motive after all.

At first Aizawa had thought that once Nedzu had gotten the footage he wanted his class would no longer have to fight the two boys, now though he gets the feeling the training fights will not stop. Not necessarily because Nedzu will push it but because his class is starting to enjoy those fights and see them as learning opportunities rather than a one sided beat down. Aizawa is proud of this class for that but he can't help but feel like he has walked right into Nedzu's trap.

Anyway, back to the current fight. While a good idea Tokage and her team will not succeed if they follow this plan, Dazai and Nakahara are strong opponents apart and even stronger when together.

Aizawa's attention snaps back to the fight just as the familiar sound of a gunshot rings out. Dazai, with his arm aimed high, shoots once

again. The paintball bullet smashes into one of Tokage's body parts with just enough force to send it tumbling to the ground.

A few of the 1B kids seem taken aback by this, Aizawa however is used to this sort of thing by now. Dazai is a real menace with a gun.

A few minutes later and all the floating body parts have been shot down. On the cameras Aizawa can see Tokage look taken aback for a moment before turning to her classmates to rework a plan. She has a good set of Quirks to work with here, if she was up against anyone else then Aizawa would have more confidence she could take them down. As it stands though, Dazai and Nakahara are just too high a level for first years. Briefly, Aizawa wonders if Nedzu plans to make the third years fight those two to see who wins- for Aiazwa's sanity he hopes not.

Aizawa can't help but make one remark to Vlad King though, he makes sure his voice is low enough that no 1B kids can overhear, "Well, you still have two more matches."

Vlad King simply glares at him.

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Team D: Yanagi, Kodai, Monoma, Shoda

Dazai sighs, partly out of boredom, at the current situation. That loudmouth 1B kid let it slip that there's a girl with telekinesis on his team, which naturally piqued Chuuya's interest enough for him to bench Dazai for most of the fight. Well actually, the girl hadn't gotten Chuuya's attention that much but Dazai was tired of running around so he might have manipulated Chuuya just a little.

What's a little manipulation between partners anyway?

Maybe he should have tagged along with Chuuya after all, sitting on some random pipe waiting for the Slug to return isn't as nice a break as he thought it would be. Instead of waiting around for the 1B kids to come to him, Chuuya had instead gone to them, which is well and fine except Dazai is now deprived of any entertainment- which was definitely an intentional move. Well, Dazai can only hope his partner drags the fight back to him before things get good. After all, there is someone in particular he's looking forward to seeing in action. The other 1B kids have interesting Quirks sure, but in the end they all pale

in comparison to the strength of Upon the Tainted Sorrow- all but one that is.

Monoma Neito with the Quirk Copy. As the name suggests that Quirk allows him to copy the Quirk of anyone else he touches, a very useful Quirk indeed. Dazai had taken notice of it way back when he and Chuuya were watching the UA Sports Festival together, if he remembers correctly Monoma used Bakugou's own Quirk to set explosions off in his face. That had been funny back then and even more so now he actually knows Bakugou, ah, what Dazai wouldn't give to see that again but in person.

As funny as that had been, what really caught his attention was the possibilities created by Monoma's Quirk. Mainly, would he be able to copy Abilities? Before coming here he would have assumed no, despite the similarities Quirks and Abilities are very different after all. Now that he knows it's a possibility, due to the fact that Erasure and No Longer Human work on both Quirks and Abilities, the next question would logically be how good would his control be- although Dazai is rather certain it would depend on the Ability. Odasaku's Flawless would be easy to use theoretically as it doesn't require too much active control, in contrast Chuuya's Upon the Tainted Sorrow would be a nightmare for Monoma to try to use. That's what Dazai assumes anyway, he hopes to find out some answers today though.

Of course, there's also the matter of a certain other power that Chibi has. It really would be troublesome if Monoma was able to copy that, the kid would probably die instantly if he managed to activate Corruption. That's very unlikely though given that Corruption isn't an Ability but Dazai will keep an eye on the kid, just in case. Well he would if that damn Slug was fighting anywhere near him.

Dazai is rather certain in his theory that the Ability affects how much control the kid has, which means even if he can copy Upon the Tainted Sorrow he likely won't make it far. Dazai loathes to admit it but that Slug really does have to have a decent amount of intelligence to control his Ability like he does, while the kid's Quirk is useful there is no chance Monoma has the brains for it. Dazai has noticed that aside from Nedzu the people from outside Yokohama tend to be quite dim witted, a rather amusing fact really.

For example, if Midoriya was to step foot in Yokohama his little secret would be found out by multiple people far quicker than the kid would like. If Dazai managed to figure it out then Mori definitely would, that detective he keeps hearing about likely wouldn't be far behind- and

that's just the ones who would figure it out within a day or less. Dazai supposes that it's fortunate Midoriya will never enter Yokohama then.

Admittedly, when Dazai first saw Midoriya in the Sports Festival he hadn't thought much of the kid. In fact, if he remembers correctly he and Chuuya spent a solid five minutes making fun of him, then an extra five minutes when the cavalry battle was announced and Midoriya looked dead inside at his point total.

It was only during the 1 vs 1 matches that Midoriya caught his interest for a better reason, that reason naturally being his Quirk. What sort of strength Quirk is so powerful that the user breaks his own bones?

One interesting difference between Abilities and Quirks has to be how the body adapts for them. Today's Quirks are a result of years and years and years of Quirked individuals having children, that's years and years and years for their genetics to start changing to better accommodate the powers they have. The most obvious examples of this would be mutant Quirks, but more subtle ones would be Yaoyorozu and Bakugou. Dazai would put money on it that Yaoyorozu's body retains fat easier and that Bakugou sweats more than the average person. Small things like that just improve the, well, user experience when it comes to using Quirks. In other words, their Quirks have become intertwined with their DNA and heavily rely on adaptations to work well.

Now, Abilities, not being genetic, are not quite the same. In some instances the body may be more resistant to certain things, for example Chuuya never gets motion sick, but those tend to be things that develop after using your Ability for a while, not something that happens from birth. If someone had the Ability version of Bakugou's Quirk then they would likely sweat just like a regular person would, perhaps their explosions would be stronger though.

Now, Dazai is not a scientist so he can't say for certain, but if he had to guess why Quirks have more negative drawbacks then Abilities do then he would pin it on the very reason why they work well- DNA. Abilities are not intertwined with DNA like Quirks, so it's reasonable to assume they can't have a major effect on the body.

Quirks are so well ingrained in DNA that if they are pushed too far or used incorrectly the consequences of that will spread throughout the body, although it seems the backlash tends to stay within a related area to the Quirk. For example, Aizawa had complained of dry eye a

few morality and ethics classes ago, Dazai can only assume that is the drawback of using it too much as his Quirk relies on his eyes.

But, from what Dazai has observed, as long as you don't overdo it then the body is perfectly equipped to handle whatever Quirk you have.

In contrast, Abilities are not connected so heavily so backlash doesn't really occur. Sure, you might get sick after using your Ability too much but that's about it. Because Abilities aren't genetic there's no way for the backlash to come back to you.

That all boils down to a very simple idea, unless you're intentionally pushing far past your limits then your body should be equipped to handle whatever Quirk or Ability you may have.

So, why does Dazai care about Midoriya and his Quirk? Well, simple, he follows none of the rules previously discussed. The end result of how both Quirks and Abilities work is that negative backlash on the user is kept to a minimum, and yet here Midoriya is breaking bones like twigs! No matter how powerful his supposed strength Quirk is his body should have adapted to handle it, at the very least it should be able to handle smaller uses like a finger flick.

No, that's not quite right. During the Sports Festival he was breaking them all over the place but between then and now he did something, likely got some half decent training, that allows him to actually use his Quirk without such a huge backlash.

Someone else might just assume Midoriya got unlucky when it came to genetics, maybe he got the strength Quirk from one parent and the weak body from the other. Dazai isn't someone else though, he noticed how sketchy Midoriya acted when he asked about passing Quirks along. He also knows a little something about All for One supposedly being All Might's enemy since the dawn of Quirks, implying that either All Might is immortal- unlikely- or his power is transferable. All Might who had coincidently joined UA's teaching staff this year just as Midoriya joined for his first year.

When you put it like that it hardly takes a genius to see the connection.

Fortunately for both Midoriya and All Might, Dazai has no interest in spilling their little secret. He'll have to tell Chuuya eventually, if the Slug doesn't figure it out himself, and of course Mori will want to know but other than those two Dazai doesn't see the need to tell anyone. After all, once he and Chuuya are back in Yokohama it will

hardly matter who has what Quirk and why.

Speaking of, Mori will likely also want information on anyone else Dazai thinks may pose a threat. The biggest ones currently would be Monoma, Shinsou, and possibly Aizawa but maybe he won't tell Mori any of that, the old man should do some work on his own sometimes and not send teenagers to do it instead.

Even while distracted by his thoughts Dazai does notice when an object comes flying in his rough direction, fortunately he doesn't need to bother moving as the thing collides with one of the large metal pipes beside him. Whoever launched that thing truly has terrible aim.

Dazai waits for a second attack but finds nothing coming his way. Instead, he spies a familiar head of hair dashing in between the various pipes and buildings some distance away. From his vantage point Dazai can see as Chuuya leaps around with two 1B kids trailing behind and- ah, some distance away he can just about make out that Monoma kid. He's probably trying to keep his distance so that Chuuya forgets about him, that'll make getting closer enough to copy his Ability easier. Dazai can't see the fourth 1B kid anywhere, Chuuya must have gotten her out already.

A chunk of metal goes flying towards Chuuya, must be the work of that telekinesis girl, before he deflects the object and it smashes into a nearby wall. That piece that almost hit Dazai earlier must have been an attack Chuuya either dodged or re-directed then, he most definitely will be complaining to Chuuya for almost hitting him later. Nevermind the fact it didn't get that close and Dazai would have been able to dodge it if it had.

Hmm, well, Dazai supposes he can forgive his dog for this since he did bring the fight to Dazai as he wanted. Now Dazai can sit back, relax, and enjoy watching Chuuya beat up some children.

Or at least, that's what he wanted to do. Despite having many opportunities to do something, Chibi just keeps dragging this fight out. Rather than attacking he just keeps dodging and running around, which yes, Dazai recognises he does the same thing but that's different! Chuuya is supposed to be the bull headed one that never steps down from a fight, not the one who dances around attacks without doing anything in return.

Movement catches his eye and a grin soon forms on Dazai's face, whatever that Chibi was hoping to achieve by avoiding attacking will

soon be ruined. Unless his goal was to drag Monoma out of the shadows, in which case his plan seems to be unfortunately working.

Despite his loud, abrasive personality Monoma seems far too talented at sneaking around unnoticed, in a matter of moments he has managed to scale a rather large pipe and position himself to be just out of sight from Chuuya. Dazai can see what he hopes will happen, if his teammates continue to push Chuuya back then he'll have to pass by that pipe to get away- which will give Monoma a chance to copy Upon the Tainted Sorrow.

As predicted, a minute later another chunk of metal flies towards Chuuya. He dodges by jumping backwards with his Ability and just so happens to fly past that very pipe Monoma is hiding behind. A hand quickly reaches out and, dammit, Chuuya's body is in the way so Dazai has no idea if Monoma managed to make contact or not.

He quickly finds out though when Chuuya once again leaps away, Monoma jumps out from his own hiding spot and grins, "You think yourself so much better than class 1B because of that Ability, well, let's see just how well you'd do without it's advantage!"

Now, there are two, no three, reasons why what Monoma just said is incorrect. First has to do with how he said it, Dazai recognises that tone, Monoma is sincerely trying to taunt Chuuya in the way Dazai does. He's nowhere near as good as Dazai though, so that won't work on someone who has to put up with him on a day to day basis. The second reason is that Chuuya is better than 1B with or without his Ability, that's just a fact. And finally, Monoma says all this because he assumes Chuuya won't know how to fight someone that can use the exact same power as him. Sadly for Monoma, Chuuya already has experience in that department due to one Paul Verlaine.

Monoma, with a grin that most certainly won't last, raises a hand in what must be a dramatic flare before his body begins glowing in that oh so familiar red light. Dazai can't make it out from here, but he's sure the typical kanji will be floating around the kid somewhere signifying that he really is using an Ability.

There's no sign of Arahabaki lurking around though, so that's one less thing to worry about.

Everything seems to pause for a moment as Monoma looks at Chuuya and laughs arrogantly, "Let's do this, unless you're scared?" He raises a foot and makes the move to step forward… Only for the ground

beneath him to crumple, leaving him in a mini-crater.

Monoma looks shocked, which only works to prove Dazai's earlier theory. He likely wanted to add some extra gravity to his step, things would be more dramatic that way, but heavily overshot it.

Huffing, Monoma bends his legs a bit like he's planning on jumping up and out of the mini-crater. Dazai grins with anticipation, he knows exactly where this is going.

Monoma jumps up to the surface and then just keeps going, without intending to, he is now floating in the middle of the air at eye level with Dazai- who had intentionally chosen a rather high pipe as a vantage point so he could see more. Honestly, Dazai is surprised the kid was able to stop himself from just flying up into space.

Dazai holds back the urge to laugh, if only to avoid Monoma discovering his spot.

The 1B kids remaining on the ground look up in shock and concern, Chuuya meanwhile sighs before jumping up to Monoma's level. In one clean move Chuuya grabs Monoma and deposits him next to Dazai before turning back to the other 1B kids, and it seems he's finally going to start attacking back.

Dazai grins before placing a hand on Monoma's back, nullifying his Quirk gets rid of the possibility of the pros finding out more than they should about Upon the Tainted Sorrow. For good measure Dazai then shoots the kid with a paintball to the chest, just in case he tries to fight back or something.

"Chibi will get mad if I don't bring you to the jail right away, let's be quick so I can come back and watch him win, alright?"

Monoma sighs sharply but nonetheless stands up and begins walking to the jail with Dazai, it takes more time than he would have liked to get there due to all the climbing they had to do. Neither of them speak, which somewhat surprises Dazai. He had thought Monoma would still be going on about being better than 1A or whatever, and yet here he is walking along in silence. Maybe he's in a grumpy mood since he lost, he does seem the type.

Once they arrive at the jail, which already contains a 1B kid, that changes. Monoma sighs as he passes him and walks into the jail, "I really can't believe any human could control that Ability."

It's an off-handed comment really, and yet Dazai can't help the anger and annoyance that fills him upon hearing it. If Chuuya had heard it then he would get upset, which Dazai won't stand for- especially when his partner is by far the most human anyone could possibly be.

Maybe he's over-reacting. Upon the Tainted Sorrow is a hard Ability to control after all, it makes sense Monoma would be so self centred to think that if he can't control it then no one should be able to. He was just expressing his frustration or something… Upon review Dazai decides he isn't over-reacting at all.

"Ow! What the hell was that for?" Monoma's hands fly up to cover his now paint splattered forehead.

Dazai puts on his best apologetic face, "Oops, my finger slipped." Now to get back to Chibi and watch him wipe the floor with the remnants of the 1B team.

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Team E: Kendo, Komori, Fukidashi, Kuroiro

For the first time Dazai finds himself truly regretting coming to UA. Of all the possible plans he just had to choose this one, they could have infiltrated the LoV or became some vigilante knock-offs- hell, they could have just found the LoV's base and stormed the place. But no, Dazai just had to choose the plan that sounded the most fun while also getting him and Chuuya away from the Port Mafia for as long as possible, he should have known it sounded too good to be true.

From behind him Kendo groans a little, Dazai debates the merits of 'accidently' knocking her head into a wall. Surely Aizawa wouldn't get mad if he made it look like an accident? This whole situation is her fault anyway so surely everyone would understand if she got a little more injured than her classmates…

Dazai had expected this fight to go like the other four, which is to say he expected it to be an easy win. While the kids of 1B might have lasted longer overall than the 1A kids overall they are far too weak to be challenging him and Chuuya, a few of them made half decent plans to make up for this lack in strength but in the end those plans couldn't hold up.

The class president, Kendo, seems to be just a step above her peers

though.

Kuroiro was the first 1B kid they encountered, his Quirk allows him to hide away in shadows- something that would actually pose Chibi a challenge. Of course, should Dazai get close enough then he could easily drag the guy out of hiding, so, rather smartly, Kuroiro made sure to stay far away from Dazai's reach.

How is Dazai now separated from Chuuya and dragging an unconscious Kendo around? Well, it all comes down to a certain hat. Chuuya is always so on guard about keeping his hat where it should be at all times, during fights he tends to use his Ability for the sole purpose of keeping it on his head. Actually, Dazai has even seen Chibi use his deadly Ability just because it was a windy day.

But for all of Chuuya's worries about losing his hat during a fight it had never actually happened, not until now that is.

In a truly inspiring move Kuroiro had pretended to attack only to snatch away Chuuya's hat at the last moment. With a grin the kid had then immediately dashed off, the whole time Chuuya's hat was dangling along like a toy meant to be chased.

And chase he did. Chuuya hadn't bothered to listen to Dazai's warning before sprinting down the hall after Kuroiro and his hat.

Dazai must applaud Kendo for doing what her classmate Tokage couldn't. Her plan successfully avoided both Abilities coming into play, if Kuroiro had tried to just drag Chuuya away then he would have increased his weight and made it impossible and if the kid had gotten close to Dazai at all then his Quirk would have been nullified. Going for Chuuya's hat was a wildcard move, possibly the only type of move that could have worked in that situation. Sometimes, when all you fight are opponents that are far stronger and far more intelligent, beginners are able to get one over on you because their inexperience is unpredictable. The same thing applies to chess actually, not that Dazai has ever lost that way.

After Chuuya had rushed off to save his hat Dazia had been left by himself, he could have ran after his partner but he hardly had the effort for it.

That's when Kendo found him.

Again, a rather smart plan all things considered. The other members on her team all have Quirks that could potentially cause Chuuya

problems, Chuuya can't manipulate the gravity on shadows nor can he withstand airborne mushroom spores. If Dazai was around then he would easily nullify those Quirks and give the advantage to Chuuya, so obviously they had to be split up.

Kendo had likely left dealing with Chuuya up to her classmates while she fought Dazai in a one on one.

The fight itself hadn't been that hard, but it certainly dragged out. Kendo's large hands allowed her to block paintballs that otherwise would have hit vital spots, whatever martial arts training she must have had certainly came in handy too. Dazai typically likes to keep his distance in a fight and leave anything close combat to someone else, Kendo though made sure to keep the distance minimal when she could.

Unfortunately for her, Dazai's training in close combat far surpasses hers even if he never uses it. Actually taking her down wasn't easy but it certainly wasn't hard, the hard part came after that.

Just as Dazai was about to 'finish' her off, which is to say pretend to do that, Kendo had launched herself at Dazai with all her body weight. That had ended with the pair of them on the ground where Kendo promptly hit her head and knocked herself unconscious. During that whole fiasco she had managed to tightly wrap her hand around Dazai's arm, a grip that did not let up despite Dazai's best attempts.

Sighing, he shifts his grip so the girl will stay steadily on his back and not get a concussion from falling off, if she doesn't already have one, he really can't be bothered getting a scolding from Nedzu or Aizawa if she got hurt despite how tempting the idea is.

Overall, her plan was very clever. From separating Chuuya from him using his hat to forcing Dazai to drag her body around, thus slowing him down and giving her classmates more time to take down Chuuya. She reminds him of Yaoyorozu in a way, except Kendo has confidence in her plans despite how unconventional they might be. Dazai briefly wonders if the two of them know each other.

His arms are starting to hurt from holding Kendo up for so long, he really needs to find Chuuya soon so they can finish this fight.

-

Chuuya has decided right here and now that he is not a fan of mushrooms. Before he didn't really have strong feelings either way,

but now he hates them.

The reason is due to 1B's very own Komori and her mushroom spore summoning Quirk.

Chuuya can admit it was a foolish move to chase after Kuroiro, he should have at least waited for Dazai so they could chase the guy together but no, he went off on his own. He had thought it would be fine though, all the other 1B kids had been easy enough to beat so what's three more?

Turns out those three more would cause him a lot of trouble.

Kuroiro who can hide in the shadows, aka where Chuuya can't get him. Fukudashi who creates huge words out of thin air, which, sure, Chuuya can use his Ability on but they are annoying to keep dodging. Finally, Komori the mushroom girl, someone who is very quickly rising on his dislike list.

She had very happily declared that the mushrooms she created, which were all around the damn place, had poison that spread through the air. This poison, she had said, would make him violently sick rather than kill him- which is still a rather shitty thing to have happen.

In order to avoid the mushrooms Chuuya had to keep himself high up in the sky, which left him open to attacks by Fukidashi. He did try and go down there to take the kid down but the sheer amount of mushrooms in that area had put him off the idea.

On the ground he spies Komori happily spraying her mushrooms with water, Chuuya sighs. If this was a real fight he would just hold his breath and dive in there, surely if he takes care of Komori or Fukidashi quick enough then it wouldn't matter about the mushrooms. This isn't a real fight though, so he can't use his Ability on Komori or Fukidashi without blowing his cover.

"Oh, Kendo!"

Chuuya brings his attention back to Komori as she turns and waves at her classmate Kendo. Given the layout of the area Chuuya doubts she can clearly see Kendo despite the relatively short distance between them, Chuuya though is able to clearly see from his bird's eye view.

He can just about make out the dark figure of Dazai hunched behind Kendo, ok… So either he took her hostage and is forcing her to hide him, or somehow she's unconscious… God, Dazai better not have been

the one to knock her out. So far UA have been treating them well but all that could change if that idiot harms one of the students.

Komori, clearly not realising Dazai is behind this, continues, “My beautiful mushrooms are doing their job great! Now all we have to do is-”

As swift as he can be while lugging around someone else, Dazai rushes forward towards Komori. The girl takes a step back in confusion but only seems to notice Dazai when it’s too late, leaning Kendo to one side he reaches his arm out and makes contact with Komori. In a matter of seconds No Longer Human activates and the mushrooms blanketing the area disappear.

Chuuya grins and drops down to the ground, just in case Fukidashi tries to block him with some words Chuuya makes sure to quickly launch himself towards Komori, Kendo, and Dazai.

Both of Dazai’s hands are full, one holding Kendo up and the other keeping Komori from using her Quirk, so Chuuya takes it upon himself to ‘knock’ the mushroom girl out. Despite the fact he literally couldn’t have done it Dazai begins to whine, “I did all the work and yet you steal the final move! So rude Chibi!”

“Whatever, Mackerel,” Chuuya rolls his eyes before remembering something he wanted to bring up, “You didn’t knock that girl out, right?”

Dazai pouts and shakes his head, “Of course not, she did this to herself! Can’t believe you wouldn’t trust me Chuuya.” Despite apparently being offended Dazai wastes no time Kendo forward into Chuuya’s arms, “Make her let go Chibi!”

Chuuya looks and finds that Kendo’s hand tightly gripped onto Dazai’s arm, well that explains why the idiot carried her around rather than leaving her on the floor. With one forceful yank he manages to successfully dislodge Kendo’s hand, Chuuya shifts her to a better position to carry before speaking, “I’ll take her and Komori to the jail, you deal with the other two.”

Dazai nods, “Okay~”

Chapter End Notes

If it isn't clear, SKK win all the matches. Now, I'll be honest with you all, this chapter fought me every step of the way so the

quality may not be as good as usual. Somehow I still managed to write 10k words though, which is a wonder really.

I took a lot of inspiration from the 1A vs 1B fights from BNHA, I recommended checking them out if you haven't already. 1B have some really interesting quirks, which is partially why I decided to write this as a proper chapter instead of a shorter scene. Another reason for it was because a friend brought up the idea of SKK doing the Rimbaud fight move against Tsuburaba which I just had to do even if his quirk didn't quite fit that scene. Also, yes I know Honenuki's quirk isn't technically quicksand but it was the only way I could think of explaining it -_-

One problem I keep running into is letting my love for Chuuya seep into Dazai's POV. I keep having to cut lines because I'm like 'Ok, that is way too in love for this scene.' I also have to frequently stop myself from writing 'my/his' in front of SKK's nicknames, so like 'blah blah waiting for his Mackerel' etc. It's only a matter of time before I give in and write like that....

I want to make it clear that line in Aizawa's POV was not foreshadowing! The third years will not be making an appearance in this fic, so don't get your hopes up! I may write a oneshot of SKK vs the big three, but that's a big might.

I hope all that nonsense about abilities and quirks in Dazai's POV made sense, if you can't tell I like making up lore and I kinda indulged myself there haha. If there is any canon reason for why all that is wrong then let's just pretend such a thing doesn't exist! This is fanfiction after all, canon isn't real here.

I know Arahabaki isn't an actual god but I like to pretend otherwise! This fic won't be deep diving on Arahabaki/Corruption so it probably won't matter much, but this is your warning that when I write Arahabaki mentions I am thinking of it like that. (That's not to say that Corruption won't make an appearance ;))

Also, as I said last chapter I have gone through and made some edits to this fic! In the comments of this chapter there should be a list of changes if you wanna check that out! Most of the changes were just fixing typos/grammar mistakes or swapping words to ones that I felt would fit better, those ones won't be on the list as they are relatively small and don't change anything. I did change a few sentences and such though so those will be in that list. I only made changes up to chapter 12 though, I fear if I read the

cops vs robbers fight chapters any time soon I will perish. (They took me so long to write -_-)

Now this goes out to anyone binge reading in the future when this fic has a lot more than 18 chapters. This is your official second rest point! You are about 113k words in, the rest can wait for a bit! Next chapter marks the start of the new 'arc' so this is the best spot to stop for a bit, get drink/food, go to sleep or whatever else you want to do.

Last thing, the one year anniversary of this fic is next month (absolutely wild) so if you have any ideas for a scene/oneshot I should write to celebrate it let me know! The more SKK the better haha.

Thank you for reading! <333

Chapter 19: Lots of bonding time!!

Chapter Summary

> *“It’s alright Shouto,” his mother comforts with an amused glint in her eyes, “We can say it’s abstract.”*

Chapter Notes

> CW: I don't think there is any? Let me know if I should add any here!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ah, Shouto, good morning.”

Todoroki smiles softly as he closes the door behind him, “Good morning mother.”

His mother smiles at him from her spot by the window, the sunlight streaming in gives her a warm glow. Todoroki only started visiting his mother a few months ago and yet the sight is already familiar in a way that settles the countless worries in his mind. He’s grateful that UA is lenient with these visits, as long as his grades stay up then he’s allowed to visit her before school starts or during lunch, not just on the weekend.

In truth, his relationship with his mother is still far from perfect. Some days when he visits things still feel a tad too awkward, some days he can see her face painted with guilt anytime she looks at him, some days he can’t bring himself to look her way.

Fortunately, those days seem to be getting less common as he continues to visit.

Today his mother has a set of paints and a small canvas out, his heart warms a little when he notices the second canvas sitting in front of his usual chair.

Without saying anything further Todoroki takes his place across from his mother and picks up a brush. He isn’t sure what to paint, perhaps a portrait of his mother? Then again he isn’t sure he could manage that, for all his talents drawing realistically isn’t one of them.

The view from his mother’s window might be a better choice,

although he'll have to miss out the various people walking around outside to make it any good.

Todoroki glances up just as his mother smiles again, "Have you decided on what to paint?" She asks.

"Yes."

"That's good," She picks up one of her many paint brushes and, a moment later, the sound of a brush against canvas fills the room. This too has become a familiar sound, something he solely associates with his mother.

Todoroki picks up his own brush and dips it in the blue paint, he's grateful the sky is nice and clear today- it's easier to paint that way.

For a few minutes there is nothing but the soft sound of brushes against canvas, Todoroki doesn't mind the silence. When he first started visiting it had been a bit awkward, neither of them had really any idea of what to say, after so many years apart just jumping back into casual conversation wasn't possible. Even now, after the pair of them have gotten more used to it, they tend to fall into silence more often than not. It's nice though, just getting to be here with his mother is nice, the comfortable silence with her is far better than the tense arguments with his father anyway.

"How is school going?" His mother asks between brush strokes.

Todoroki contemplates his answer, his mother would not push him if he responded with something simple and short. Then again, perhaps it would be nice to get his thoughts out and hear what advice his mother may have to give him.

"I am unsure how to feel about my new classmates, Dazai and Nakahara," Todoroki says. In truth he feels less conflicted about Nakahara than he does Dazai, he at least seems rather straightforward.

His mother frowns slightly, "Those boys from Yokohama?" He nods, which prompts her to speak again, "What's making you unsure?"

"At first I did not like nor trust them due to what they did to Mt. Lady, and then during a spar Dazai intentionally provoked me by commenting on my Quirk, I thought disliking them both would be the obvious thing to do," Todoroki pauses to clean his brush before dipping it in a new colour, "As time goes on, however, I feel they are

becoming more likeable… They feel more like my classmates than Villains."

Todoroki thinks for a moment before speaking more, "They are at UA in order to turn over a new leaf, I'm aware I should be kind and support them but I don't know if I can let go of my reservations to do so."

His mother hums, "Has Dazai apologised for provoking you?"

"In a way," it had not slipped Todoroki's notice that when Dazai said he wanted to apologise that was all he did, 'I want to apologise' is not the same as saying 'I'm sorry'. Then again, Todoroki hadn't lingered to hear what else he had to say, if he had then perhaps Dazai would have given a proper apology for his words.

His mother sets her brush down and gives him her full attention, "Of course, if they continue to be aggressive or rude then stand up for yourself but… I think you should give the two of them a chance, being taken to a new place filled with strangers can be scary at times, for children that had suffered like they have I'm not surprised Dazai was the first to be hostile."

Todoroki politely ignores the way his mother's voice wobbled when talking about coming to a new place and being scared. He can only imagine how she must have felt after his father sent her away, being in a new place all alone, knowing that her children were left alone with the man who hurt her, it must have been terrible. Now that years have past his mother seems quite at home here, but of course that doesn't mean she always was.

Is that how Dazai and Nakahara felt when they arrived at UA? In a new place surrounded by strangers, surrounded by what they must have seen as the enemy, both injured after their fight with the Pro Heroes. Had Dazai tried to get under his skin during that first fight as a way to test the waters, as a way to see who would get mad and possibly be a threat?

If that is the case, then do the pair of them feel safer as time goes on?

Todoroki feels the answer is yes, after all they do seem far more relaxed and kind these days. Although, there is something stopping him from being so confident.

Perhaps the two of them have gotten used to being at UA, perhaps they have begun to trust that no one in 1A will hurt them, but even if

that is the case Todoroki does not think they truly trust anyone.

Why else would they be stuck to each other's sides constantly? Why else would Nakahara keep himself in Dazai's blindspot, why else would he place himself between Dazai and the rest of 1A? Why else would Todoroki feel the calculating eye of both of them whenever he got within striking distance?

Todoroki cleans his brush once again and begins working on the lush expanse of trees and grass visible from his mother's window.

Now that he thinks about it he can see a rather large issue with UA's methods of dealing with those two. In each practical heroics class so far there has been nothing to help unite Dazai and Nakahara with class 1A, only exercises to pit them against the class. Two large scale fights, and another with class 1B, along with the many times Dazai and Nakahara worked as a pair away from everyone else. Of course, there have been times where things were different, for example Yaoyorozu being on their team during the cops and robbers fight and when Nakahara went to help Uraraka with her Quirk. Still, more often than not those two are being positioned as the enemy, which means 1A is also being positioned as their enemy.

There are smaller things too that Todoroki has noticed, things he's sure both Dazai and Nakahara have also noticed. Sometimes his classmates seem to cringe away from the pair, almost like they have suddenly remembered who exactly they are talking to. Sometimes he has heard them talking about Dazai and Nakahara behind their backs, while never outright insulting they certainly aren't singing their praises.

Sometimes when conversation breaks out during class Todoroki notices how people rarely speak to either of them unless they start it.

It's to be expected that 1A wouldn't trust them all that much given the reason they're at UA but still, the whole point of them being at UA is to change them for the better. If Todoroki had to describe it then he would say there is a wall still set between Dazai and Nakahara and the rest of class 1A, neither side fully trusts the other and so the wall does not come down.

Todoroki doesn't quite forgive Dazai for the comment regarding his Quirk, mainly due to the fact he has never properly apologised, but he feels he can overlook that for now. Once he gets back to UA he'll have to inform his friends about his thoughts regarding that 'wall', showing

Dazai and Nakahara that class 1A is trustworthy may be difficult but he has trust in his classmates. Especially in Midoriya who managed to break down Todoroki's own walls separating him from the class.

His mother quietly laughs which brings Todoroki's attention back to his painting. It seems that with his mind elsewhere his hand had taken the liberty to turn his trees into undefined green smudges, he sighs.

"It's alright Shouto," his mother comforts with an amused glint in her eyes, "We can say it's abstract."

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"Hey, little listener, how are we feeling today?"

Chuuya huffs as he drops down onto his chair, across from him Yamada smiles. One good thing about this whole therapy thing is the fact he really lucked out with who he got, at first he was apprehensive given Yamada's… Well, everything, but he no longer feels like that anymore. Yamada is always quick to back off when Chuuya doesn't want to answer a question and keeps telling him he's free to take breaks whenever he wants, compare that to Dazai and Nedzu's little mind games and it's really clear who got the better deal.

Somehow Yamada is able to convey this through his smile, it's bright, welcoming, and reassuring all in one. Chuuya always feels more relaxed when he's in these sessions with Yamada, although he never lets his guard down completely. Despite how nice he is Chuuya doesn't quite trust him, can't trust him really. At the end of this mission they'll be proper enemies again, hell, Yamada might even be sent out to try and re-capture Chuuya.

Chuuya shrugs, "I'm fine." Ignoring how much he wishes he was back home right now then yea, he's fine.

"Heard you went up against the 1B kids yesterday," Yamada leans in with a grin, "Don't tell him this, but Erasurehead looked pretty proud when he told me about it." He whispers that last part but of course with it being him the volume is still much louder than what anyone else would consider a whisper. Chuuya can't tell if he's doing it on purpose or not.

Chuuya also doesn't know if he's telling the truth about that, Aizawa did seem in a better mood after the fights had ended but he had just assumed it was because 1B hadn't done any better than 1A had. The idea that Aizawa is specifically proud of them doing well and not just

because 1b got beat is… Weird. Sure he's gotten praise from Ane-san and even the Boss for doing well on missions before but that's different, that's Ane-san and the Boss. Aizawa is the pro hero Eraserhead that probably shouldn't be so happy over two known criminals beating around a bunch of children.

Now that he's thinking about it, when he and Dazai got back to the dorms after the 1A kids had all been quite happy at the news too. Although he's pretty certain that was because they were happy to hear 1B lose, especially when they heard how quickly Monoma had gone down. Chuuya had actually been somewhat looking forward to fighting the kid, if he was able to copy Upon the Tainted Sorrow then they might have been able to have a decent fight. That didn't happen though, turns out his Ability is too complex to just pick up like that.

Nodding with slight disbelief, Chuuya responds, "Right… The fights weren't that hard, mostly just annoying." Which is the truth, a few of the fights would have been tricky had Dazai not been there but he was so things went fine.

"With an Ability like yours I'm not surprised," Yamada says. Chuuya hums a little, not quite sure what to say back.

Yamada lets the silence sit for a second before speaking, "Alright! What shall we talk about today?" When Chuuya just shrugs he continues, "Hmm, well, anything been on your mind lately?"

"I guess… I've been missing Yokohama." Understatement of the year honestly. Chuuya has only ever known Yokohama, even though he knows he'll be heading back eventually it's still weird to be away from the city like this. That's his home, all his memories take place in Yokohama, all his friends and those he considers family are in Yokohama. A few times the Boss had sent him on missions abroad but those never lasted longer than a week, this current mission has no deadline though. He can't just sit there and think 'Well, I'll be back in Yokohama in five days' because he might end up stuck here for months on end.

Yamada nods, "I'm not surprised, I bet it's all types of weird being so far from home." Chuuya doesn't say anything in response, mainly because he can't be bothered pointing out the fact it's the fault of pro heroes like Yamada that he's here. No wait, it's Dazai's fault for coming up with such a stupid plan. Damn, how could he forget who the true culprit is?

Yamada must interpret his silence as something other than what it is as he gives Chuuya an understanding look, “How about this, you can talk and I’ll just listen.”

Chuuya shoots him a confused glance, “What?”

Yamada makes a show of closing his notebook and tucking both it and his pen away, only after doing that does he lean back in his chair and smile encouragingly, “Legally, I’m not allowed to share anything about these sessions to anyone unless I believe you or someone else is in danger. So tell me all about Yokohama, tell me about what you miss. I won’t ask any questions, I’ll just be a listening ear, yea?”

Chuuya hesitates, he really shouldn’t be sharing any information about Yokohama at all. In the grand scheme of things he really doubts something like patient confidentiality would stop Yamada from sharing information that could possibly get the pros into Yokohama, then again it’s not like Chuuya knows that much about how to break in anyway. There are the tunnels of course, but those are made of metal that stops both Abilities and Quirks. They’re probably rigged too, he wouldn’t be surprised if there were explosives or something set to stop anyone opening them without permission. As long as he’s careful with what he says then it shouldn’t really be a problem… Alright, maybe he’s biassed and the idea of talking about the city he loves so much is very appealing but whatever. It’ll be fine, he might even be able to get some pity points or whatever.

“… There’s this one building,” One of the Port Mafia’s five towers, “the doors to the top are insanely secure,” because Dazai tried to jump off one too many times, “so basically no one goes up there. Sometimes I use my Ability to go up there, it’s really quiet and you can see the whole city, it’s even better at sunrise or sunset.” Chuuya can imagine it now, rays of orange and yellow shining across Yokohama, the sound of birds, a light breeze there to ruffle his hair. Just thinking about it makes him feel calmer.

Yamada smiles encouragingly, after a moment of hesitation Chuuya continues, “And- and the arcade me and Dazai go to. It has a bunch of retro games, even if the place is a little run down compared to the newer arcades I love going there.” He shifts in his seat a little as more words come to mind, “Me and Dazai are top of the leaderboards on, like, all of the games. No one knows it’s us though, so we go there and listen to everyone talk about us like we’re some sort of legends.” One time he and Dazai played a quick round of some shooting game and ended up getting new highscores, a few minutes after they left the

machine some kid came along and noticed the scores had changed. The kid had very quickly, and loudly, announced that which caused most of the arcade goers to start interrogating each other to see who the famous 'TinySlug' and 'DumbMackerel' were.

Another memory comes to mind at that, "The food there is terrible though, I think it's genuinely a health hazard. Everyone that goes there knows that so we all use it as punishment for losing games and bets, I've never seen anyone make it past like three bites of anything." A few times Dazai had used that food to torture people for information, funnily enough it had always worked.

Without realising Chuuya begins to smile as he continues, "Oh, right by the docks there's a teahouse I go to with my mentor sometimes, it's on top of a hill so you can see across the water when you sit outside. I swear the staff that work there have a tea that pairs perfectly with any food, if I didn't know any better I'd say one of them has an Ability that does just that."

Yamada laughs at that, "I feel like there's a story there."

"After the sixth time I got suspicious alright? I had to test it," Chuuya remembers how ridiculous that day had been and laughs, "Dazai offered to help but we ended up making such a mess, my mentor made us work there for like a month in apology to the workers. It didn't take long to figure out that the workers are just that good at their jobs." Of course, they were both still expected to do any Port Mafia missions assigned to them while working there. It was absolutely exhausting at times because of that but Chuuya also really, really enjoyed it.

"Well," Yamada starts, "I'm sure it has nothing on Yokohama but the view from UA's rooftop is fantastic. It's open to students too…." He trails off with an encouraging grin on his face.

Chuuya snaps back from his nostalgia with a confused sound, "You saying I could go up there?" He doesn't want to get his hopes up but the idea of getting some alone time on top of a building like he usually does is very appealing. He might not get to be truly alone if Dazai decides to tag along but that's fine, as long as the idiot stays quiet then Chuuya wouldn't mind him being there.

Yamada looks happy, excited almost, "Hell yea little listener! Just let a teacher know about it and I'm sure you'll be good to go." It's a little weird to see Yamada so happy for him, even more so when the man

continues, “Now, I don’t know about any arcades but there is a cafe just down the road from UA, the students all love the drinks there. Going there now probably isn’t the best idea given your infamy but we could always order something here, actually, I might have a menu here somewhere…” Yamada begins rooting around the draws in his desk, completely oblivious to the stunned expression on Chuuya’s face.

“What?”

Yamada glances over before continuing to dig around for the menu, “A cafe! I think it’s called Blue Lotus or something like th-”

Chuuya cuts him off, not caring how rude it might be, “No, I heard what you said I just… I just don’t get why you’re telling me this.”

Yamada seems confused for a second before his expression softens, he finally stops looking for that menu, “I want you to feel safe and comfortable here, that’s why I’m telling you this. If ordering some tea or going on the roof will make you feel more at home then I’m all for it.”

Huh. “Safe and comfortable?” Chuuya asks, just to be sure. When Yamada nods earnestly Chuuya eyes him with suspicion, “Have you forgotten the whole reason why I’m here?” He must have.

Yamada winces, “Of course not, but you’re here to get better and change your ways, right? If you’re happy and comfortable then there’s a larger chance of that sticking.”

Chuuya raises an eyebrow at that, sure, when the Boss wants someone to swap alliances for him then he does tend to butter them up a bit but that’s usually only for people who haven’t killed people important to the Port Mafia. For people who have, they get thrown in a cell with Dazai until they promise to be loyal. Chuuya doesn’t know quite what goes on in those cells but he does know his partner so it can’t be anything ‘safe and comfortable’.

Dazai and Chuuya killed a pro hero, on livestream no less, if that had happened to a Port Mafia member then they certainly wouldn’t be getting tea ordered in. When he got to UA he was expecting the angry, distrusting glares, he expected to hear people insult him both to his face and in whispers as he passed by. He, admittedly, was not expecting this. He had thought that, at most, the students and teachers would just sort of… Get used to them? They wouldn’t trust or like either of them but would just stop caring about them being around so

much.

Although, maybe he should have expected something like this given Dazai's insistence to create as much pity as possible.

Yamada must see some of his confusion and possibly even distrust as he continues, "Things must be different in the Port Mafia, but UA is a hero school remember? We strive to help those who need it and be heroic in every action we take."

Chuuya nods, it makes sense that UA would be tamer in comparison to the Port Mafia, that doesn't change how weird it feels though. He really had thought the pros would hate them more and for longer, and yet now when he thinks about it that doesn't seem to be the case. Well, not for the ones they interact with often. Aizawa sends them less suspicious glances as of late… Wait, does that mean what Yamada said about Aizawa being proud had some truth to it?

Thankfully Yamada doesn't push any further. Instead he returns to digging through his draws until a triumph grins spreads across his face, "Ah ha! Got it!"

Yamada leans forward and passes the menu over to Chuuya, he looks down at the blue swoopy words written across the top and decides to just go along with it. He's still a little confused by the whole thing but he's not about to turn down the chance to get some good tea, the shit in the dorms is just terrible.

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Yaoyorozu smiles as her classmates begin filing into the common area, she really loves doing these homework sessions with everyone. At first it had started as a way to prepare for tests but now with everyone living in the dorms it's far easier to get together for simpler things like homework. Her favourite part of these sessions is when her classmates bring her homework they had handed in and got a good grade on, that always makes her happy to see. It makes her feel her efforts were not wasted.

"Yaomomo!" Mina wails as she drops to the floor by Yaoyorozu's feet, "I totally need your help!!"

Yaoyorozu can't help but laugh at that, "Well, that's what I'm here for."

Mina gives her a hopeful look as she pulls out some homework, "I

have no clue what these questions mean!”

Yaoyorozu takes the paper from her and begins reading, ah, she understands the problem. This specific homework was set by Midnight, however, you would only be able to complete it if you did the required reading as all the questions were written in references. A sneaky trick to see which students did or did not bother with the reading. “You have to read pages twelve to eighteen in the textbook for the questions to make sense,” Yaoyorozu easily explains.

Mina gains a look of understanding, “Ohhh, alright!”

Tsu sits down next to her, “I did the reading but that last question keeps tripping me up.”

Yaoyorozu nods in understanding, “That is a tricky one, would you like some help?”

Before she can answer both Kaminari and Kirishima dramatically drop onto one of the sofas, Kaminari clutches his face in mock pain, “Arghhhh, that assignment Aizawa-sensei set is way too cruel! Are we sure he isn’t a Villain in disguise?”

That earns a few scattered laughs, Yaoyorozu included. Aizawa-sensei does like to set harder homework to really make them think and do some research, what Kaminari perhaps doesn’t know is that if he just went and spoke to Aizawa-sensei he would be glad to point him in the direction of resources with the answers. It had happened to Yaoyorozu once, no matter how hard she looked she just couldn’t find anything pertaining to a certain question, Aizawa-sensei had been very understanding and told her exactly where to find the information she needed.

Kaminari isn’t the type to ask teachers for help outside of lessons though so she is not surprised he’s unaware of that fact. She’s tried to tell her classmates about it a few times, but she has no clue if anyone else has actually tried asking Aizawa-sensei yet. Well, it’s no matter. She’s here to help when they need it.

Surprisingly, the next to speak isn’t one of her classmates but is instead Dazai, “Tell me about it.” He sighs from where he is sprawled across Chuuya, who like always looks resigned to his fate.

Kaminari drops his hands from his face, “You guys get homework too?”

Chuuya nods and leans down, as best he can with Dazai in the way, to grab a bag set just by his chair. He opens the bag and pulls out a large pile of papers, “Most of it is the same as yours, ‘cept for the morality and ethics stuff.”

Yaoyorozu’s interest piques at that, now she’s thinking about it, it would make sense to give those two homework that covers different things. While they are both incredibly smart there must be some sort of learning curve coming from Yokohama, especially given the life they were living before coming to UA. “May I see it?” she asks, if only to state her curiosity.

Chuuya shrugs and begins pulling a few sheets of paper out of the pile, “It’s just like the introduction stuff to the topic, but sure.” He hands the sheets to the nearest person so they can pass them along.

Tsu looks up from her work, “Shouldn’t you be past that by now? Ribbit.”

Chuuya sighs, “Yea, we should. Someone,” he shoots a glare in Dazai’s direction, “keeps writing the wrong answers though so we can’t get new stuff yet.”

The papers make their way into Yaoyorozu’s hands, she nods absentmindedly as she looks down and begins to read.

Q: You hear on the news a notorious Villain is on the loose in your area, they have a Quirk that allows them to change their voice at will. Some time later you hear your neighbours calling for help, how do you handle the situation?

A: throw eggs out the window at them, if it’s raining then I would dump a bag of flour!! They should know not to make loud noise when I could be sleeping (̊ •̀∩´• ̊)

Q: On your way home from work you come across a young child crying on the side of the road. The child explains that they are lost and need help getting home, what do you do?

A: if they have a good quirk then they’ll be joining my gang :D i’m

sure they wouldn't mind~

Q: One evening you are outside and see a group of Villains harassing a civilian. You are aware a Pro Hero patrols the area often, you are also aware of the police station a few roads over. What do you do?

A: beat the villains up myself (ง •̀_•́)ง !! why should I trust a pro to get the job done when I can do it myself!!

Q: While doing your weekly shop a Villain enters the store and begins robbing the place, they demand all workers and customers get on the floor and hand over their purses. The Villain has not yet seen you, what do you do?

A: take advantage of the chaos to take as much food as I can!

Yaoyorozu looks up intending to ask a question, a few actually, when Chuuya beats her to it. With another sigh he explains, "Those questions just want us to say we'd call a pro or something, I know that and so does Dazai. And yet that idiot refuses to just write it so we can get it done with."

Dazai sticks his tongue out but otherwise stays silent.

A few classmates who had shuffled around so they could see the papers seem to cringe away, perhaps at the nature of the answers. Mina, who had shifted so she could read the papers too, laughs a little, "Well, at least the answers are kinda funny."

"Don't encourage him," Chuuya scolds.

Yaoyorozu smiles at that before handing the papers along so they can be returned to Chuuya. From what she saw all of the questions are quite simple, the type you ask young children to make sure they grow up with the right morals. When she looks at it like that then she understands why Chuuya and Dazai got assigned to them, in a way UA is trying to rebuild their morals from the ground up.

Chuuya had said both he and Dazai know what the right answers would be so Yaoyorozu knows there isn't a need to offer her help, still, she finds herself wanting to anyway. Perhaps part of her wants to repay them for giving her the chance to work on her confidence during the cops vs robbers fight. Well, it can't hurt to ask, "Is there any homework you do need help with?"

Chuuya seems to think for a moment before shaking his head, "Nothing we can't figure out on our own." Yaoyorozu notices that isn't exactly a no but doesn't push it, if they have any troubles then they can come to her on their own accord.

The conversation comes to a natural end which allows Yaoyorozu to turn her attention to the homework her classmates need help with, as the minutes go by more and more of her class appears with work in hand.

While the main purpose of these homework sessions is to help those who don't understand a lot of the class tend to come to them just so they can hang out while working. Not only does this create a nice atmosphere but it also takes some pressure off Yaoyorozu when more than one person needs help. Midoriya and Iida are two students that almost always make an appearance at these sessions just for the sole purpose of being there to help out if needed.

Another thing she likes about these sessions is how they never work in silence, there's always at least one person talking about the work, or making jokes, or offering to go get everyone some drinks or snacks. When she was younger Yaoyorozu would do her homework the same day as she got it, usually quietly and by herself. Now that she knows what it feels like to be surrounded by her classmates while working she really can't imagine going back to how she used to do it.

Being so absorbed in helping her friends she completely misses the fact that Chuuya and Dazai aren't actively contributing to the chatty atmosphere.

Time passes like that for a while, during that time a lot of progress is made in tackling all the homework that needs finishing. It's only as they are reaching the hour and a half mark that Yaoyorozu notices her classmates starting to get distracted. At first it's just Kaminari zapping his pencil rather than finishing his equations, then it's Uraraka looking around the room more than at her work, then it's Jirou subtly moving her earphone jack towards her phone.

Yaoyorozu sighs, she really doesn't understand why they don't just ask for a break. "How about we take a break for ten minutes?"

Certain members of her class seem to light up at that, which naturally causes others to laugh.

Yaoyorozu leans down to pick her drink up from the low table in front of her when Mina catches her eye, Mina raises her eyebrows and jerks her head in the direction of Dazai and Chuuya. For a moment Yaoyorozu isn't sure what she means but then the realisation hits her.

Earlier today, just as lunch had started, Todoroki had pulled Yaoyorozu aside to ask a favour, in plain terms he had asked for her and the other girls to ask Chuuya and or Dazai to hang out later. When she had asked why he had simply said it was important to build good relationships with them both.

Yaoyorozu was a bit confused at the time but agreed with the sentiment, the other girls had to too when she brought it up with them.

Yaoyorozu nods in a way she hopes conveys 'You go ahead and ask', thankfully it seems Mina understands her.

"Soooo," Mina starts, "Chuuya… You got anything planned for later?"

Chuuya eyes her suspiciously, "Why?"

Mina, clearly not expected to be asked that just yet, falters. In the time it takes for her to come up with an answer Chuuya only seems to get more and more suspicious. This isn't good, if he thinks that something's going on then he'll be less likely to agree.

Uraraka, perhaps also seeing this, rushes to speak. "Well, we were wondering if you wanted to come hang out with us for a bit," Uraraka quickly asks, "Us girls are having a sleepover tonight and Mineta always tries to break in, so we were thinking you could like…. Stand guard for a bit?"

Chuuya doesn't respond which prompts Mina to jump in, "Mineta doesn't try anything after lights out so you don't have to stay the whole time! Just until then!"

Dazai laughs, although it sounds somewhat out of place, "Chuuya's just so popular, hmm?" Something about how he spoke rubs Yaoyorozu the wrong way but she can't quite place it, by all means he

sounds just as teasing and mischievous as always and yet…

Well, there's no use dwelling on it now. Especially not since Chuuya sighs at his partner's antics before turning to Mina, "I taught you guys how to handle him though."

Mina sighs dramatically, "Well, yea, but it's different!"

Chuuya gives her a look that clearly says he doesn't believe her. He glances over at Dazai, who doesn't say anything, before sighing, "Yea alright, I'll stay for a bit."

Mina quite literally jumps for joy at that. Yaoyorozu bites back a laugh, she can understand why her friend is so excited.

"But," Chuuya starts, effectively cutting off Mina's celebrations, "Only if you finish the homework you need to do."

Yaoyorozu doesn't bother stopping her laughter this time, she only feels a little bad at the way Mina droops back to the ground and picks up her homework. She really does look miserable, then again Yaoyorozu is sure she would be ten times as miserable if Midnight scolded her for not doing her homework.

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Chuuya wasn't really sure what to expect when Uraraka and Mina invited him to their sleepover. He'd had sleepovers before but those were… different. Even without the knowledge of what a 'normal' sleepover entailed he was sure the girls wouldn't be spending the night going over plans to wipe out various gangs, what he did on sleepovers with Dazai, or huddling together for warmth because the abandoned house they were in was drafty as fuck, something he did on sleepovers with the Sheep. Sure, he'd seen a couple films featuring sleepovers but he really doubted they showed a real portrayal, films tend to just go with stereotypes and call it a day. Case in point, the many many films set in Yokohama that show it as some apocalypse world.

That's all to say he entered Yaoyorozu's room, where the sleepover was set to take place, with almost no expectations.

The girls had all gone ahead of him so they were already sitting around the room, despite being invited they all seemed a little awkward for a few moments after he entered. Chuuya doesn't feel offended, "So, what exactly happens now?"

Mina is quick to answer, “You haven’t been to a sleepover before?”

“I have, but this is a different situation,” Chuuya explains.

“Well,” Mina starts with a grin, “I’ll have to teach you all about how UA does a sleepover! Or well, how us 1A girls do it! Naturally we do the standard stuff like doing our nails and hair but there’s another, much more important, thing we have to do first!”

Just as Mina finishes explaining Jirou stands and makes her way over to Yaoyorozu’s desk, once there she picks up a small radio that had previously been tucked against the wall. She grins as she turns it on, “This is Present Mic’s radio station, there’s a UA tradition of students calling in just to ask stupid questions, tell jokes, or complain about schoolwork.”

Chuuya listens as the radio crackles to life, after a few moments of Jirou fiddling with it the static is replaced with an upbeat pop song. “He has a radio station?” Chuuya asks, although now that he’s thinking about it he’s not that surprised. Whenever there’s a moment of silence during his therapy sessions Yamada is always quick to start humming or tapping out a beat on his desk, add in the fact his Quirk involves his voice and it’s pretty obvious the man has a taste for music. Chuuya had actually been meaning to ask Yamada about which songs he likes best for a while now but he always ends up forgetting.

If it turns out Yamada has a decent taste in music then Chuuya might just see if his radio station is available in Yokohama.

Uraraka is the one who answers him, “Yep! It’s called ‘Put Your Hands Up!’, it’s really popular.”

Jirou sits back down, “Present Mic should be taking calls soon.”

As if on cue the music playing through the radio quietens down as a very familiar voice begins speaking, “You know what time it is listeners! Let’s get to taking some calls!”

Before Chuuya can even realise it Hagakure, Uraraka, and Jirou have whipped their phones out and already started calling in to the station. Their faces are tense yet determined, if Chuuya didn’t know any better he would guess they were off to battle not calling a radio station.

For a few tense seconds only the sound of three phones ringing can be heard, then-

“You’ve reached Put Your Hands Up! with Present Mic, what’s your name, listener?”

There’s a slight echo due to having the phone and radio on at the same time but none of the girls seem to care about that. Instead they grin and pass the phone over to Mina.

“How do you make a joke about the sea?”

Over the phone there's a pause before Present Mic responds, “Is-”

Before he can finish Mina leans in and nearly yells, “It’s not as shrimple as you think!” Her laughs echo through the radio before the phone is quickly hung up.

Chuuya grins despite himself, it was a terrible joke and yet he can’t help it. Over the radio Present Mic audibly sighs before making a comment about regretting being a teacher, Chuuya can hear the amusement in his voice that contradicts that statement.

Hagakure giggles one last time before turning to face Chuuya, that’s what he assumes she does anyway, “We’re gonna call in again later too, if you have any good jokes make sure to tell us before then!”

Chuuya nods but is otherwise not given the chance to respond when Mina begins rummaging through the bag she had brought. Using both hands she pulls out various combs, clips, and pins with a grin, “Alright, tonight’s theme isssss traditional!”

Before Chuuya can get too confused Yaoyorozu turns to explain, “Pro Heroes often need to go undercover, to get better at disguising ourselves we like to set a theme and change ourselves to fit it.” As she speaks she begins untying her hair, the other girls around her with long hair begin to do the same.

“Since I’m already a master of stealth I get to judge who does the best,” Hagakure explains before Chuuya even has the time to wonder how she would get disguised.

Chuuya nods and watches as the girls begin applying makeup and tying their hair up in different styles. The sight reminds him of Ane-san, which certainly doesn’t help with the homesickness he was talking about with Yamada. Admittedly, he did end up enjoying the tea Yamada ordered and he’s made plans to go check out the school roof in the next few days but that hardly fixes his desire to go home. UA is a nice place and the people are alright but nothing will ever be

able to top Yokohama, he really hopes this mission finishes up quickly so he doesn't have to stay here for longer than necessary.

Maybe it's the fact he's thinking of home, thinking of Ane-san, that pushes him to volunteer himself when Yaoyorozu sighs and nearly gives up on the hair style she was trying. He's seen Ane-san do her hair more times than he can count, he's helped a few times too when she also had to get her makeup done at the same time.

It is a bit funny how shocked Mina gets when he completes the style with minimal struggle.

"How- Wait, was it your mentor who taught you that?"

Chuuya nods, "Yep." With Yaoyorozu's hair safely pinned up he moves to retake his spot by the door.

"Ok, I just have to ask," Mina starts, "What does your mentor look like? She sounds so cool and I bet she looks it too!" Uraraka and Jirou, the other two he taught Ane-san's moves to, nod in agreement.

Chuuya thinks for a moment about what exactly he should say, he's already mentioned a few things about Ane-san but he's been careful not to mention anything that might help the Pros take her down. He knows better than to go blabbing about an Ability that's not his own, he also knows not to say anything that might reveal exactly how high up in rank Ane-san is. Talking about her appearance is risky, if the Pros ever manage to get into Yokohama then they'll be able to identify her quickly. Then again he's certain Golden Demon would be able to take down any Pro that tried anything anyway, well, except Aizawa but a gun would be enough to take him down.

Telling them about Ane-san might be a good bonding opportunity though, so he'll have to just keep his descriptions vague. He'll only talk about things that could easily be changed should the need arise. "Well, she has long hair… Always wears kimonos which match her makeup…" Chuuya belatedly realises it's rather hard to talk about someone while not actually saying anything important.

"Her hair is like mine then, that explains how you were able to do this style" Yaoyorozu says.

Chuuya scrunches his face in a way that says 'not really', "In length, yea, not in colour though." He's seen Ane-san wear a wig or two when completing undercover missions, mentioning her hair colour won't be a risk.

Jirou raises her eyebrows, which may just be because of the light makeup she is applying, “I was totally imagining her with black hair, what colour is it then?”

Before he can answer Mina jumps in, “Wait, let me guess, her hair matches yours right?”

Chuuya eyes her suspiciously, just how did she know that? “Why would you think that?”

“Because you call her ‘Ane-san’! Siblings have the same hair colours most of the time.” Mina grins as she speaks, Chuuya’s suspicion must have told her that her guess was completely right.

“We’re not actually related,” Chuuya starts, “besides, not all siblings have matching hair colours.”

Tsuyu, who had yet to speak all that much, chimes in, “My youngest sister has blue hair, ribbit.” She looks over to Chuuya and seems to be thinking for a moment until she says, “I always like to say what I’m thinking, so, do you have any siblings?”

Ah, the blunt type. Honestly, Chuuya can respect her for that. He much prefers someone who just says what they think than someone who dances around the point, that’s why Dazai’s way of ‘subtle manipulation’ pisses him off sometimes. Chuuya feels like he should be honest back, “A brother, and no his hair doesn’t match mine.”

Mina seems to wilt at the proof her theory about siblings and hair is very much incorrect. Well she seems to, after a moment she looks back up with a spark of hope in her eyes, “Is he your brother in the same way your mentor is ‘Ane-san’?”

Ah, he sees where she’s going with this. If Verlaine is just another mentor and not blood related then she could argue her hair colour theory still works, at least for Yokohama people anyway. Unfortunately for her it’s not so easy to define their relationship, “… Not technically,” Chuuya admits. They aren’t blood related but their unique shared circumstances certainly count for something.

While Mina seems let down by that answer, Uraraka simply nods, “What’s he like?” She reaches across the floor to grab some of the nail polish Mina had brought along.

“He’s… caring, in his own way,” Chuuya grins a little, “Both him and Ane-san don’t like Dazai much, which means I always hear double of

the same complaints against him." It's actually hilarious to hear them both say the exact same things when complaining about Dazai. The first time it happened Chuuya was convinced the two of them planned it.

That gets a few laughs, especially from Hagakure who then asks, "I don't get how you two are still friends."

"We're partners not friends, that's different," Chuuya says simply.

Mina raises an eyebrow, "Like… romantic partners?" The expression on her face is mostly teasing, although part of it looks like she is genuinely interested.

Chuuya scrunches his face up at that, he ignores the way his heart beats a tad faster at the idea, "Absolutely not, why would I ever want to go out with that fish?" He'll admit the idea does sound somewhat appealing but then he remembers just what Dazai's personality is like. Chuuya gets sick of dealing with him enough as it is, if they got together then it would probably be ten times worse.

Across the room Uraraka begins waving one hand in an attempt to get her nail polish to dry faster, while doing so she asks, "So, what's the difference between being friends and being partners?"

That catches Chuuya somewhat off guard because, frankly, he had never put much thought behind it. Chuuya has had friends before so he knows that what he and Dazai have isn't friendship, or at least it isn't in the way Chuuya is familiar with. Despite knowing that he never bothered actually thinking about what the differences are.

Chuuya leans back a bit as he tries to sort through his thoughts, "I guess it's like… I trust my friends, course I do, but with Dazai it's more… Intense I guess? I don't need to hesitate to trust him with my life because I just know he's gonna be there y'know?" Despite asking a question Chuuya continues without giving the girls a chance to respond, "It's sort of like he can read my mind sometimes too, which is really freaky. That's why we work so well together, we know exactly how the other person thinks so we never need to talk about plans. Even though he's so fucking annoying I know he has my best interest at heart, that's why I can forgive him when his plans get fucked up and I get hurt or something."

Tsuyu tilts her head, "That happens?"

Chuuya grins, "Even he's not smart enough to get everything right."

He can admit that he does get pissed off at Dazai during situations like that, especially when he intentionally puts Chuuya in harm's way for an advantage that they never get, but it's easy enough to read that bastard and see he didn't mean for that to happen. Usually, he gets his revenge and then calls it even.

Mina hums in a way that clearly shows she doesn't believe him, "Sounds to me like you're just really good friends, I trust my besties like that too."

Chuuya resists the urge to tell her he doubts that. The 1A kids have faced some life threatening trouble before and he's sure that some strong bonds were forged, but those bonds don't have anything on what he and Dazai have. With how many fights the two of them get in, with how many times Chuuya literally puts his life in his partner's palms when using Corruption, there is no way their bond is beaten by anything.

Mina must see his disagreement on his face though as she speaks again, "Explain in a better way! I'm really curious about what you mean!"

Chuuya rolls his eyes at that, if he could explain it so easily then he would have already, "Look, I've had friends before, I know what it's like to have them. Dazai's different, I don't know what else to say."

Mina sighs, "Ok, fine, but next time you'll have to give us more than that." Chuuya nods in agreement, if only to get her to stop pestering him about it.

All this talk of Dazai has made him aware of how long it's been since he got here, that idiot is probably sitting waiting for Chuuya to come back instead of trying to get some sleep. Not that Chuuya could criticise him given he would do the same thing, in fact he has done the same thing before.

Mina tries to convince him to stay longer when he begins to leave, unfortunately for her promises of annoying Present Mic and judging everyone's makeup skills isn't as convincing as she may think.

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When the door shuts and Chuuya has left, Mina whips her head around to face her classmates, "You guys know what I'm thinking?"

They all share a look at that, one that clearly says they do know what

she's thinking and do not approve of it. Uraraka sighs, "Yea, I'm just not sure meddling will end well…"

"It'll be fine!" Mina exclaims, "You heard what he said, a relationship that is 'different' and 'more intense' than friendship- he's so totally in love! And I bet Dazai is too! We just need to get them together, if we do that then they'll be too happy to get mad at us for meddling!" Mina knows she'll be trying to get those together regardless, if her friends want to help or not will not change that!

For a second there is silence, then Hagakure jumps up from her seat, "I agree with Mina! We just have to help them out!"

Mina grins at Hagakure, "I knew you'd have my back!" The other girls laugh at that, which is a great sign. Mina reckons they'll all be on her side by the end of the night, now all she has to do is start planning exactly how she'll get those two together.

-

Dazai sighs and somehow sinks lower into the mattress below him. He's tired but sleep isn't coming to him, which quite frankly isn't a surprise. Even on the best of days it can be a struggle to get his mind to shut up long enough for him to sleep, given the fact he's in what's basically enemy territory with no Chuuya by his side it only makes sense for him to be still laid awake.

The bed is cold, which is annoying.

He should be glad Chuuya is out forging bonds with 1A, it was Dazai's plan to do that after all, but a large part of him isn't. When he thinks about it Dazai actually hasn't done all that much compared to Chuuya, which makes sense given Chuuya is the dog in this relationship, but still. Chuuya is out there, making new friends, gaining the trust of the pro heroes, achieving the mission goals without any help from Dazai. It almost makes one wonder why Dazai is even on this mission when Chuuya could do it all himself.

Dazai tries not to sigh again because honestly, he's getting sick of doing it.

Chapter End Notes

> Credit to my younger sibling for the shrimp joke. (If I didn't write that I fear what they would do to me 0.0)

Shouto visiting Rei is very special to me <3 Originally, that section was supposed to start next chapter but I decided to move it here so chap 20 wouldn't get too long. It might just be my favourite part of this fic so far- although I do really like Chuuya gushing about Yokohama to Yamada. I wish I could get away with writing him visiting her more, sadly I think I could only get one or two visits in at a push 3

Speaking of the Todoroki family, Touya/Dabi is single handily dragging me back into the BNHA fandom. I was such a big supporter of the 'Dabi is Touya Todoroki' theory back in the day, seeing that it's canon now is sooo amazing. If anyone has any good Touya/Dabi centred fics then please tell me!! I've read so many already and I need more. Or, better yet, friend me on discord and then you can peer pressure me into writing one of my own! (I'm being serious, I need the pressure or I'll just procrastinate it forever- my username is windy_horizon !!)

AU where the arcade that Dazai and Chuuya go to is a very tight knit community yet somehow none of them know SKK are in the PM. Someone complains about a stalker or something and SKK are like 'He won't be a problem anymore.' It becomes a running joke that SKK are in the PM but no one actually believes it because they just can't imagine it. Like 'Those two guys?? Really???'

I also want to make everyone aware that I've put some links to gatcha videos based on this fic in the first chapter/prologue's beginning notes! Please go check them out, they are very good and I am sooo thankful people made them!!

Speaking of people making things for this fic, let me tell you all a story. There I was, waiting for my slow laptop to load so I could continue writing this chapter, on tiktok. Up pops a new video by a BSD artist I've followed for some months now, tell me why that video was based on this fic!! I was actually speechless for like five minutes haha. I didn't leave a comment because I got nervous haha >-< Go check out @khoipup account!!!

I swear I still have the mentality of a small fic writer so I get so shocked seeing people mention this fic, I'm like 'How do you know my fic????'

Also this fic has reached 10k kudos which is just amazing !!!! I'm actually in shock haha. Thank you all so so so much for reading

and leaving kudos <3333 If it weren't for all you lovely people I probably wouldn't have continued writing this, I'm really glad I did though <333

Now, most importantly, 'Epic: The Musical' has a new saga coming out on the 4th of July!! It's the Thunder Saga and it sound sooo good. I cannot wait to listen to it!!! I highly recommend you all go listen to the available songs, they are amazing!!

I'll see you all sooner than you might expect for next chapter ;) Thanks for reading!!!1

Chapter 20: HPSC interview

Chapter Summary

“Fuckin’ course I do, Soukoku is two people remember?”

Chapter Notes

Spoilers below!!

CW: Drowning, Dazai typical suicide attempt
That scene begins and ends with bold text if you want to skip it!
The parts afterwards discuss what happened but not in great detail! Check the end notes for a brief description of what happened.
Let me know if I should add anything more to the CW!!

Thanks to Yuikiata for beta reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yamada has never been one to hide how he’s feeling, which is why he doesn’t bother to stop his anxious foot tapping. Within the Pro Hero community it’s well known that the HPSC is, well, underhanded at times. There are stories of certain HPSC affiliated Heroes getting away with more than the average Pro could and of HPSC agents constantly swooping in at the last moment to take over cases. With no real proof there isn’t much anyone can do, especially not with how ingrained the HPSC is with Hero operations these days. They do a lot of good, both for Pros and for civilians, so more often than not it’s easier to just ignore the suspicious things they do.

“Are you sure we can’t go in there?” Yamada asks for what feels like the hundredth time.

Nedzu, patient as ever, shakes his head, “I’m afraid not.”

Yamada sighs and turns his attention to the two women standing further down the hall, agents Kusumi Koharu and Akagi Harue. Yamada has never dealt with either of them personally but he did do some research on them, as much research as he could given the HPSC’s tendency to keep all agent’s files hidden.

Both agents are decently high level within the HPSC, likely nothing irreplaceable though, and have a long list of successful cases under

their belts. With the Quirks Flawed and Poisonous Flowers respectively he can see why they were recruited.

Legally, they aren't allowed to use their Quirks during interviews but you never know what may happen. There have been cases before where police officers or HPSC agents have 'accidentally' activated their Quirks when they felt threatened by suspects, if that were to happen to Nakahara and Dazai things would likely turn disastrous. Those two have been compliant so far with everything, more compliant than Yamada had expected actually, but that doesn't mean they'll stay that way. In fact, Yamada is sure that both Nakahara and Dazai would not hesitate to attack back if the HPSC agents did anything. That's not to mention how much damage those two might sustain if attacked, if they get injured then all the trust they've built with UA so far might come crashing down.

To avoid such an outcome Nedzu had negotiated for Kusumi to be with Dazai and Akagi with Nakahara, while poisonous flowers could do damage to Nakahara he could always be healed up by Recovery Girl. Kusumi's Quirk, a mental based one, is more unique though, it could inflict damage that couldn't be fixed by Recovery Girl. Dazai will be able to nullify it though, so hopefully things will go well.

Yamada really hopes Nedzu is able to pull some strings and ensure there aren't any more interviews after this one, he doesn't think he could handle the anxiety of this more than once.

He knows that both Nakahara and Dazai are strong, he knows they've probably been through worse than an interview with a slightly corrupt agency but he can't help it, the idea of sending them both in there alone makes him all kinds of anxious. What if one of the agents says something that sets one of them off? Could the HPSC use that as ammunition to take them away from UA? What if they say something that causes the two of them to lose trust in UA, it's true they haven't made much progress in getting Nakahara and Dazai to open up and change but still, these interviews could ruin the trust they've started building.

His fears only seem to grow once Shouta arrives with Dazai and Nakahara trailing behind him. Nakahara is on Dazai's right like normal, what isn't normal is the hand grabbing Dazai's arm. Dazai himself seems to be staring off into space. Neither of them are teasing each other or complaining which sets off the alarms in Yamada's head. Are they worried about the interviews? If they are then is there any time to pull them aside and offer reassurances- Could Yamada even

offer convincing ones when he is also worried?

Kusumi and Akagi waste no time in walking closer once both boys arrive, thus removing the possibility of offering the boys assurances. Akagi offers a smile, one that Yamada feels isn't completely genuine, "Hello you two, my name is Akagi Harue and that's Kusumi Koharu, we both work for the HPSC."

Nakahara very clearly takes a moment to eye them both up, "Yea, hi." He's very clearly on the defensive, which Yamada doesn't blame him for at all.

"The quicker we get this started the quicker you two can get back to whatever UA has you doing," Akagi explains, Yamada privately feels that was an intentional dig at how UA is handling the two of them. Akagi continues, "Nakahara, you're with me."

For a moment Nakahara doesn't move and Yamada thinks he might refuse and cause a scene, thankfully, that doesn't seem to be the case. Nakahara sighs and glances back at Dazai before moving, "See ya."

Dazai nods but otherwise doesn't respond.

"Let's get this over with," Kusumi coldly says before turning and walking to the room where she'll be conducting her interview. Dazai follows her without comment.

Both doors shut and Yamada feels himself staring at them, his previous anxiety still running around under his skin. "I have a bad feeling about this," He admits.

Aizawa sighs, "Don't we all."

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Chuuya isn't sure what he's expecting from this little interview. The last interview he had, the one with those detectives and Nedzu, had been on the short side due to the deal Dazai had struck. There isn't a deal like that now though, for all he knows he might be stuck in this room all day.

He really hopes that isn't the case, he has better things to do with his time. Not to mention that Dazai's been acting off these past couple days, letting that idiot leave his side for too long will only end in disaster. Either Dazai will take the opportunity to jump out a window or something or he'll pick a victim to turn all that negativity towards.

Both options wouldn't end well, so Chuuya would prefer being where he could keep an eye on him.

The woman across from him smiles in a sickeningly sweet way, does she really think that would make Chuuya trust her more? "I'm recording this interview, so do please introduce yourself. My name is Akagi Harue representing the HPSC."

"Nakahara Chuuya."

Akagi nods, that smile still in place as she begins thumbing through the papers set before her. "I was given some questions to ask you but they seem rather boring, fortunately, I have a few more interesting ones in mind."

Chuuya is uncomfortably reminded of Dazai, great, is she going to act like he does? God, he hopes not.

"How did you join the Port Mafia?"

Chuuya doesn't bother answering that.

Akagi taps her fingers on the paper in front of her, "It says here in your file that you told detective Tsukauchi that you joined about a year ago of your own free will, I feel like there's more to it than that though."

Internally Chuuya sighs in annoyance, if the information is in his file then why bother asking? The question itself is annoying too, there is more to the story behind him joining the Port Mafia but he certainly isn't going to be telling her that. "I met Dazai and he convinced me." Convinced is a rather light word for what actually happened.

Akagi raises an eyebrow, "Oh? He must have been rather good at it then, it's not everyday you can convince someone to join the mafia."

Chuuya shrugs. Dazai is a pretty good negotiator and manipulator, convincing someone to join the Port Mafia is childsplay for someone like him.

Akagi flexes one of her arms out, she moves it in a way like she's accommodating something wrapped around it, there isn't anything there though. Chuuya idly wonders if that's due to her Quirk, whatever that might be, "And what were you doing before joining the Port Mafia?"

If someone else, like Aizawa or Yamada, was the one asking him these questions then he wouldn't think too much about it. He'd be a bit suspicious but he knows those two are trying to become his and Dazai's friends or whatever, Akagi though he does not trust what so over. She is literally here to get information about him and give it to the HPSC, whatever he says is going to end up on permanent record or something.

Chuuya eyes her with caution, she's after something asking these questions, "... I lived on the streets."

"I see, it must have been quite the change when you joined the Port Mafia then. I don't suppose you ever felt, oh I don't know, regret about joining?" Akagi speaks in a casual tone, like she couldn't care less if Chuuya answered or not.

Chuuya feels a spark of understanding, ah, so that's her play. Asking how he got into the Mafia, via Dazai, and then asking if he feels any regret is an attempt to link the two things. She wants him to resent Dazai for convincing him to join, she probably wants to see how easy it would be to get him to turn on Dazai, maybe even lay the groundwork for that. Chuuya thinks about shooting that down right here and now but, well, he's getting bored already so why not have some fun?

Chuuya leans back in his seat but keeps his eyes locked on her, "Sometimes I guess, the benefits are good though." There, that'll make it sound like the only reason he's still in the Port Mafia is for the benefits. If the HPSC thinks he can be won over with material objects then they'll be more likely to make a move/offer for him to join. Taking the HPSC down isn't part of the mission objectives but it couldn't hurt, right?

Akagi lifts an eyebrow at that, "Oh? What might these benefits be exactly?"

Chuuya pretends to think for a moment, "I get a lot of stuff for free while also being paid a tonne, makes saving up real easy." Which is the truth, there are a lot of 'business associates' of the Port Mafia that are all too happy to give things away to high ranking members. Add in his good pay rate and Chuuya hardly wants for anything, a sharp contrast to his life before the Port Mafia.

"How wonderful- Oh, apologies!" Akagi shakes her wrist just as a flower begins blooming on it, "I'm not supposed to use my Quirk in

here but creating these flowers is an unconscious action for me, I'm sure you understand." The flower begins to shrivel up just as fast as it had bloomed, before it dies though Chuuya makes sure to get a good look at it. He's not sure what the name of it is but he has seen Dazai try and eat one before, it's probably poisonous or something in that case. He'll have to ask Dazai about it later.

Chuuya nods slightly as he shifts in his seat, one on hand he wants to drag this interview out for as long as possible so he can get more information about the HPSC. On the other hand this chair is so unbearably uncomfortable.

Once the flower falls from her wrist Akagi makes quick work of sweeping it off the desk, she then begins to shuffle the papers as if she's looking for something in specific. Chuuya watches this in silence, he hopes Dazai's interview is going well.

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Chuuya sighs and flops down onto the much more comfortable sofa, finally he's free of that interview. There aren't too many people in the common area right now, Bakugou's group is sitting in the corner doing… homework? Chuuya isn't sure. A few of the girls are spread around too, Chuuya thinks he saw Iida and Todoroki heading into the kitchen just as he arrived too.

"You had that interview today, right? How did it go?" Uraraka asks.

"So boring."

That gets a few laughs from the kids spread across the common area, Chuuya wasn't trying to be funny though. The novelty of pretending he could be poached from the Port Mafia had worn off quickly, after that he had realised that Akagi going off script meant there would be more questions for him to answer. Answering both Akagi's questions and the ones written on the papers had taken way longer than Chuuya had expected, which in turn made him more annoyed the longer he had to do it.

He's done with it now though, so all he has to do is wait for Dazai to finish up so they can discuss what happened. Chuuya reckons he could easily infiltrate the HPSC and take them down from within, that would mean leaving Dazai to fend for himself at UA though.

"Hey, Chuuya," Mina waits until his eyes are on her before continuing, "I have a question for you!"

Internally Chuuya groans, hasn't he answered enough questions today? Externally he just sighs, "What is it?"

If Mina notices his attitude she doesn't say anything, "Well, Bakugou wants to spend more time with you so-"

Across the room Bakugou glares, "Don't fucking say it like that! Icyhot was the one who brought it up, dammit!"

Mina rolls her eyes, "You came up with the idea-"

"'Cause I wanted to know who would win-"

"No need to get so defensive-"

"I'm not getting defensive-"

Chuuya clears his throat loudly, which is thankfully enough to get both Mina and Bakugou to stop arguing. "Are you gonna explain any further or no?"

Bakugou sends one last glare at Mina before turning his gaze onto Chuuya, "We do movie nights, I want to know how much of a wimp you are when it comes to horror."

"Why would I be afraid of horror films?" Chuuya has lived through horror films before, watching one doesn't sound like a challenge.

Kaminari holds up his homework almost like he's using it as a shield, "I mean…. Bakugou gets scared at horror films so…"

Bakugou whips his head around to face him, unsurprisingly the flimsy piece of paper does nothing to protect him, "That was one time! One time! Besides, that film was fucking freaky and you know it."

A flash of movement in the corner of his eye drags his attention away from Bakugou and Kaminari, said flash of movement turns out to be Dazai slinking along the wall in the direction of his room. His interview must have only just finished then, Chuuya can't help but wonder what exactly made it so long. Had Kusumi added in some extra questions too?

Fortunately, the 1A kids seem preoccupied enough that Chuuya is able to slip away and intercept Dazai. Dazai gives him a look, one that tells him that whatever that interviewer said hadn't done any favours for his bad mood. Chuuya raises an eyebrow, "What'd she say to you?"

Maybe that wasn't the right thing to say as Dazai only looks more annoyed, "Nothing. Go have fun with your new friends."

Chuuya falters at that, he had thought Dazai was pissed off at the HPSC lady, not him. Also, it was literally Dazai's plan to get all buddy buddy with the 1A kids, he can't be getting mad now Chuuya's actually done it. "Is that what this is about?" Chuuya asks, "You're mad because I was sitting with the 1A kids?" Chuuya doesn't think that is the case but with Dazai's it's hard to tell.

What the hell was he supposed to do if not sit with them anyway? In no world would he just sit bored and alone in his room waiting for Dazai to come back, he has more self respect than that. Not to mention that, again, Dazai was the one who told him to get friendly with the class in the first place.

"I'm not mad at all, I don't care what you do." Dazai says sharply, which is the biggest lie he's ever heard. He's clearly been set off by something, which sure it might not have been Chuuya but that doesn't mean he's all good and fine.

Chuuya scoffs, "Oh yea? Because you look pretty mad to me."

Once again it seems Chuuya chose the wrong thing to say as the expression on Dazai's face only gets darker, "Well maybe you need to get your eyes checked then."

Chuuya intentionally stops himself from raising to the bait. Alright, at first he thought Dazai was just annoyed and maybe a little mad, but now he sees this is more serious than that. The biggest piece of evidence for that is the fact Dazai is clearly trying to piss him off right now, it's a classic Dazai move to try and take the attention away from whatever he's feeling. Most of the time it works, Dazai knows him so well it only takes a few carefully chosen words to get right under Chuuya's skin.

Chuuya's been working on putting up with him and not getting pissed so quickly though, so he might just be able to navigate this without disaster. It would be preferable if he could, the 1A kids are already starting to look in their direction and things aren't even that bad yet. Chuuya can't be bothered dealing with the fallout if it escalated. "Seriously Dazai what is wrong wi-"

"I said nothing. So leave it." And just like that Dazai's demeanour changes from 'I'm annoyed, leave me alone' to 'If you continue pushing you'll regret it.' The expression on his face is cold and

challenging, ‘Will you be smart and leave me alone?’ it says.

Chuuya should back off, especially since a few 1A kids are hesitantly standing as if they aren’t sure about getting involved. Things would only get more troublesome if they did involve themselves, at least Chuuya can hold his own against Dazai like this.

Dazai must take his lack of an answer as some sort of agreement, with one last cold look he shoulders past Chuuya. It doesn’t exactly hurt but it is just hard enough to get on his nerves, whatever, he’ll tell Dazai off about it later once he’s calmed down. Right now Chuuya should probably go distract the 1A kids lest they try and ask any questions or, God forbid, go try to speak to Dazai themselves.

Unfortunately, just as Dazai brushes past he just has to get the last word, “What an obedient little dog.”

Chuuya feels his anger spark up at that. Dazai didn’t say it but he knows exactly what that fucker is implying, how couldn’t he when Dazai brings it up so often during serious arguments. ‘What an obedient dog you are, you just do whatever anyone asks without thinking, first the Sheep now Mori- will you ever be able to think on your own?’

Chuuya’s mouth moves before his brain, “Fuck did you just call me?”

Dazai turns to him, his eye is coldly amused. Well shit, no avoiding this now. “Oh,” Dazai says insincerely, “is the little doggy upset?”

Someone, he doesn’t know who, grabs onto his arm in an attempt to gently pull him away. Chuuya should let them, he should step back and cool off, he shouldn’t give Dazai the satisfaction of a reaction.

He jerks his arm out of their grasp, there’s a little commotion when he does, maybe he accidently knocked them over or something. Chuuya can’t find it in himself to care at the moment, not with how hard he’s focusing on restraining his anger. He doesn’t want to blow up at Dazai, not when it’ll only end with that bastard getting smug and taunting him further.

Dazai leans in, his face apathetic at first glance but clearly laced with malice upon closer inspection, “Careful Chuuya, wouldn’t want your dear friends to get hurt.”

The problem with knowing Dazai so well is that they don’t need words to communicate sometimes. The problem is that Chuuya is alone in

understanding just what that little jab actually means, the problem is that when his temper finally snaps out of control and he takes a threatening step forward everyone rushes to stop him. They rush to stop him and not Dazai with his casual cruelty.

Chuuya jerks as hard arms wrap around him, there's yelling and panicked footsteps but he ignores it all. He makes eye contact with Dazai who grins before slipping away down the hallway, Chuuya's anger does not subside at his disappearance. In fact, it only seems to get worse.

Why the hell does he get to walk away like nothing happened while Chuuya is still prying those fucking arms away from him, seriously why won't they let up?! Dazai's the aggressor here, he should be the one dealing with this dammit!

An overwhelming part of him wants to stew in his anger for longer, he wants to shake off whoever is holding him and chase Dazai down. He's so close to giving in to that urge, so so close, but then he notices the ever present buzz in his head is louder than normal and knows he has to calm the fuck down. Corruption won't activate unless he wants it to but he doesn't want to risk it, especially not since he's surrounded by a bunch of hero kids and his only off switch is pissed off at him. Dazai won't let him die, probably, but he might leave it longer than usual before nullifying him.

The people around him are speaking in hurried tones, they're panicking and confused. Chuuya does his best to swallow his temper down so he can actually listen to what they're saying.

"What the hell just happened?" Someone, Kaminari maybe, exclaims.

"Don't look at me!"

Uraraka, he thinks, speaks up, "Should someone go speak with Dazai?" Chuuya is suddenly hit with the vision of Dazai verbally tearing apart Uraraka, yea no, not happening.

Chuuya attempts to move away from whoever is holding him but the arms only tighten, "You gotta calm down first bro!"

Ah, so it's Kirishima holding him back. Chuuya shouldn't be so surprised actually, his Quirk is perfect for withstanding whatever scratches or punches that would have come from Chuuya struggling to get away.

“I am calm,” Chuuya says, which clearly surprises the kids around him. In truth he’s still quite pissed off, it’s just that his head has cleared enough for him to know going after Dazai right now would be the worst possible move. What Chuuya needs to do right now is put some distance between himself and Dazai, maybe go outside and kick a tree or something.

Kirishima hesitates, clearly hearing the anger still in Chuuya’s voice, but eventually does relent and release him. Chuuya takes a single deep breath before turning and promptly walking right to the front door of the dorms, when he gets outside he’s pleased to feel a slight breeze.

God, what he wouldn’t give to be on top of a Port Mafia tower right now.

For a good few minutes he focuses intently on the breeze, if he thinks about what Dazai said right now he’ll only get mad all over again. Chuuya closes his eyes and pretends, just for a moment, that he is back home. He pretends that after he’s finished cooling off he’ll go complain to Ane-san and laugh at whatever creative insults she has to say, he pretends that he can go grab some paperwork and dump it on Dazai’s desk as revenge. Maybe he could even drag Dazai to the arcade and force him to play that one dancing game, the one based on pony princesses or whatever. He’d have to make sure to bring his phone, like hell would he pass up the chance to record it.

“Hey Chuuya, you ok?”

Chuuya sighs and shoos away his daydreams, he turns and finds Uraraka, Yaoyorozu, and Midoriya with matching expressions of concern.

At some point Chuuya had sat down against the side of the building, he gestures for them to join him, “Yea… I’m fine.”

None of them seem convinced, which is fair. Still, they all sit down without pushing further.

For a few moments no one speaks, which gives Chuuya time to appreciate the breeze more. He much prefers the breeze on Yokohama’s beaches but this isn’t so bad.

“Does… Does that happen often?” Midoriya asks cautiously, Chuuya shoots him a glance which causes him to stutter, “S-sorry! You don’t have to answer that…”

Chuuya waves his hand in his direction, “Don’t worry about it and yea, we argue sometimes.”

“Correct me if I’m wrong,” Yaoyorozu says with some uncertainty, “But that felt far more… Intense than a normal argument.”

Uraraka nods, “I know you said you two are like a more intense version of friends but I didn’t expect this. Shouldn’t you argue less if you’re so close?” Yaoyorozu nods, in contrast Midoriya looks quite confused. Right, he wasn’t at the sleepover last night.

Chuuya finds his lost expression amusing so he doesn’t bother to explain, “It’s because we know each other so well that things turn out like that.” They know each other a little too well maybe.

“Oh I get it! Like how it’s worse if a friend insults you than a stranger,” Uraraka looks at him for confirmation and smiles when he nods. That’s not quite the right metaphor but it works, if Chuuya had to come up with one he’d say it’s more like when the person who knows you better than anyone else decides to use that knowledge against you. Almost like when your own brain attacks itself by thinking of things that could only cause harm.

Chuuya sighs and rests his head against the wall behind him, this really is the worst time for this to happen. Dazai’s been acting off these past few days, acting off in a way that means he needs close supervision lest he try something. If that damn interview with the HPSC didn’t happen then Chuuya would have just kept an eye on him and, hopefully, things would have blown over after a few days. Dazai would sort through whatever was making him feel shitty, if there was anything to begin with, and be back to his usual self.

Chuuya isn’t in the right mind to go watch over Dazai right now, not when any little insult might set him off again. If he goes over there then Dazai will piss him off again, which will cause Chuuya to lash out at Dazai, which will just create a vicious cycle. Usually in this situation he’d go tell Hirotsu or the Boss and they would watch Dazai, that obviously isn’t an option here. None of the 1A kids would be able to deal with Dazai right now, maybe Aizawa would but Chuuya frankly doesn’t want to get him involved. Who knows what UA might do if they think Dazai is a threat.

He’s going to have to go check up on Dazai at some point. The question is how long can he sit out here before has to do that?

For a moment Chuuya is tempted to wait out here until he’s properly

calmed down and then go looking for Dazai, the logical part of his brain knows that would be stupid. He needs to go sooner rather than later, even if all he does is poke his head into Dazai's room and make sure he's still breathing.

"I need to go check on Dazai." Despite that Chuuya doesn't make any move to get up, just a minute more and he'll get up.

All three of the kids around him look at him in shock. Yaoyorozu scrunches her face up in confusion, "Why? He was just so rude to you."

Uraraka nods, "Yea he should be coming here with apologies."

Chuuya scoffs at the idea, Dazai apologising? He really can't imagine it. "Apologies? Ha, that's not his style."

Midoriya looks at him with an expression of confusion and something else, Chuuya can't quite place what it is, "So you're just going to forget what happened?"

"Not a chance."

That earns him three even more confused looks. Chuuya sighs before explaining, "Dazai rarely actually says sorry but he'll do things, like let me get revenge on him or do my share of paperwork for a few days. Maybe if I'm lucky he'll lay off about my height for a while."

The breeze he had just been enjoying begins to turn cold, guess that means he really should be going inside now.

None of the 1A kids seem comforted by his explanation so he continues, "I can read that idiot better than anyone else, I know when he feels bad about saying shit or not. Besides, this situation is more than just he felt like being mean. That doesn't excuse what he said but I can't ignore that."

"It is?" Midoriya asks.

Chuuya nods, he ignores the shiver that runs through him when the breeze gets colder, "You should know by now nothing to do with Dazai isn't complicated."

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If asked, Todoroki wouldn't be able to explain why he did what he

did. No, that's not quite right. He knew why he did it, he just would prefer not to say it aloud.

The way Dazai had acted, his sudden defensiveness, the way he spat out insults before sulking off to hide away alone. In some way it reminded him of his own brother Natsuo, it reminded him of watching his brother yell at his father and being brushed off, it reminded him of hearing his brother get upset through the wall but never being allowed to go see him.

He saw that in Dazai, he saw that in how he stalked off and shut himself in the bathroom without a word. He remembered his mother's words and his own thoughts regarding getting Dazai and Nakahara to trust 1A more and decided he wanted to help. Perhaps part of him, the part that saw Natsuo in him, wanted to make up for the times he could not help his brother.

Midoriya, Uraraka, and Yaoyorozu had taken the initiative to go check on Chuuya but no one had made any move to check on Dazai. Perhaps they thought Dazai was the aggressor and thus did not need checking up on. Todoroki thought there must be more to it, something must have happened to pit Dazai against the one he seems to trust more than anyone else.

At first, he had planned to simply wait outside the bathroom until Dazai came out. He wasn't sure what he was going to say when that happened but he had figured, perhaps foolishly, that he would figure it out as he went.

Minutes passed by without any sign of Dazai, the sound of taps running began, Todoroki paid it no mind.

The taps didn't stop. They ran and ran and ran, the longer they went on the more Todoroki felt put off by the sound. A feeling of dread grew in his chest, he tried to ignore it.

Nakahara hadn't come back inside yet. The taps were still running. Dazai isn't making any sounds.

His feeling of dread did not go away.

In the moment he wasn't sure what compelled him to move, perhaps his heroic spirit pushed him into action, perhaps it was the selfish need to know what was happening behind a closed door. Perhaps the words his mother had said to him yesterday morning were still echoing around his head. Perhaps he knew, if only subconsciously,

that something was terribly wrong.

It hardly took any effort to manipulate his ice to unlock the door, in contrast it took far much more effort to push open the door.

A blurry figure tucked unresponsive under a tub full of water, the taps continued to run and run and run. Water overflows from the side of the tub, not because of any movement, but rather due to the sheer volume of it.

Todoroki did not know how to help but he did know someone that would, he pushed aside his temptations to move closer knowing it would likely only cause more damage. Louder than he had ever been before he turned and yelled, “Nakahara!!”

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Chuuya jolts at the sound of his name being yelled, the sound breaks the calm atmosphere that had been built up.

For a second Chuuya wonders who could be yelling for him and why, for a second he wonders before he gets a chill down his spine. There’s only one reason why someone would yell for him like that, only one reason that voice would sound somewhat panicked.

Chuuya doesn’t spare the kids around him a glance as he jumps up and rushes towards the door, if his Ability wasn’t blocked he'd be able to get there quicker, he’d be able to get to Dazai quicker.

He ignores the confused looks he gets when he runs through the common room, instead he focuses on Todoroki who looks straight at him. Todoroki who is standing by the bathroom, the bathroom with an overflowing bathtub and no Dazai in sight. Dammit, he should have gotten up and checked on him sooner. Chuuya feels his anger disappear as panic and adrenaline fills him.

Chuuya skids to a stop at the edge of the bathtub, overflowing water begins to soak into his socks but he pays that no mind. In one swift movement his arms sink into the water and wrap around Dazai, ready to scoop him up and out of the water. Chuuya’s front gets drenched when he pulls Dazai up, not that it matters once he notices Dazai isn’t breathing.

Dammit, how long had he been under?

Chuuya tries not to jostle him too much but it’s near impossible to

avoid it as he pulls Dazai over the edge of the tub and onto the ground. Chuuya feels adrenaline rushing through him as he assesses the situation, first he'll have to make sure Dazai's airway is open before trying CPR.

"Can I-"

"Fuck off," Chuuya's tone is clipped and harsh, the sort of tone he uses often in the Port Mafia but never at UA. He doesn't have it in him to care about keeping up pretences right now, if revealing all his secrets right now would help him get Dazai breathing again then he'd do it.

Chuuya has had to perform CPR a few times, that means he doesn't hesitate to tip Dazai's head back and pull his mouth open. He takes a deep breath, as deep as he possibly can, before leaning down, placing his lips around Dazai's mouth, and blowing all that air into him. He does that another four times before moving on to chest compressions, after his first time doing CPR Chuuya had made sure to learn the exact number of breaths and compressions he should do.

Not for the first time Chuuya finds himself appreciative for his arm strength, doing chest compressions to the right depth quickly becomes tiring.

The sharp intake of breath snaps Chuuya's attention back to the doorway, annoyance bubbles below his skin because he told that Todoroki kid to fuck off and-

Aizawa, clearly taken aback and yet with a face set in determination, stands stone still in the doorway. For a moment no one says anything, the adrenaline coursing through Chuuya's body demands he gets on the offensive right now. It demands that he jump up and protect his idiot of a partner from being hurt any further. He can't do that though, not since Dazai hasn't started breathing again yet. Continuing with chest compressions needs to be his top priority right now.

A yell from the next room, a 1A kid probably, snaps the tension between the two. Aizawa takes a step forward, he wants to help. Chuuya knows he isn't a threat, knows that he's likely trained in first aid and can help and yet…

"Don't you dare take another step."

Aizawa doesn't move forward again, but he doesn't move back either. "Kid," he starts, "he needs medical attention, Iida has gone for Recovery Girl. Until then let me h-"

“Not happening,” Chuuya cuts him off, he wishes he could be giving Dazai his full attention right now but he needs Aizawa to back off first.

“You know you can trust me kid.”

Chuuya scowls at that, there’s a huge difference between trusting Aizawa not to attack him in his sleep and trusting him enough to get close to Dazai right now. Logically he knows Aizawa isn’t going to pull a knife and finish the job if he gets closer but Chuuya can’t trust he will actually help Dazai. This isn’t like how it is in Yokohama, he can’t trust without hesitation that Hirotsu or Mori or even Ane-san will be able to help Dazai because they’ve done this before and have yet to fail. He can’t put his trust in someone else when he knows how to do CPR and knows he can bring Dazai back, letting more people get involved will only decrease the chances of success. If by the time Recovery Girl has arrived he hasn’t managed to get Dazai breathing again then he’ll step aside and let her help, he knows that his knowledge and experience is nothing on that of a professional. He won’t like it but he isn’t stupid enough to reject a trained doctor’s help.

There is another reason Chuuya cannot let him get any closer to Dazai though.

“But Dazai doesn’t, so fuck off.”

Despite the urgency of the situation it hadn’t escaped Chuuya’s notice that Dazai’s bandages are looser than normal. It may have just been a combination of the water and Chuuya pulling him out, it may also have been Dazai going at his arms before trying to drown himself. Chuuya isn’t sure why but that’s a later problem, right now all he knows is that it’s far too easy to catch a peek under Dazai’s bandages, it’s far too easy for his bandages to slip off. Chuuya knows what those bandages hide, he also knows Dazai would never want a bunch of pro heroes to see under them. If Aizawa gets closer and tries to help then he’ll see, he’ll see and then tell principal Nedzu and then Dazai will have to deal with that. Chuuya won’t let that happen.

Aizawa holds his gaze for a moment, likely debating his options. Push further and see how far Chuuya will go to keep him out, or back off and hope Dazai ends up alright. In the end he seems to decide on a mixture of the two options, without moving even an inch closer Aizawa lowers himself to the ground in the doorway.

“I won’t leave you both here,” Aizawa starts, “But I won’t come any closer. Do you know what to do?”

Chuuya resists the urge to roll his eyes, it should be clear by now that he does. Chuuya does not verbally answer, instead he takes another deep breath before leaning back down and delivering the air to Dazai. He does that again before switching back to chest compressions, his arms are already sore as hell but he pays it no mind.

This continues for a few more minutes, Chuuya tries not to get desperate when Dazai shows no sign of breathing. If he gets desperate then he might fuck up the rythm of the chest compressions, he can’t afford for that to happen. Chuuya very deliberately pushes aside any thoughts of what might happen if Dazai doesn’t start breathing soon, he ignores what might happen if both him and Recovery Girl fail to save him. There’s no point thinking about what won’t happen, it’ll only serve to freak him out and make him panic.

Despite his best efforts to push those thoughts aside, a few slip through the longer it takes for Dazai to come back. Thoughts of how the hell he’ll finish this mission on his own, how he’ll have to tell the Boss he failed in keeping Dazai alive, how he’ll have to tell Akutagawa and Dazai’s friend Oda. Thoughts of who will cover his back in fights now, of who will go to the arcade with him, of who would know him better than anyone else, or who-

A sharp, shaky breath violently snaps Chuuya’s attention to Dazai’s head. His face his scrunched up but he’s breathing, he’s fucking breathing.

Chuuya feels relief flood him as Dazai begins sputtering and coughing below him, alright, the hard part is done now. Chuuya shifts Dazai so he’s laid on his side, not quite the recovery position but good enough for now, if Dazai needs to cough out any water or anything then he won’t choke on it.

“Good job,” Aizawa pulls Chuuya’s attention up and away from Dazai, “Can I come closer now?”

Chuuya hesitates because he probably should let him come check Dazai over, that would be the smart thing to do, but a large part of him doesn’t want to let it happen. Dazai’s vulnerable right now, it only makes sense that he’d want to keep any potential threats at a distance. That’s what he tells himself anyway.

Still, Chuuya is not an idiot. With swift movements Chuuya reaches

down and tugs on Dazai's bandages with just enough force to keep them from slipping off, this way no one will be able to peek under them. Thankfully, the bandage around his head is mostly in place, if that had come off then it would be a pain to fix it with Dazai out like this.

Once finished Chuuya looks up and nods at Aizawa, before the man can move though the sound of speedy footsteps and yelling ring out, "Aizawa-sensei! I have brought Recover Girl as you asked!"

Iida comes into view, just for a moment before Aizawa stands up and blocks the doorway. It seems Iida, in an effort to save time, had just picked Recovery Girl up before running back to the dorms. Chuuya's sure Dazai would get a kick out of that if the circumstances were different.

Speaking of, below him Dazai coughs once again before groaning. Chuuya places a hand on his back, just so Dazai knows he's still here and, hopefully, gets some comfort out of it. From the looks of it he's barely conscious, he's likely coming in and out of lucidity.

"I need to examine him, is that alright?"

Chuuya glances up, Iida has vanished but Aizawa is still standing at the door. Between him and Aizawa is Recovery Girl, she gives him an understanding but firm look. She's trying to be considerate but also knows the faster she checks Dazai out the better, Chuuya understands this so he nods and shuffles back a bit. He's still within arms reach of his partner but he hopes the extra room will help Recovery Girl.

Chuuya can't relax yet, he won't until Dazai is back to his annoying self, but he does feel as his panic and adrenaline slowly seeps away.

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Aizawa holds it together until Recovery Girl gives him the ok to leave, only then does he step outside her office and allow his composure to break.

Aizawa has been a Pro Hero, and underground one at that, for many years now. He's seen all manners of things, bloody murders, bodies missing parts, children with the conviction to hurt and kill. He's seen countless horrors that still come back to haunt him to this day. When you look at it like that Dazai's attempt to kill himself hardly makes the top twenty of the worst things he's seen, there wasn't any blood or

guts and in the end his attempt failed. In a purely clinical, detached view it wasn't that bad.

Aizawa isn't ashamed to admit he is not clinical or detached. He tries to live logically, which may be confused for clinical and detached, but no matter how many times he says he doesn't care it won't change the fact he does care, he cares a whole lot about those important to him actually. Once, just after they had graduated UA, Hizashi had landed in the hospital for a week. He had said it wasn't anything to worry about, the doctors just wanted to keep an eye on him just in case things got worse. Aizawa knew that and yet he still went and took down three gangs as a way to redirect his anxious energy.

If he didn't care he wouldn't have put his life on the line to protect 1A when the USJ was attacked.

He cares about his friends and family, he also cares about his students, which means he cares about Dazai and Nakahara. Those two are more trouble than anything but he still can't help but care for them. Maybe he's getting soft but those moments where they act their age are endearing to Aizawa, seeing them argue and tease each other makes him want to keep them safe just like he would with 1A.

It had taken all his restraint not to move from that doorway. Seeing one of his students, because for better or for worse Dazai is his student, still and unbreathing on the ground activated a unique fight or flight within him. He wanted to rush in and help, he wanted to do whatever he could to get Dazai back to his usual self. Nakahara hadn't wanted that though and he made it very clear.

Nakahara had raised a good point, Dazai doesn't trust him. Aizawa doubts Nakahara does either if he's honest.

He isn't offended, in fact, he agrees with them. Why should they trust him? Aizawa was aware of Dazai's suicidal tendencies, most of the staff at UA are, but what had he done other than send him off in Nedzu's direction? While it's true Nedzu is his therapist while he's at UA that doesn't mean Aizawa can't also be there for him, that doesn't mean he should have left the problem alone. It's not like he didn't have the opportunity to speak with Dazai about it, in fact Aizawa is probably the Pro those two see most often.

Instead of doing something, instead of breaching the topic himself Aizawa had left it to other people. When had he become so lazy? Why was he leaving it to Nedzu when he was capable of helping, why did

he expect-

Why did he expect Nakahara, a child just like Dazai, to do the hard work?

Aizawa's hands tighten into fists as he remembers just how foolish he was. Sure, Dazai might feel more comfortable with Nakahara but that hardly means Aizawa should just throw in the towel. He should have started doing things to help Dazai get more comfortable, to gain his trust so the responsibility isn't solely on Nakahara's shoulders. He didn't do that though and so the universe has to show him how much of an idiot he was.

God, just thinking about the look Nakahara gave him back there makes everything worse. Aizawa knew, without a doubt, if he had tried to get closer Nakahara would have attacked him. His expression was completely serious and focused, a sharp contrast to the childish expressions and jokes Aizawa was used to.

Part of him wonders if that expression is how he normally looks back in Yokohama. Is that how he looks when he's set out on missions no teenager should be?

That serious expression lessened somewhat once Dazai was breathing again but never fully disappeared. When Recovery Girl had suggested they move Dazai to her office Nakahara had quietly, but in a way that allowed no arguments, picked Dazai up and started walking. Once in the office, Recovery Girl said Dazai would need changing into some dry clothes, which fortunately she had, along with dry bandages. Nakahara had taken the offered clothes and bandages and quietly closed the curtain around Dazai's bed before, presumably, doing the job himself. Gone was any of the teasing or dramatics Aizawa had gotten used to.

There had been some panic in that look and yet Nakahara didn't once falter with CPR, his moves were perfectly precise. Once again Aizawa finds himself comparing that fact to 1A, a few kids might know CPR but he doubts they would ever be able to do it as well as Nakahara had. Nakahara is experienced with it, that much is clear, the real question is why? How many times has Dazai tried to drown himself before? What about other people, had Nakahara been responsible for bringing other people back to life? Has he ever failed?

Aizawa remembers every single person he failed to rescue, is it the same for Nakahara?

Aizawa allows himself a minute more of beating himself up, after it finishes he straightens up and begins walking away from Recovery Girl's office. Nedzu will already know what happened but Aizawa still needs to report it, he'll have to keep Hizashi in the loop too so he can be there for Nakahara. 1A will need speaking to as well, a decent amount of them were in the common area when Todoroki had called for help. Aizawa had sent them to their rooms almost immediately but that doesn't mean they hadn't seen or heard anything, those who did will likely be shaken. Most importantly, Aizawa needs to come back and apologise to Dazai and Nakahara the first moment he can. He needs to make sure those two know that from now he'll do better, from now on he'll be there for both of them.

-

"You can stop pretending now."

If it were anyone else then Chuuya would expect them to react to that statement, maybe stiffen up or take a sharp intake of breath. Dazai isn't anyone else though, so Chuuya knows to expect he won't give any sign of actually being awake. Of course, that doesn't change the fact that Chuuya knows he is. It's been a good few hours since Dazai tried to drown himself, a good few hours that Chuuya has been sitting waiting for him to wake up. Recovery Girl and Aizawa had both said to alert them once he did wake up, Chuuya hadn't bothered agreeing to that since he knew it would be a lie.

Dazai won't say anything yet, that's just how he is. If it were up to him then Chuuya knows he simply wouldn't say anything, not until he's feeling better at least. He'd wait a day or two, long enough that he's able to pull up some mask or another to hide how he's truly feeling, and then make a joke of the whole thing. He'd tease Chuuya for caring, probably say something to piss him off.

Chuuya knows this because this is far from the first time he's had to drag Dazai back from the brink of death.

"Not got anything to say to me?"

Dazai continues to ignore him.

Whenever Chuuya catches him during a serious attempt he always makes sure to stick around until Dazai wakes up again, call him paranoid but hearing the news from someone else just doesn't reassure him the same way. He needs to see it with his own eyes that Dazai is still kicking, he needs to see for himself that his partner hasn't left him

yet.

Chuuya sighs, getting Dazai to talk is going to be hard. There have been a good few times that Chuuya has stuck by Dazai's side while he recovers from whatever injuries he managed to inflict on himself, it doesn't happen too often though due to Mori-san's habit of whisking Dazai away after a serious attempt. Chuuya has tried to get Dazai to talk and explain himself before, he has tried to extend an olive branch so he can better understand his partner but it has never worked out. Dazai, who is usually all too willingly to chatter about suicide methods, absolutely clams up in those situations.

An idea pops to mind as he remembers his latest session with Yamada, the man had said something like 'You can talk, I'll just listen'. If Chuuya just talks and there isn't any pressure to respond then maybe Dazai will be more receptive. That could work, although part of him cringes back at the idea that those therapy sessions are actually teaching him something.

"I'm going to sit on the bed next to you, that alright?" He waits a few moments and watches Dazai closely for any sign of rejection. He doesn't see any so he tentatively gets up and sits himself down next to Dazai, he makes sure they aren't touching though. Sometimes Dazai seems to crave physical touch, other times he only gets worse with it. He'll leave the choice up to Dazai. "I'm gonna run through what I think the problem is, if you don't wanna respond that's fine. Just listen, alright?"

Again, no response.

"I noticed you started getting all stuck in your own head during the fights with 1B," Chuuya starts, "the day after you were slightly worse and then this morning I could tell something was up. Usually, there would still be a day or so before you tried anything, which makes me think that HPSC agent said something."

It's quiet, almost unnoticeable, but Chuuya hears as Dazai sighs. In annoyance maybe, but it's still a reaction, something that proves that Dazai is actually listening to him.

"Course, no one can out manipulate you. Whatever she said must have been something you were already thinking about, then you came back to the dorms and lashed out seeing me with the 1A kids, wanna know what I think?" Predictably Dazai doesn't answer, Chuuya continues, "Whatever you've been thinking has to do with me, right?" The

woman who had interviewed Chuuya had said a few things that were meant to drive a wedge between him and Dazai; he wouldn't be surprised if the same thing had been said to Dazai.

Still no answer but that's fine, all he wants is for Dazai to listen to what he has to say. If he doesn't take it to heart then that's another thing, just having his attention right now is enough.

Chuuya resists the urge to sigh lest Dazai think he's annoyed at him or anything, "Well, whatever that agent said was bullshit."

He's confident that's the case, so he continues without hesitation, "If she said something about me leaving you, or you not being a right fit for my partner then that's nonsense. No one could do what you do any better, not me, not the Boss, not anyone. And…" Chuuya trails off, uncertain if what he wants to say next is actually appropriate. The problem with being a teenager trying to comfort another teenager after a failed suicide attempt is that you hardly know what the right thing to say is. The fact it's Dazai of all people he's trying to encourage to continue living makes things even harder. God, he should have started looking into psychology or something months ago.

"And?" Dazai asks unexpectedly.

Ah, fuck, he'll have to say it now. "… And you're my partner dammit, I need you." Which is, unfortunately, very true. "You've saved my ass more times than I can count, be it with your crazy plans or with your Ability. I never have to worry when you're with me, 'cause I know you'll have my back no matter what. I don't trust many people like that y'know, and…" Once again Chuuya finds himself trailing off, but this time he knows he wants to say what he has in mind even if it'll be hard to say. "And being around you makes me feel human, so yea, call me selfish but I don't want you dying on me."

Dazai doesn't respond so Chuuya allows himself to fall into silence. He's hoping Dazai is just thinking over what he said and is not upset or anything with him, that would make an already shitty day worse. Even if what he said wasn't the most ideal thing to say to someone post suicide attempt he hopes the core message of it gets into Dazai's head, that message being that at least one person would care if he died. The idea that no one cares about him might not even be the reason Dazai made an attempt, Chuuya wouldn't know, but he hopes it helps nonetheless.

The not quite awkward but not comfortable silence continues and so

Chuuya's thoughts drift. He'll have to do damage control at some point, make sure everyone who saw Dazai knows he won't stand for any gossip. In all fairness he doubts anyone would talk, Aizawa and Recovery Girl are teachers with enough common sense not to talk to students about this and the only 1A kid who actually saw anything was Todoroki. As much as he may still hate Dazai, Chuuya is sure that Todoroki isn't the gossip kind.

He'll still make an effort to speak to Todoroki and maybe class 1A as a whole. If a single one of them dares to talk shit about Dazai for this he'll be practically forced to ruin their cover. It shouldn't be too hard to get these damn cuffs off, after that he can show them the true power of gravity. Failing that he'll just beat them with his fists, simple.

A slight shuffle from beside him brings his attention back to his partner just in time to hear him softly say, "... Chuuya needs me huh…"

"Fuckin' course I do, Soukoku is two people remember?"

There's movement by his side which causes Chuuya to allow himself to look down at his partner. Dazai has turned his head just enough to lock eyes with him, he doesn't look back to his usual self yet, which isn't surprising, but Chuuya likes to think he's feeling even the tiniest bit better. He hopes so anyway.

He thinks Dazai might be trying to read him, trying to see if Chuuya was honest with what he said. He hopes that whatever Dazai finds tells his Mackerel just how much he cares about him.

He must have seen something good as Dazai's searching gaze lessens somewhat, "Chuuya's being honest?"

Chuuya huffs, "If I didn't need you why the hell would I be in a fucking hero school right now?"

Dazai nods slightly before turning back to his previous position, this time the atmosphere doesn't feel quite as cold and tense.

After a moment of silence Dazai shuffles back, just enough that his back makes contact with the side of Chuuya's leg. Chuuya doesn't say anything, instead he just leans in and gets comfortable.

Tomorrow is going to be annoying and tiring to deal with, Chuuya can only imagine how many questions the teachers alone will have.

Recovery Girl will want to give Dazai another check over, which Chuuya will have to try and convince him to let happen. He and Dazai will have to have a proper conversation tomorrow about everything, from the HPSC interview to the argument to the attempt.

For now though, Chuuya just relaxes with the knowledge his partner is still with him. Together, as Soukoku, they'll get through whatever is thrown at them tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

For those who skipped it, Dazai tries to drown himself and is found by Todoroki. Todoroki calls Chuuya in and he gets Dazai breathing again, Aizawa is there but he doesn't do much because Chuuya doesn't let him. Dazai will make a full recovery from this, so don't worry!

Ok so. This is the chapter I'm most nervous to post. I read a lot of angst but I don't really write any, let alone a suicide attempt like this. I hope I portrayed it well enough. The next few chapters are going to be focusing on the events of this one, I don't want to make is so Dazai is all better and back to his usual self the next day. If, when I post those chapters, my portrayal is off then please let me know!

To the people who have been here since I posted the interlude, I bet you're happy to see more about Koharu and Harue! A lot of people have been guessing who they might be, some correctly guessing that they are HPSC. We'll be hearing a little more about them in the next chapters, specifically about Dazai's interview and what Koharu's Quirk is!

Fun fact, I had to write 'HPSC' on a piece of paper and stick is above my laptop because I kept writing 'HSPC' instead -_- I'm not good with acronyms.

I've been thinking about writing that 'But Dazai doesn't' scene for ages!! Basically from when I started this fic. I've very happy to have finally done it! There is one more scene that I've had planned since the start, I can't wait to get there next!!!

To everyone who has been asking for SKK angst... Are you happy? Oh and the ones that want a SKK kiss... Does that work? Haha

I had a thought while editing this chapter of 'What if Dazai just died right there?' I would never do it, I don't like MCD, but it

would be insane. I'm not sure I've seen a BSD x BNHA fic where the author just kills a BSD character off. Imagine the angst and drama.

At risk of sounding like Shigaraki.... Aizawa is so cool. I love him so much. Get ready for Dadzawa because he is on his way!!

Also I must say a big thanks to my mother, who happens to be a nurse. She gave me all the information on how to write the drowning scene and on the care that needs to happen afterwards. I could have searched it up myself but I figured what's the point of a nurse mother if not easy medical information for fanfiction?

Also also, I have posted another oneshot set in this universe to celebrate the one year anniversary of this fic! I hope you all enjoy it.

Last thing! A friend of mine recently convinced me to create a discord server for this fic! I'm going to post information about updates along with taking suggestions and questions there, I'll also probably post a few sneak peaks of chapters as I work on them ;) If anyone makes any content to do with this fic I'd love to see it sent there <3333 The link should be just under this!

Thanks for reading!!

Chapter 21: Recovery

Chapter Summary

Chuuya focuses his mind on just one thought: What happened in that interview?

Dazai glances away, which is either one hell of a coincidence or proof he has some sort of second Ability. Chuuya honestly wouldn't be surprised if it was the latter.

Chapter Notes

CW: Discussion of what happened last chapter- nothing too graphic though!

Let me know if I should add anything more to the CW.

Thanks to Yukiata for beta reading! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Ah- Let's head up there together, shall we?"

Koharu nods, although internally she feels irritation building. Perhaps this is a secondary Quirk of Harue's, the power to constantly be where she isn't wanted.

"Oh come one, don't look at me like that!" Harue shuffles closer, clearly looking for some sort of reaction. Koharu keeps her eyes trained on the door of the lift as it slowly begins ascending the many floors of the HPSC headquarters. The higher ups have called a meeting, one to discuss the outcomes of the interviews and plan for the future, Koharu can only hope Harue actually bothered to do her report this time.

Koharu cannot comprehend how Harue is still kept on as an agent with how inefficient and incompetent she is.

Harue leans back, seemingly realising Koharu won't be entertaining her nonsense today. If that is her thought process, then she would be correct. A meeting with the higher ups means that Koharu must be flawless, she must be the perfect agent that they could never dream of

firing. The perfect agent does not fall to stupid comments from Harue.

“I heard that kid’s Ability is nullification, which means all that research you did was useless in the end~”

The perfect agent should not fall to stupid comments from Harue, Koharu has exactly thirteen floors to be an imperfect agent before they reach the higher ups. No, make that ten floors to be imperfect, being fully composed before arriving is the most ideal course of action.

“No, it wasn’t,” Koharu replies flatly. While it was certainly annoying to deal with, it's not like Koharu was left useless without her Quirk, in fact, she had long since learnt the benefits of not relying on her Quirk so much. Her Quirk, Flawed, allows her to see the insecurities, worries, or anything ‘flawed’ of anyone she looks at- herself included. Over time she has learnt the art of reading people and taking note of the small things that give away their worries and insecurities, such as reactions to certain topics and attempting to hide parts of themself. Her Quirk makes it easier but Koharu is competent enough to do her job, and do it well, without it.

The boy, Dazai, had admittedly been a challenge. For a while it had seemed like he was but a blank slate, someone so clinical and emotionless that it almost reminded Koharu of herself. That didn’t last though, no, all it had taken was a brief mention of his partner, that Nakahara boy, and that facade came crumbling down. Well, perhaps that isn’t the correct way to describe what happened. To Koharu his answers and reactions from that point on had been an easy weak point to attack, it had been all too obvious to prod and poke and get the reactions she wanted. Other people likely wouldn’t have noticed the change in the boy’s demeanour for it was subtle.

In the end Koharu had left the interview satisfied, not only had she gained some information about Yokohama and the Port Mafia, although vague, she had also pushed along their plan quite nicely.

Now the only question that remains is if Harue was competent enough to do her part.

As if reading her mind Harue choses then to speak, “Well, I suppose it wasn’t all useless in the end. That Nakahara kid seemed receptive all things considered.” Harue waves around a folder, one that Koharu hopes includes a neat and finished report of the entire interview.

Koharu can feel as her phone buzzes in her pocket, with exactly five floors left until they reach the higher ups she decides to check it. Even

without looking she knows exactly what the notification will be, exactly who the notification will be from. Before heading into meetings Koharu ensures her phone is set to block any notifications, she had made that a habit after seeing a fellow agent get yelled at for his phone ringing during a meeting.

Koharu learns from mistakes, be it her own or someone else's.

There is only one person whose messages get through that block, a person who knows to only message her during a meeting if it is truly life or death.

K. Akuma : im gonna be presumptuous and get some fresh salmon for later… that meeting of yours better go well.

Koharu does not smile, not when Harue could see it and pester her, but she does feel her mood improve after reading the message. Fresh salmon for special occasions and accomplishments is a tradition she started some years ago, if this meeting goes well then Koharu will likely receive an advancement on her pay. If it doesn't go well then she could be fired, which would not be a salmon worthy occasion.

Akuma has always loved fresh salmon, Koharu will have to ensure this meeting goes well then.

"Oooo, I didn't think you had any friends! Who might this be?" Harue leans over to get a better view of Koharu's phone, in response Koharu simply shuts her phone off and tucks it away. Koharu knows how easy it is to twist information to manipulate someone, as such she makes sure to keep her work life away from her private life.

Three floors left.

Koharu takes a breath and feels herself slot into the perfect agent she has to be. The interview with Dazai went well, this meeting shall go well too. She will prove to the higher ups she is capable of handling these two Yokohaman boys.

-

Yamada isn't an overly anxious person. He gets worried, especially

when his friends go out on patrol in dangerous areas, but he has never been one to get worked up when there isn't a reason to be.

That being said, getting called to an early morning meeting with the Principal isn't something he can just brush off. It certainly doesn't help that the location of said meeting is Nedzu's office and not the meeting room, that must mean only a select few members of staff will be present. Or maybe it's just going to be Nedzu and Yamada, in which case he would get far more anxious.

As always, before Yamada even raises a hand to knock, Nedzu's door swings open. The Principal is sitting at his desk, a polite smile on his face, "Do come in, Yamada."

Yamada walks in, shutting the door on his way, and takes one of the seats in front of Nedzu's desk. "Can I ask what this is about?"

"I will explain once Aizawa arrives," Nedzu responds, which does work to calm Yamada's nerves. Despite his attitude, and appearance, Shouta is one of the best teachers at UA. His methods may be unorthodox but there is a reason why classes taught by Shouta succeed the most after graduation.

While his nerves may have calmed somewhat, Yamada can't help but be curious as to what this meeting will be about.

Behind him the door swings open, unphased Shouta walks. Well, Yamada says unphased but there is clearly something wrong with his friend. He seems more tired than usual, did something happen? Is that why Yamada was called here today?

"Principal," Shouta greets, although noticeably tense. Yamada feels his own nerves grow in response, he tries to get them under control as Shouta sits down next to him. There's no point in overthinking and scaring himself, he knows this, and yet he can't help but allow the worst case scenarios to fill his mind. Shouta himself seems fine, so if something has happened then it couldn't have been to him. Did a 1A student get hurt? Or the family of one of the kids? Although, if that were the case why would Yamada be present? He isn't particularly close with anyone in 1A, well, except for Nakahara-

Nakahara. Dazai. The interviews.

Yamada feels his foot begin to bounce from sheer anxiety.

"Thank you for joining me on such short notice," Nedzu starts, his

serious tone doing nothing to calm Yamada's nerves, "Aizawa is already aware of what happened, so I will explain for your benefit Yamada."

Yamada barely feels himself nodding.

"Last night, after returning from his interview with the HPSC agent Kusumi Koharu, Dazai instigated an argument between himself and Nakahara. Once left alone to 'cool off', Dazai attempted to drown himself in the first floor bathroom."

Ironically, Yamada feels as if ice water has been poured down his shirt.

Nedzu continues, "Nakahara quickly arrived at the scene and performed CPR, ultimately managing to get Dazai breathing again. Currently they are both in Recovery Girl's office resting."

Yamada finds himself thinking back to yesterday morning, he thinks back to how he waited so anxiously for those interviews to start. Back then he had a feeling something was going to go wrong, was that just him being overly anxious or was it a gut feeling he should have listened to? Being a Pro has taught him to trust in gut feelings, even if sometimes they don't make any sense. So why hadn't he taken his own worries more seriously back then?

There has never been a point in creating 'what if' scenarios after something happened, a fact Yamada learned quickly being a Pro Hero, and he won't start now. No, right now he has to push back that underlying feeling of guilt and 'could I have done something more?' so he can properly focus on what is happening now.

Right now he needs to get a better understanding of what happened, how Dazai and Nakahara were affected, and what he needs to do from now on.

(Yamada's mind flicks back to his last session with Nakahara, it reminds him how the kid had spoken about his home in such an adoring way. It reminds him of Nakahara's face showing fond amusement when recounting the stories about the arcade and the tea house.)

While he can't be sure it was entirely the fault of that HPSC agent that Dazai tried to kill himself, he's sure that, at the very least, she made things worse. That should be enough to make sure she never steps foot on UA grounds again, let alone have a private interview with Dazai

again. Yamada will make sure of it.

He takes a steading breath, just to make sure his Quirk doesn't act up, before speaking, "What exactly happened in those interviews?"

Nedzu shakes his head, "Foolishly, I believed the HPSC smart enough not to try anything on UA grounds. While I'm sure they were recording the interviews I doubt we would be able to get access to it, for now all we can do is wait for Dazai and Nakahara to tell us."

"When they're ready," Shouta adds, his tone leaving no room for argument.

"Of course," Nedzu easily agrees, "In the meantime we can attempt to… Theorise what was said, I myself have thought of a few potential reasons." Nedzu brings attention to the sheets of paper sat on his desk before continuing, "While agent Kusumi's Quirk was rendered useless due to No Longer Human, that does not mean she was unable to have an effect on Dazai. I suspect she has a talent in reading people and picking up on their 'weaknesses' even without her Quirk."

That makes sense, although there is one thing bugging Yamada about that. "Dazai's skilled at that too, if I remember right. Surely he would see through her and not…"

Nedzu gives him what Yamada has dubbed the 'teacher look'. That is to say, the look where he thinks you're smart enough to realise something but just need to think about it for a moment more. Yamada does just that, mentally he goes over all the information he has in an attempt to figure out what Nedzu wants him to see.

Yamada doesn't know Dazai all that well personally, although he does know a lot about the kid via Nakahara, so he can't be completely sure in his assessment of the kid's personality. That being said, from what he has heard and seen Dazai should be resistant to manipulation. He's a smart kid, one that knows just how to pick at something to get a reaction. Being able to do all that means he should also be good at recognising and avoiding it.

His fears only seem to grow once Shouta arrives with Dazai and Nakahara trailing behind him. Nakahara is on Dazai's right like normal, what isn't normal is the hand grabbing Dazai's arm. Dazai himself seems to be staring off into space. Neither of them are teasing each other or complaining which sets off the alarms in Yamada's head.

Yamada's mouth moves before he can think about it, "Dazai was already in a bad place when he went in for the interview."

Nedzu nods, a pleased look in his eye at Yamada figuring it out, "One of my theories is that Dazai was already teetering on the suicidal side of things that morning, whatever agent Kusumi said was the driving force that pushed him over."

That… makes sense. Although it certainly doesn't help the guilt Yamada is trying to push back. Nakahara had clearly known something was up with Dazai that morning, yet he didn't try to say anything, didn't try to get support from the three adults around him. Part of Yamada feels bitter that Nakahara hadn't trusted him, the other part of him pushes that even deeper than the guilt. He won't blame the kid for not trusting him.

"What other theories do you have?" Shouta asks a moment later.

"A less likely theory is that the HPSC found information on Dazai, or possibly Nakahara, and threatened Dazai with it," Nedzu pauses to flick through his papers, "I was unable to find any information on those two, so I do doubt the HPSC was able to. It is, nevertheless, a possibility."

Nedzu continues, "Another theory would be the possibility of this being some ploy by the Port Mafia. Thus far, the only activity we have observed of them is a slightly increased crime rate around the Yokohama border. Although that could well be due to the live steam and not the Port Mafia."

Shouta leans back in his chair, clearly unhappy at the thought of the Port Mafia getting involved, "The Port Mafia would know how to get to Dazai better, they might have been hoping he'd take himself out if they pushed enough."

Shit, Yamada hadn't even thought of this being the doing of the Port Mafia.

"We don't know how far the Port Mafia has reach, it might be in the realm of possibility that they have someone, or a number of people, in the HPSC. Although," Nedzu seems to consider his next words carefully, "That does bring up an interesting question indeed."

Fortunately, Nedzu doesn't wait for someone to prompt him to

elaborate. “When I arranged for Nakahara and Dazai to join us at UA I had expected for the Port Mafia to cause some trouble, either in an attempt to get them back or to ‘silence’ them. However, aside from the previously mentioned crime increase, there seemingly hasn’t been any movement from them.”

“That… doesn’t sound good,” Yamada replies lamely.

Nedzu nods like he said something intelligent anyway, “Indeed. Now, there are some potential reasons why this may be the case. As I have said before, perhaps Dazai and Nakahara aren’t important, perhaps they don’t know any sensitive information, in that case the Port Mafia’s silence would be them just cutting their losses.”

“Or maybe the Port Mafia is waiting for the perfect opportunity to try and take them both back, if they rushed into it and failed then UA would, naturally, raise our defences. It only makes sense for them to be cautious if that were the case.”

Shouta narrows his eyes, “There’s something else you’re not saying.”

Nedzu gets that proud glint in his eye once again before nodding, “I have approximately thirty theories about the Port Mafia’s lack of involvement and roughly the same about what happened in those interviews. There are a few that seem more plausible that others, some that seem to fit yet I have no evidence to prove them.”

“Not having evidence hasn’t stopped you from talking theories in the past,” Shouta, blunt as ever, says. Yamada, who was raised to have good manners, almost wants to cringe away. Then again, after spending so many years with Shouta he’s mostly used to it.

Nedzu laughs, although not as enthusiastically as he usually would, “That is true! However, some of my theories may leave a bad taste in your mouth. Until I have more certainty on them I will have to refrain from sharing, lest my theories impact your attitudes towards Dazai and Nakahara.”

Shouta looks pissed off at that, which Yamada understands. He knows it’s nothing personal but it still stings a bit for Nedzu to say that, Yamada is a professional, he wouldn’t let half-baked theories cloud his view like that. Shouta even moreso, it wouldn’t fit with his ‘living life logically’ philosophy to do something like that.

Despite agreeing with him, Yamada places a hand on Shouta’s shoulder in an attempt to calm him down. Getting into arguments

right now will help no one, instead they should focus on planning what needs to happen next. Turning to Nedzu, Yamada does just that, “We can’t let the HPSC have any private interviews from now on.”

“I have a few plans to ensure that it won’t happen again, although those will have to wait until Dazai and Nakahara are ready to speak to us,” Nedzu explains.

Shouta seems to calm further at the assurance Nakahara and Dazai won’t be pushed for information, Yamada allows his hand to linger for a second more before moving it away. He turns to Nedzu, “You said they’re both in Recovery Girl’s office, right? I imagine she’ll want to keep them for a few days, what will we say to class 1A and the other teachers?”

“For now we need to focus on Dazai’s recovery and checking to see how Nakahara is fairing mentally. I will meet with the other teachers, the ones that need to know, and inform them of what happened while keeping the details, such as my theories, to a minimum. Aizawa can inform class 1A when he deems it appropriate.” Nedzu answers.

“I need to speak with the kids that were downstairs, especially Todoroki. I’ll tell the rest of the class tomorrow in homeroom,” Shouta responds, he seems tired. Yamada can’t help but wonder how much sleep he actually got last night, by the looks of him it couldn’t have been that much.

“Very well,” Nedzu nods, “Yamada, do feel free to visit Nakahara and Dazai over the next few days. Now, are there any other questions?”

Yamada shakes his head, Shouta follows suit a moment later.

After brief goodbyes and promises to keep each other updated are exchanged, Yamada finds himself in the hallway with Shouta. Yamada can’t tell if he looks any better or worse after the meeting.

“Shouta?”

For a second he doesn’t reply, then, with a sigh, Shouta slumps up against the wall behind him, “Hizashi he… Nakahara…” Shouta pauses a moment before trying again, “Nakahara acted all serious and unaffected but… But he was scared, I know it. He was so scared his best friend would die and I did nothing, I haven’t done anything to help them both since they got here.”

Yamada’s nose scrunches up at that, his first instinct being to object to

the notion that Shouta hasn't done anything to help. A part of him puts a stop to that though, instead it pulls at him to pay closer attention to Shouta's choice of words. Yamada thinks about it and realises.

"Shouta," he starts, once again he places a hand on Shouta's shoulder, "This situation is different, right? Dazai is fine and he will be fine, I promise." It's a stupid promise to make, every Pro worth their salt knows promising the survival of people is a risky move, after all, there's no one on the planet who can reverse death.

"I know," Shouta raises a hand to rub at his eyes, "I just don't want him going through that, either of them."

Yamada nods, "I know." He lets the silence sit for a moment, despite his objections Shouta really cares so much about the people around him.

"Hey," Yamada starts, still upset at Shouta for blaming himself, "If it'll help you can tell me what happened. Might help you process everything."

Shouta drops the hand from his face, "Yea, alright. The staff room should be empty this early, right?"

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(His door closes, Nedzu sighs once it has. The papers on his desk are littered with new notes and theories.

Two boys from Yokohama, stronger and smarter than a majority of the Pros active these days. One boy with a code stamped on his neck, the other covered in bandages. A duo that claims they only met each other a year ago, and yet clearly trust each other like they have been acquainted for lifetimes.

Nedzu has no access to any information about those boys, his theories, bountiful as they are, lack anything to back them up. He can't, in good faith, pick a theory to pursue when they all have the same chance of being the truth.

It's been a long time since Nedzu was this challenged.)

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Bakugou isn't a fucking idiot, ok? People always seem to be shocked

when they find out he's actually a good student, likely because they assume someone can't be strong and smart. But he is smart, if he wants to be the number one Pro Hero someday he needs to have the brains to back up his Quirk.

No one has said shit yet, not Icyhot, Specs, or Aizawa, but that doesn't mean Bakugou is oblivious to what happened yesterday. A kid with known suicidal tendencies causes an argument, locks himself away in a bathroom and then need immediate medical attention? Hah, even the idiots that insist on hanging out with Bakugou could piece together those clues.

Actually, there's no doubt they have figured it out considering how they're acting. Those idiots, along with the others that happened to be around when it happened, have been acting tense and sad all day.

Like he said, there's been no announcement yet so most of the class is still in the dark. He can see the curious and worried glances being constantly sent his way though, they know something is up. It doesn't help that Specs just fucking had to make an announcement that 'something serious' had occurred and to 'give everyone space'. What a joke, at that point he might as well have just said what happened.

That tense, worried, and curious atmosphere had followed the class all day now resulting in almost silent lunch tables. Deku and his little group of followers had decided to sit right by Bakugou's table, likely because they all hesitated to enter the lunch hall like it was some crime. Bakugou didn't want to wait for those idiots to get it together so he had just pushed past and went on like usual, unfortunately it seems that Deku and the other extras had decided he was some sort of leader to follow. On a normal day Bakugou would relish in that, today though he finds it so fucking annoying.

To make matters worse, the rest of the student body seem determined to only talk about class 1A and those two Yokohama fucks. It's all 'Oh, that's the class with the murderers!' 'I feel so bad!' 'Class 1A has it so rough this year!', like those irrelevant extras would know anything.

Not to mention how everytime an insult is said the idiots around him seem to physically wilt, which pisses Bakugou off into glaring at whoever was stupid enough not to keep their voice down. Or, you know, not fucking gossip around the subjects of said gossip.

In Bakugou's opinion, getting those two put in their class was a stroke of luck. Two highly trained fighters, masters of their Abilities, of

weapons, and their bodies, for Heroes in training there isn't anything better.

Bakugou lost in his first fight with Bandages, his fight with Shorty had been a stalemate and the rematch with Bandages was interrupted by Deku and his schemes. It does piss him off to keep losing like that, but at the same time losing is a chance to learn and get better. He knows now, up close and personal, how those two fight. He knows what their Abilities do, which means he can think of different applications for them to be better prepared for next time.

Just by being around those two on a daily basis Bakugou feels himself improving and learning. Dealing with other people has never been his strong suit, especially the whiny ones that can't do anything for themselves. Bandages acts like that, what with how he lounges around and pretends to be so weak and unassuming. He whines and gets other people to do his bidding, something that previously would have pissed Bakugou off to no end.

He absolutely still finds Bandages annoying as fuck, but now he's taking a different approach. Being able to read that fucker, and read him well, will only help Bakugou in the long run. He doubts he'll ever meet anyone else as difficult as Bandages, which means once Bakugou beats him he'll have a clearer path to being number one.

Shorty is a lot easier to read, he's loyal and defensive of Bandages. Strong too, the type of guy who doesn't back down from a fight. He isn't an idiot but the way he acts isn't on the same level as Bandages. He's honest, in both words and actions.

Personally, Bakugou doesn't think either of them actually trust anyone at UA. If he were to go one step further, he'd say those two are acting far too nice considering the situation. Maybe they are just two fucked up kids like everyone else thinks, or maybe there's something deeper going on.

Bakugou is brought out of his thoughts by awkward laughing by Raccoon Eyes, someone probably tried to make a joke to lighten the mood. Obviously their attempt failed.

The idiots around him fall into silence once again, a quick glance confirms that Deku's table is much the same. Bakugou feels his annoyance tick up at that, isn't Deku's whole thing analysis? That nerd has no reason to be looking so worried over Bandages of all people.

Dunce face opens his mouth, likely to try another shitty joke, which is

when Bakugou decides he has had enough. He doesn't slam his chopsticks down, but it certainly is loud enough to get the attention of both his and Deku's table.

"Stop looking like it's the end of the fucking world," Bakugou says, trying to maintain a tone that says 'don't you dare argue with me'.

Pink Cheeks, who has gained major confidence after the internships, looks him definitely in the eye, "We're just worried, ok? With what happened yesterday it's only natural."

Raccoon Eyes nods, "Yea, plus Aizawa-sensei hasn't told us if he's alright yet or not so…"

Shitty Hair rubs his neck as he chimes in, "Yea, and with how everyone is talking about them… It just feels so unmanly."

Bakugou rolls his eyes at that, "First of all, none of you gave a shit what was said about them a day ago, why bother starting now? And do you really think things would be so quiet if Bandages kicked the bucket?" A few people look away at that, which almost causes Bakugou to roll his eyes again.

Specs looks like he's about to reprimand Bakugou, which he almost looks forward to for the simple reason of getting to argue back, but is cut when Shitty Hair speaks up, "What do you mean?"

Picking his chopsticks up, Bakugou explains, "Think of how those two act together."

For a second it seems no one has picked up on what he means when fucking Icyhot, of all people, nods, "I understand." And it really fucking does look like he gets it. In what world does Icyhot figure shit like this out before literally anyone else? (Minus Bakugou of course.)

It only takes a second longer for understanding to dawn on Deku's dumb face, "Oh, I get what you mean Kacchan."

Bakugou bites back the urge to yell at that idiot not to call him Kacchan.

The other extras turn to look at Deku as he explains, "Chuuya and Dazai are really close, if anything happened to one of them then the other would likely never deal with it quietly like this."

"Well, that makes sense but we can still be worried, right?" Pink

Cheeks asks. A few of Deku's followers nod at that, which clearly encourages her to continue, "Maybe we could go visit Dazai? Just to see if he's ok and all," Pink Cheeks trails off a little at the end, clearly uncertain.

Bakugou clicks his tongue, "Don't be stupid, pink cheeks." A few people look at him in shock, maybe even a little bit of anger. He can feel the outrage of Deku's little friends from across both tables, really, how stupid are they?

Before anyone can get on his back Bakugou further explains, "You really think that, one, Shorty would let us get that close or, two, Bandages would even want us there? Be fucking real."

For a second it seems Pink Cheeks wants to argue before she physically deflates, "Y-yea, I guess you're right."

Frog Face places a hand on Pink Cheeks arm, "Maybe we can ask Aizawa-sensei how he is after school? Ribbit."

Pink Cheeks cheers up at that, along with other members of her group and Bakugou's idiots. When they start to plan out what to say and if they should ask for a gift to be passed along Bakugou tunes out.

He's glad Bandages didn't die yesterday, mainly because he wants a fair fucking fight against the two of them. You can't fight a dead man and one that's grieving won't be at the top of their game. There's no point in a fight like that.

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Chuuya sighs, knowing before he's even turned around exactly what type of expression Dazai will pull. Well, more like what Dazai will be thinking when he gets sight of what exactly Chuuya is wearing.

Yesterday, when Recovery Girl had offered them both a change of clothes, Chuuya had elected to just change Dazai into something dry and not bother with himself. He would much rather be in his own clothes, even if wet, than whatever Recovery Girl was able to find. The wet clothes weren't the problem in the end, no, it was how they dried afterward. For some reason his clothes insisted on being slightly damp and never actually drying, this then led to a weird smell.

So here Chuuya is changing into the spare clothes Recovery Girl had supplied. There's the darkened silhouette of some hero on the shirt, he thinks so anyway- it's not like Chuuya can recognise whoever it is.

There's some text on the shirt too, probably some sort of motto if he had to guess.

Chuuya turns around and, lo and behold, there Dazai's single unbandaged eye is peeking at him. The rest of Dazai is tucked away under a rather thick blanket, something Chuuya had insisted on because Dazai is a terror when sick. If Dazai catches a cold on top of everything else that has happened then Chuuya might just have to call Mori-san to pick them up.

"It's the only shirt she had, alright?" Chuuya defends, although it's not like Dazai had been any luckier. The shirt he's currently wearing is covered in about five different heroes all doing different gimmicks, some of them are random enough that Chuuya has to guess they relate to some established joke. The most noticeable ones are the bird and bunny duo fighting in various ridiculous poses and the blond guy with, what Chuuya can only guess, is a moustache made of denim.

Dazai looks at him for a moment and then, naturally, picks up on exactly what Chuuya was thinking just moments ago, "Chuuya doesn't recognise who that is?" His voice is on the quiet side, but it's leagues better than him not talking at all. If teasing Chuuya is something that will get Dazai feeling better then he'll put up with it, for now at least.

"Should I?" In Chuuya's defence, the last 24 hours have been stressful enough for him to forget all the random hero trivia he knows.

Dazai's face, what's visible of it anyway, doesn't change and yet Chuuya gets the distinct feeling the bastard is amused. Great, whoever this pro is must be incredibly obvious, someone who is popular or someone Chuuya has already met.

Chuuya glances down and tries to figure it out before Dazai tells him. It can't be Aizawa or Yamada, neither of them have the build for it, plus he hasn't heard either of them say the motto once. Aizawa doesn't really have a motto but Yamada's is most definitely something to do with 'little listener', or maybe that's just a nickname for kids and his actual motto is just 'listener'. Chuuya can imagine him yelling something like 'Listen up!' before blasting the eardrums of some random villain. Aizawa doesn't seem like the type to have a motto, but maybe something like 'Get erased' or something?... No, that's stupid. Thank god he didn't say that aloud.

Chuuya knows he's heard the motto on his shirt before, he just can't quite place who said it.

The name of the pro is on the tip of his tongue, it really is.

“All Might.”

Chuuya sighs in defeat, yep, it would be All Might wouldn’t it? The build of the figure on his shirt is dramatically big, which matches All Might to a T, not to mention the fact that yea, he has heard that motto before. Any time anything goes wrong, no matter how big or small, some kid is ready to yell it out. If someone needs encouragement or comfort then boom, Plus Ultra.

Although, you can’t blame him for momentarily forgetting about the man. Since that first battle in Yokohama he hasn’t actually done all that much, he just kind of lingers at the sidelines. Not to mention that the figure on his shirt isn’t in colour, how is Chuuya supposed to recognise him without his bright yellow hair? (Chuuya ignores the part of him that says he would be able to recognise Yamada’s silhouette without colour.)

“Yea, well, I’m not a fanboy so,” Chuuya rolls his eyes in a show of attitude, although they can both tell it’s fake.

Now with dry clothes Chuuya once again takes up his position by Dazai’s bed, this time he stays in his chair and not on the bed. The bed would be more comfortable, sure, but the part of him that gets all tense when Dazai is vulnerable wants him to be ready to jump up and start a fight if needed. Logically, Chuuya knows the biggest danger to Dazai is himself, that won’t stop him from being cautious.

Dazai is still staring at him, that one eye so piercing that Chuuya gets the feeling Dazai must be trying to read his mind or something.

Chuuya focuses his mind on just one thought: *What happened in that interview?*

Dazai glances away, which is either one hell of a coincidence or proof he has some sort of second Ability. Chuuya honestly wouldn’t be surprised if it was the latter.

Even though Chuuya didn’t actually ask what happened he feels that Dazai’s glance away is indicative of what would happen if he did. Right now things are still sort of tense in a way, Dazai isn’t outright ignoring him but there is a clear atmosphere of ‘don’t ask’ surrounding him.

Something happened in that interview and Chuuya needs to know

what. Chuuya will admit that most of the reason behind him wanting to know is so he knows how much to beat up that HPSC agent if they ever cross paths again, whatever she said had gotten to Dazai in some way and Chuuya needs to get revenge for that.

Another reason he'd like to know is so he can figure out what to tell the teachers here at UA. Chuuya isn't stupid, while so far no one has come in to speak to Dazai he just knows that won't last. At some point someone, be it Aizawa or maybe even Nedzu, will come to speak with Dazai.

The problem with that is Dazai would never talk to them about this. Hell, he might not even tell Chuuya what happened, if the pros try to push then Dazai might end up just shutting everyone out and pretending nothing happened. More accurately he would just pretend it was all some sort of joke until everyone moved on.

So, the only solution is for Chuuya to become a sort of middleman. He learns what he can from Dazai and then tells the pros some of it, just enough to keep them from pestering Dazai and making things worse.

The problem, as already stated, is that Dazai clearly isn't in a talking mood and honestly, neither is Chuuya. A part of him is still pissed off at Dazai for that argument yesterday, he knows Dazai wasn't in his right mind but that doesn't excuse it. For now he'll let things go, there are bigger problems to worry about, but he will get some sort of apology later.

Chuuya's eyes trail over to the tray of bowls left on Dazai's bedside table. Recovery Girl had brought them some food, both last night and this morning, since they couldn't leave to get any themselves. Well, Chuuya would in theory but like hell is he leaving Dazai's side yet.

Dazai hadn't eaten that much, which wasn't at all surprising. Usually, Chuuya would try to get him to eat a bit more but he knows he shouldn't push his luck right now. Instead, Chuuya had gone ahead and eaten about half of what Dazai left to avoid any questions by Recovery Girl. Should he have done that? Probably not but it's too late to change anything.

Both times Recovery Girl had entered, Dazai pretended to be asleep, which only proves his earlier theory that Dazai has no plans to talk to any of the pros.

As if on cue a knock rings out through the room, before Chuuya can even ask who is at the door Dazai has already closed his eye and

slowed his breathing. It's almost impressive how in only a matter of seconds Dazai can go from looking perfectly awake and aware to in a deep sleep.

Chuuya sighs, hopefully it's just Recovery Girl bringing them some lunch. "Yea?"

The door swings open and Aizawa walks in, not who he was hoping for but not the worst outcome.

Aizawa glances at Dazai before noticeably speaking quieter than he usually would, "How is he?"

Chuuya shrugs. Recovery Girl had been confident Dazai would be fine, she just wanted to keep him in the infirmary for a few days to make sure he stayed that way. So physically yea, he's fine but mentally? That's a clear no.

Aizawa seemingly takes his shrug as a proper answer and sits himself down in one of the chairs across the room.

Great, he's about to ask about why Dazai tried to kill himself now. That's what this has to be, right? He'll probably want to know about any past attempts too, which Chuuya really does not want to be talking about right now. What if he asks why Dazai is-

"I'm sorry."

-suicidal, how would Chuuya even answer that? How could he…

"Huh?" If Dazai wasn't pretending to be asleep then he would probably be laughing at Chuuya's dumbfounded reaction right now.

To his credit, Aizawa doesn't falter at Chuuya's reaction. "It was due to my own inaction that you had to go through that yesterday, for that I'm sorry." Aizawa bows his head slightly as he speaks, which only serves to add to Chuuya's confusion.

Aizawa apologising is weird enough, especially since he had no hand in what happened, but also what he's apologising for throws Chuuya off. Aizawa is acting like seeing Dazai nearly die is some sort of hugely traumatic event, which sure it was unpleasant but with how often Dazai has tried to kill himself he's mostly used to it. Not to mention that it is nowhere near the worst thing that Chuuya has seen, not even top five. He shrugs, "I'm used to it. Besides, Dazai would never let you close enough to deal with that stuff, so it's whatever."

That doesn't seem to have the effect Chuuya was aiming for. Aizawa raises his head, his face hard, "You're a kid Nakahara, you shouldn't be used to keeping your friend from killing himself."

Chuuya wants to interject there with how he really isn't a kid but Aizawa shows no signs of stopping long enough for that to happen. "Despite knowing Dazai was a risk to himself I didn't do anything to help, instead I thought it would be better, easier maybe, to leave it to you. I see now that was ignorant of me."

Aizawa stops speaking for a moment but Chuuya does not take the opportunity to speak. This is the first time someone has apologised for leaving Dazai to him… Chuuya isn't sure what to make of it. Back home it's sort of a given, 'Oh, Dazai is being difficult? Well pass him over to the one guy who can put up with him.'

After a few more seconds of silence, Aizawa continues, "From now on I won't be asking for any information on Yokohama or the Port Mafia."

That catches Chuuya off guard, isn't that the main reason Nedzu let them stay at UA? Sure he can go on about rehabilitation and whatnot but it's easy to see what the Pros really want to gain from this, a chance to get insider information. "And why would you do that?

"Because you don't trust me, neither does Dazai. I realised yesterday that I haven't been putting in enough effort to help you both, I've been acting passively when I should have been actively working to earn your trust," Aizawa continues to speak, acting like what he's saying makes completely perfect sense, "So, from now on, I don't care what Nedzu or the HPSC say. Making sure you two have someone you can rely on, someone who is in your corner, will be my priority."

Alright, Chuuya will have to re-adjust how he's looking at this mission. Before he was going at it with the standard infiltration mindset, although slightly altered to work with Dazai's plans. Back home infiltration missions tend to be an exercise in showing just enough trust but not too much, getting on people's good sides while making sure to keep enough distance to avoid being hurt. If Aizawa is serious about this new goal of his, which he may well be lying, then he'll likely continue to 'actively work' until he deems the level of trust significant. Chuuya, and Dazai too, will have to play along and pretend to trust him more then.

Aizawa is still looking at him, clearly waiting for an answer.

Chuuya glances down at Dazai, he's still the perfect picture of being deeply asleep. Chuuya sighs and turns his attention back to Aizawa, "Dazai trusts about two, maybe three people. You really think you can get into the corner of someone like that?" In truth, Chuuya has no clue how many people Dazai trusts- if any. A safe bet would be himself and those two he always goes to the bar with.

Aizawa doesn't seem affected by this, "I've never been one to back down from a challenge."

Chuuya holds his gaze for a moment, trying to see if the man is lying or not. Dazai has always been better at reading people. Aizawa's face is set so seriously that Chuuya can't help but believe he's being honest, "Fine, do whatever you want."

Aizawa nods and almost seems relieved by it, yet his serious expression does not leave him, "Nakahara, letting those two HPSC agents speak to you alone was a mistake, one I'll make sure doesn't happen again."

Chuuya wasn't going to let it happen again either.

Aizawa continues, "Knowing what was said in both yours and Dazai's interviews will help us to prevent it from happening again."

Ah, here it is. He already knew this was going to happen at some point, although he was hoping he'd have more time to get some information out of Dazai before it did.

"That being said, no one is going to ask what happened."

It's not like Chuuya to be caught off guard like this twice in one sitting, is he still out of it from yesterday? "What?"

"Nedzu agreed with me that we should wait until you're ready to tell us, so that's what we'll do. When you want to talk, come to us and we'll listen."

"And if that never happens?" Chuuya asks in a disbelieving tone. In truth Chuuya has no problems talking about his own interview, the agent had asked some weird questions but nothing set him off like it had for Dazai. If Aizawa, Yamada, or even Nedzu asked he wouldn't be phased talking about it. That being said, part of him wants to see if Aizawa will stay true to his word and not ask. Actually, that brings up an interesting thought. If Chuuya tells Yamada about it then will Aizawa just go ask him?

Aizawa shrugs, “Then we’ll never know.”

Frankly, Chuuya isn’t sure how much he trusts that. Putting aside the whole ‘gather information on Yokohama and the Port Mafia’ thing, it only makes sense for teachers to ask for information like that. Chuuya has seen the TV shows based in schools, the teachers are always going on about safeguarding and whatnot. It’s like Aizawa said, knowing what happened in the interviews can help prevent it happening again in the future.

Aizawa seems like a good teacher, or at least good compared to the shows Chuuya has seen, so there must be some other reason why he isn’t asking for the information. What sort of reason would outweigh the potential safety of both himself and Dazai?

… Ah, that whole ‘actively work’ to gain trust thing. “This is your first act of trying to make us trust you, huh?”

“It is.” Aizawa answers without shame of being caught. He glances over at Dazai, Chuuya ignores the urge to jump up and get his attention away from his still recovering partner, before standing up. “I’ll leave you for now but I will be back, I want to apologise to Dazai too.”

Chuuya nods while keeping a watchful eye on the man as he walks across the room. Only once Aizawa has left the room does he turn his attention back to Dazai, once again finding himself being stared down by a single brown eye.

Dazai doesn’t say anything, which could mean nothing or it could mean a bad thing. Or a good thing, honestly, it could mean anything. There is a chance Dazai might be thinking up some way to tease Chuuya, likely over the fact he got shocked by Aizawa twice in one conversation. If that is the case then it would be for the best if Chuuya spoke first and directed the conversation away from that.

“You think he’s being genuine?”

Dazai tilts his head slightly, as much as he can since he’s still laid on his side, “Aizawa is straightforward like Chuuya is, I think he would just stay quiet over lying.”

Chuuya nods, from what he knows about Aizawa that does seem in character. The only question now is what their next steps should be, dynamics have been changed in the aftermath of Dazai’s attempt. The 1A kids will probably feel pity for Dazai, maybe Chuuya too, and be

more trusting from now on and, if Aizawa is anything to go off, the same might be true for the Pros. It’s advantageous for them, sure, but Dazai might be seeing something he isn’t. (He might also be uncomfortable with so many people pitying him, not that he’d ever say that aloud.)

Dazai isn’t in any place to be making plans though, so Chuuya will leave off on asking about that until he’s back to his normal self.

Chapter End Notes

Welcome back, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter!!

In truth this chapter was a little hard to write, mainly because of Bakugou haha. His POV is tricky (for me at least) as I had to balance his temper and him being observant/intelligent. It also doesn't help that I don't swear irl so I was hard to know if I was using enough or not! I reckon I'll do another one of his POVs someday, just to get more practise at it!

How are we feeling about Koharu? I know people have been curious about her Quirk so I hope that helps to answer those questions! Although, more questions have appeared, most notably just who is Akuma? Well, you'll find out in the next few chapters! I wonder if anyone will be able to guess who he is and what Koharu's motivations are... One half of me thinks it's very obvious, the other part says 'You have insider information, of course it's obvious.'

And don't worry, I haven't forgotten about Harue! You'll get to learn more about her very soon!!

While what happened in Dazai's interview hasn't been fully revealed I feel the clues I have given away will lead to some of you figuring it out! In fact, I've already seen a few people who got it right ;)))

Usually my notes are a lot longer than this but I just don't have anything else to say...

Thanks for reading!! <333

Chapter 22: Discussion (fight scene when?😒)

Chapter Summary

You said I'm your dog for life, right? I could never leave even if I wanted to.

Chapter Notes

CW: References to Dazai's attempt, nothing super graphic though!

Let me know if I should add something more!

Thanks to Echo78 for beta reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Aizawa-sensei!"

Midoriya, ever the extrovert, is the one to call out to Aizawa-sensei in the end.

The remainder of lunch and practical heroics had gone by in the blink of an eye, something Todoroki was sure his classmates appreciated. Of course, that's assuming they, too, felt time slip by instead of drag.

Once practical heroics ended, Todoroki and the others, who were aware of just what happened yesterday, finished changing faster than ever in an attempt to catch Aizawa-sensei before he left to do… Whatever he does in the afternoons.

Todoroki, despite wanting to speak to Aizawa-sensei quite urgently, made sure to linger at the back of the group. He knows Aizawa-sensei is a good man, nothing like his own father, but it doesn't hurt to be cautious. Letting Midoriya and the others take the lead will give Todoroki some time to assess and decide if he wants to speak with Aizawa-sensei after all.

Todoroki has decided he wants to help Dazai and Nakahara. If Aizawa-sensei is still biassed due to the live stream, then he'll have to find some other way to help them.

Aizawa-sensei pauses mid-step before turning, "Ah, good. I was hoping to talk to you all."

That could be a good sign, or it could be very bad. It's hard to tell so far.

Uraraka clasps her hands together, a nervous habit Todoroki picked up on some time ago, "Sensei… How is Dazai doing?"

Aizawa-sensei gives Uraraka his full attention. "He's fine. Recovery girl just wants to make sure there aren't any lasting effects." He turns to look around the group. "How are you all doing?"

No one answers that for a few moments, perhaps uncertain on how to verbalise their emotions. Aizawa-sensei doesn't try to rush them, which Todoroki appreciates.

Eventually, Kirishima rubbed his neck awkwardly, "To be honest, Sensei, we could be better…"

"I understand, even if you didn't quite see what happened," Todoroki doesn't miss how Aizawa-sensei glances right at him, "It can be traumatising knowing something like that happened. I recommend paying a visit to Hound Dog to talk things over, even if you think you haven't been greatly affected."

Aizawa-sensei pauses for a moment before continuing, "I do want to say now that none of you should feel guilty, alright? You didn't know what was going to happen, and you did the right thing calling for help when you realised."

"Thanks, Sensei," Kirishima nods while he speaks. A moment later, he continues, "Actually, we were wondering if you could pass something along to Dazai and Chuuya?"

Aizawa-sensei seems to consider this for a second before agreeing, "As long as it's appropriate."

Yaoyorozu steps forward, a book clutched in her hands. "We figured they might be getting bored in Recovery Girl's office, so I made this. It's a customised crossword book." She passes the book over to Aizawa-sensei; the man nods and gives it a brief glance. Todoroki hopes Nakahara and Dazai enjoy the book. Yaoyorozu and a few others had worked hard to put it together so last minute.

Uraraka holds out a container for Aizawa-sensei to take, "Oh, and we spoke to Lunch Rush; he gave us extra cookies to pass along to them."

Next is Kaminari, who holds out a small handheld gaming system

decorated with lightning bolts, “I don’t know if Dazai’s phone made it out of that al… I want to give him my handheld, at least for now. That way, his shooter skills don’t get rusty.”

“I’m sure they’ll both appreciate these,” Aizawa takes each gift and carefully tucks them under his arm. Only once they are secure does he continue, “Todoroki, I need to speak to you in private if that’s alright.”

Todoroki nods, once at Aizawa-sensei and then again at his classmates. A few seem like they want to say something, perhaps to ask if Todoroki wants them to stay, but they stay silent.

Only after his classmates have left earshot does Todoroki speak up, “Sensei?”

Just like before, Aizawa-sensei places his full attention on Todoroki as he speaks, “You were the one who discovered Dazai that day; how are you holding up?”

Usually, Todoroki would take the time to think through his words so he could say exactly what he meant. He doesn’t need to do that this time, though, mainly because he’s been thinking it through for the past few days. He had started just after the visit to his mother, after Dazai’s attempt, his thoughts only became more intense.

“I feel conflicted,” Todoroki begins, “I noticed a few days ago that we, as a class, weren’t treating Dazai and Nakahara as we perhaps should be. I was going to bring it up to everyone, but things kept getting in the way. I understand that even if I had brought it up, it is likely nothing would have changed. Still, I can’t help but feel I messed up in that sense.”

Aizawa-sensei levels him with a serious look, “Kid, you were the only one who followed Dazai after that argument. It was because of you keeping an eye on the situation that things turned out as well as they did; don’t feel guilty over that. Besides, there’s no time limit on when you can bring those ideas up. You can speak to the class after school, and if you want to talk to me, I’m always listening.”

Well, there is no time like the present. “Sensei, during practical heroics, can we have more exercises where Dazai and Nakahara are on our side?”

Aizawa-sensei nods, “Of course, any other ideas?”

Todoroki thinks for a moment, “Not yet, but I will come to you if I

have any."

"And you'll go speak with Hound Dog about all this?"

Todoroki nods. He'll have to ask Midoriya if he knows how to get in contact with Hound Dog.

Aizawa-sensei smiles slightly, "Good, now get going."

-

When Aizawa goes to drop off the gifts from 1A, he finds things haven't changed all that much since he was last here. Nakahara is still sitting by Dazai's bedside, and Dazai is still tucked away under the blankets asleep. Aizawa briefly wonders if the kid has even woken up at all yet.

Aizawa feels a pang of worry at that; he should bring it up to Recovery Girl before he leaves.

Nakahara seems somewhat grateful, if a little confused, for the gifts, which Aizawa is sure will please the 1A kids to hear. Hopefully, once Dazai wakes up, he'll get some enjoyment out of them, too.

-

Chuuya hadn't been expecting Aizawa, or anyone for that matter, to bring any gifts along. Get-well cards and teddy bears aren't the usual reactions to one of Dazai's attempts, after all, although Chuuya supposes he can give it to 1A for picking more personalised gifts.

The crossword book must have been put together by Yaoyorozu, or at the very least made by her if the little logo in the corner is anything to go by. (Does Yaoyorozu stamp her name onto everything she makes? It would make sense; Chuuya doubts she would want anyone stealing her creations.) Chuuya can admit he finds the drawings and crossword themes amusing, mainly because it's so obvious that Yaoyorozu, or whoever made them, had tried so hard to make it relevant to him and Dazai.

Unfortunately for them, neither Chuuya nor Dazai has been very forthcoming about what they like. Some of the crosswords have clear inspirations, such as the crab themed one, while others tend to be more of a reach.

Not that Chuuya minds; in fact, he's enjoying filling the book out.

There's only so long he can look at pointless shit on his phone or try and prod a conversation out of Dazai; having something else to do is refreshing.

Dazai seemed rather pleased to get his hands on something to do, something that didn't require speaking to anyone. For the past few hours he'd been lying facing away from Chuuya playing some sort of shooter game on the handheld Aizawa brought. The little device looked oddly familiar when Chuuya had managed a glimpse of it, his only guess is it must belong to one of the 1A kids. Kaminari perhaps.

The cookies were a nice touch, tasty, too.

The sounds of Dazai's game cut off abruptly, although the room doesn't stay silent for long. "Hey, Chuuya?" Dazai's tone sounds much closer to his usual self, although it still sounds just a little bit too flat. It's like Dazai doesn't have the energy to use any sort of teasing tone.

"Hm?" Chuuya responds with only half his attention; the crossword puzzle he's currently working on is one of the harder ones. So far, he's managed about half of it without asking Dazai for help, and he hopes to get it all done by himself. The theme is one of those loosely associated ones, which is to say, it's spaced themed. Chuuya can see how the 1A kids got to that theme, Upon the Tainted Sorrow, gravity, space.

Beside him, Dazai shuffles backwards a little. He's now fully touching Chuuya's side. "What you said the other day… Was it really the truth?"

Chuuya, admittedly, still isn't paying much attention to his partner. He probably should be, all things considered, but he's so close to figuring out twelve down. "Yea, course," Chuuya answers. He doesn't make it a habit to lie to people, especially to those like Dazai that see through everything.

"I…" Dazai starts but quickly trails off. The uncertain tone in his voice flags Chuuya's attention; he glances over at Dazai just in time to see him turn over, snatch the crossword book and pen from Chuuya's hands, and then bury himself under the blankets.

"Hey! I wasn't done with that!" Chuuya protests, although he keeps his voice low in case there is some Pro or another outside the door. Chuuya tries tugging on the blankets so he can get under there and get his crossword book back, but nothing happens. It seems Dazai has created an impenetrable wrap around himself.

Chuuya finds himself huffing, although it's mostly performative. An interesting fact about Dazai is that he has mastered the art of talking without actually saying anything; some days, he can just go on and on and on, and not a single thing he says is worth the attention. He's good at doing stuff like that. It makes sense then that Dazai sucks at talking about serious or emotional things; well, that's not quite right. Dazai sucks at talking about serious things about himself, specifically his ever so mysterious past before the Port Mafia and his suicidal tendencies.

Dazai was trying to say something earlier, so he either took the book as a distraction or to write whatever he wanted to say down. Chuuya is personally leaning towards it being so he can write something down. If he wanted a distraction then he could have just grabbed the handheld Aizawa had brought them and challenged Chuuya to a game.

Low and behold, five minutes later, the crossword book slides out from under the blankets. Chuuya rolls his eyes when he notices that the crossword he was actively working on has been fully finished. That's such a Dazai thing to do.

Chuuya doesn't call him out on it though. Instead he just glances over to the formerly blank page next to the crossword he was working on to see what Dazai had written down.

Chuuya could easily do this mission all by himself; it would hardly matter if I was alive here or not. Chuuya has bonded with the hero kids and is smart strong enough to beat the villains without me. But Chibi would get mad if I hurt myself here, so I really trie didn't.

That agent thought something similar. She asked questions about the Port Mafia and Mt.Lady, and somehow she made everything about Chuuya. "A useful Ability." "It seems he does all the work." "Nakahara is far more versatile." She was very certain Chuuya would leave me and join the HPSC. She said I was "inferior" and so the HPSC won't "waste time" with me. I understa

Chuuya's loyalty is his best quality, but I still got upset when was bothered when the 1A kids were acting so close to him.

Dazai still hasn't emerged from his blanket casing, which gives

Chuuya time to get his emotions under control before facing him. Fuck, he's so mad. He was expecting something like this, but that doesn't soften the blow any.

A large part of him feels offended that the HPSC assumes he would just turn his back on Dazai, the Port Mafia, and his home. What could they even be thinking of offering him to make that worth it? Money? Hah, please. No amount could make Chuuya turn tail like that. No, if Chuuya was going to leave the Port Mafia, it would be on his own terms and, most likely, with Dazai in tow.

A larger part of him feels so much anger on Dazai's behalf. Who is this woman to say that Dazai is inferior? That's the stupidest thing Chuuya has ever fucking heard. Dazai "The Demon Prodigy" Osamu being inferior? The same guy who could probably take down the Port Mafia in a week if he wanted to? Fuck off.

Yea, Chuuya does the heavy lifting, but that doesn't mean Dazai is just sitting around doing nothing. Even when it looks like that idiot is being lazy, Chuuya can guarantee there is more to it, be it keeping an eye on variables that might ruin the mission or coming up with twenty-odd backup plans. Dazai's brain never truly rests, or at least it seems that way to Chuuya.

Chuuya takes a steadying breath; he wants nothing more than to get the hell out of here and go pay a visit to the HPSC. Usually, he wouldn't be so offended by this sort of thing, but considering this time it ended with Dazai trying to kill himself, he thinks his reaction is justified.

(He knows that it was just one hell of a coincidence; the fact that Dazai happened to be off his game when these interviews happened meant that he was more susceptible to what he usually would brush off. That doesn't stop him from blaming the HPSC agent.)

Chuuya goes to speak, not quite sure what to say but with the intent of comforting Dazai when he stops himself. No, that won't get the reaction he would hope for. Like he said before, Dazai's speciality is avoiding conversations he doesn't want to be a part of. The fact he even wrote this down for Chuuya instead of blowing him off is significant, although perhaps he realised he'd have to tell someone eventually. Better Chuuya than some pro hero, right?

Anyway, Chuuya can't address things head-on. While there is the possibility that Dazai will respond… Well, not positively, but not

negatively, Chuuya doesn't want to risk it. What if Dazai has somehow forgotten about his aversion to talking about his emotions and will be reminded about it the moment Chuuya tries to be direct with him?

Chuuya needs to approach this in a way that won't scare Dazai off… The best way to do that would be to follow Dazai's lead.

A moment later, Chuuya slides the crossword book back under the covers, this time with a new addition to the pages.

You said I'm your dog for life, right? I could never leave, even if I wanted to.

Now, you up for some planning? I have a few ideas…

-

If the atmosphere in class was bad yesterday, it's about ten times worse now that everyone is aware of what happened.

During homeroom, Aizawa-sensei had given a brief explanation of what happened, along with a few other things, but Uraraka honestly wasn't listening.

Aizawa-sensei said yesterday that no one should feel guilty over what happened, and Uraraka logically knows that he's right. She didn't know what was going to happen, and there wasn't anything she could have done in that situation. Once Uraraka was aware of what was happening, Chuuya and Aizawa-sensei were already there helping. If she tried to get involved she would only surely get in the way.

She wouldn't know how to help, which is the thing that she is actually hung up on.

Uraraka wants to be a rescue Hero, and her Quirk is great for it; that's something she's known for years. Collapsed buildings will be a breeze to move; she'll also be able to remove people from car crashes without jostling them too much, which she knows is vital for preventing any injuries from getting worse.

But what about someone who is choking? Someone who is bleeding out? A drowning victim? Her Quirk wouldn't be able to help there, she'd need to know traditional first aid.

That's why, when class 1A arrives at practical heroics class that afternoon, she changes faster than ever before. Uraraka isn't sure what All Might has planned for today's lesson, but maybe if she can speak to him before class begins, then he'll agree to her idea.

A few of the girls shoot her confused looks when she rushes out of the changing room but Uraraka pays it no mind.

Fortunately, it looks like getting changed so quickly paid off.

All Might, with his ever-present grin on face, nods in her direction. "Ah, young Uraraka! You certainly finished changing fast!"

Uraraka nods as she continues walking further into the room, "I have a request for today's lesson if that's allowed." Honestly, she still sometimes gets intimidated by talking to All Might; he is the number one Pro Hero, after all. Usually, she might stutter or hesitate a bit but not this time. This time she cares more about learning what she needs to.

"Of course!"

Uraraka lets out a relieved sigh before speaking, "I want to learn CPR and maybe some other first aid stuff?"

For a second, Uraraka worries All Might will reject the idea, which would hurt, but she'd understand. If need be, she can always go speak with Recovery Girl to learn that stuff.

All Might's smile seems to soften a bit, "That's a great idea! I'm sure your classmates will appreciate this."

Uraraka can't help but feel beyond happy at that. Learning CPR will be the next step towards her dream of being a Pro Hero. After this lesson, she'll be able to help more people, Dazai and Chuuya included.

-

The dorms are quiet that afternoon when 1A returns from classes, the typical friendly chatter lost in favour of sad and tense glances. Usually, once arriving back at the dorms, everyone would split off to do their own things. A decent amount of people would sit around in the common area or the kitchen; some would go back to their rooms while others went to get more training in. For the first time since- Ha, since the live killing of Mt. Lady, the entirety of class 1A are sitting

around the common area. Say what you want about Dazai and Nakahara but, they certainly know how to get people together.

Shinsou is very glad none of his classmates have a mind reading Quirk. If anyone heard how he uses humour to cope then it probably wouldn't end well for him.

The silence is almost unnerving. Shinsou, never one for conversation, would usually be beyond appreciative of it. A chance to sit in the common area and just relax, no yelling or obnoxious chatter to be found, would be amazing on any other day.

But, like many of his classmates, Shinsou is too deep in internal conflict to enjoy the lack of conversation.

On the one hand, two kids from Yokohama who killed a Pro and were also a dick about Shinsou's Quirk; he hasn't forgotten about that; on the other hand, a suicidal kid and his friend that had to be the one to do CPR.

Two kids that seemingly have no remorse for any of the crimes they have committed, but also two kids that might have been manipulated into the Mafia at a young age.

Shinsou has spent a majority of his life being pushed aside and alienated for his Quirk, for being 'Villainous' despite having never committed a crime before. He understands what it's like for people to look at him and never see anything past what they want to see.

In that regard, he can't help but feel bad when his mind constantly reminds him, 'Hey, these guys killed a Pro and don't regret it' any time Shinsou starts to feel pity for them. Which, if Shinsou was just feeling bad for them because of some petty reason, he wouldn't really care much about it. Sort of like, 'Yea, they might be homesick, but that's not my problem.'

Shinsou can now see the error in that way of thinking, even if he still catches himself going down that route.

Around him, the class still sits in tense silence, something that doesn't help keep Shinsou from getting too in his head.

But, like he said, those two killed someone and don't regret it. Shinsou was an outcast because of what he might do and what others thought he would do, but it's different for Nakahara and Dazai. They have actually committed those crimes; the stigma around them is

completely deserved.

It doesn't help that his first interaction with the pair was so terrible; Shinsou has never taken nicely to people who ignore him due to his Quirk.

He really should look past that terrible first impression… Although, it's not like Dazai or Nakahara have been all that nice to him. After that first night when Dazai just straight ignored him, Shinsou made it a point to avoid talking to those two. While he would have loved to prove that he wouldn't just use his Quirk without warning, it had been easier, in the end, to just not bother. He had thought, 'Well, they likely won't believe me anyway' and left it at that.

Which is probably still the truth. Honestly, not much has changed when it comes to the relationship between Dazai, Nakahara, and Shinsou. They don't want to talk to him, he doesn't want to talk to them, if it's mutual then it'll be fine if he continues to mind his own business, right?

Shinsou resists the urge to sigh; even without saying it aloud, he knows that's stupid. A Pro Hero shouldn't give up so easily, not when it comes to gaining someone's trust. That's what Aizawa-sensei would say anyway.

If Shinsou can get past his reservations about those two, if he's able to build some trust even, then things would be way better for everyone involved. Dazai and Nakahara won't ignore him because of his Quirk, which, in turn, will prevent Shinsou from getting annoyed at them.

Without warning, Hagakure breaks the silence that had settled over the class for so long. She sighs, "What are we meant to do now?"

"What?"

Hagakure huffs, "You know what I mean." For a second, it seems like she won't say anything more; after what might have been a deep breath, she continues, "Dazai… Dazai tried to kill himself. We can't just pretend nothing happened, right?"

Yaoyorozu nods, "She's right, we should—should… Do something." It's clear that despite putting on her best 'vice president' voice Yaoyorozu is just as clueless as to what should happen next as the rest of them.

Shinsou isn't all that surprised when Bakugou loudly scoffs. Out of

everyone in class 1A, he is the one who hesitates the least. “Why waste the effort?”

Maybe he should hesitate more if that’s what he comes up with.

Predictably, no one seems happy with Bakugou’s question.

“That’s not cool!”

“Don’t be like that!”

“Bakugou! You can’t jus-”

Bakugou rolls his eyes, “Oh, come off it! It’s like I said yesterday at lunch, neither of those fuckers trust anyone here; there isn’t anything you can do.” Despite his rough tone, Bakugou does have a point; trying to push into Dazai’s business right now probably wouldn’t end well, even if it was out of worry.

The sleeves on Hagakure’s shirt move around wildly, and Shinsou guesses she must be waving her arms around. “But we have to do something!”

Kaminari nods, “Yea! Besides, we may not have been super friendly to them, but we haven’t been rude!”

“Chuuya seemed pretty open when we had that sleepover, ribbit.” Tsu turns to a couple of the girls, “And he helped you guys with your Quirks, right?”

The girls nod, which causes a domino of agreement throughout the class.

Once again, Bakugou rolls his eyes, “Yea, because being friendly equals trusting someone.”

Shinsou mentally prepares himself to yell simply because the class has once again descended into verbal chaos due to Bakugou. Shinsou actually agrees with what he’s saying, though, so he’d like to get the rest of the class to quiet down a bit for a proper discussion.

In the end, Shinsou doesn’t need to speak up after all. Despite not raising his voice at all, the moment Todoroki speaks, the class falls into silence (Shinsou is almost a little jealous; if he tried that, his voice would simply be swallowed by the noise), “He’s right.”

Everyone seems caught off guard by that, minus Bakugou, who puffs

his chest out and smirks, “Damn fucking right.”

Todoroki pays him no mind, “I intended to bring this up to you all sooner, but it seems I allowed myself to delay for too long. I realised recently that there is still a ‘wall,’ so to speak, between us and them, a mentality where we are enemies to one another.”

Some people seem to be taking their time to understand what Todoroki just said, while others jump at the chance to defend themself. Mina, in particular huffs, “I don’t see them as enemies!”

Shinsou sees this as the perfect opportunity to chime in with his earlier ideas, “But you don’t see them as allies either.” The class seems to pause at that, with the exception of the more observant students. Shinsou continues, “I bet most of you are still hung up on Mt. Lady’s death; you resent them for it.”

Ojirou crosses his arms, “Well, it’s not like we can just forget about something like that.”

“Obviously not, but at the same time, it certainly isn’t helping to break this ‘wall,’ as Todoroki put it.” Shinsou moves his fingers in the air, quote way around the word ‘wall’. As someone who had once joined 1A and said, ‘I’m not here to make friends,’ Shinsou understands what he means about that wall.

Even though Shinsou worked hard to get transferred into 1A at the sports festival, it still felt weird being in a new class all of a sudden. For a day or so, it had felt like he was an outsider. It was only due to Midoriya that he managed to feel more comfortable with the class.

A memory pops into Shinsou’s mind, one that prompts him to continue speaking, “On their first night here, they both ignored me due to my Quirk. I told them I only use it on Villains and Dazai said something like ‘We are Villains according to your standards, why should we trust you?”

“They aren’t Villains!” Kaminari is quick to defend before pausing, “... Are they?”

That seems to add a whole new level of conflict to this mess; Shinsou almost feels bad for bringing it up.

“Well, they don’t really act like Villains, right?” Uraraka asks, clearly uncertain.

Ojirou shrugs, “They certainly don’t act like Heroes; I mean, just look at Nakahara’s temper.”

Good point, but also…

“Bakugou’s is worse,” Jirou chimes in. “Plus, neither Chuuya nor Dazai have threatened to kill any of us.”

Bakugou starts yelling, but Shinsou ignores him. Instead, he focuses on keeping his mouth shut. He doesn’t think saying, ‘No, Dazai has just threatened his own life’ would be appropriate.

“Jirou makes a good point,” Midoriya starts, only to be cut off by Bakugou.

“The hell does that mean, Deku!?”

Midoriya flinches back and rapidly shakes his head. “Nothing bad, Kacchan! I just meant that despite your temper, we all know you’re going to be a great Pro, so it’s kinda unfair if we use that to judge Chuuya…”

Bakugou still doesn’t look all that pleased, but fortunately, he doesn’t continue yelling.

“Not that I don’t agree with you,” Kirishima starts. “But like, we can’t just ignore that they have been mean and stuff.”

Shinsou groans slightly, which, due to how quiet the room is, gains more attention than he thought it would. Well, he may as well use this, “Those two are neither good nor bad; to me, it seems like they’re a mix of the two.”

“Well, sure, but what do we do?” Mina sounds frustrated, which is understandable. This whole situation is way above what they should be dealing with- which, now that Shinsou thinks about it is a recurring theme for class 1A.

Unfortunately, Shinsou is not the one she should be asking. He shrugs, “Don’t look at me.” Midoriya is way better at this type of thing.

Mina seems at a loss for words at that, and Shinsou resists the urge to shrug again.

Iida, with his robotic arm movements, drags both Shinsou and Mina’s attention over to him. “Even if what Bakugou and Shinsou said is

true," Shinsou ignores Bakugou's attempt at interrupting. "I still can't help but feel conflicted… We were all right there, including Nakahara. If Dazai was feeling like this, then he should have told someone."

Shinsou feels a bit dumbfounded at that. Did Iida miss the bit where Bakugou said Dazai clearly doesn't trust anyone in 1A? And also what Shinsou said about them not trusting 1A? Also, being completely real, someone who is suicidal isn't going to alert everyone when they try to off themself. That sort of defeats the purpose.

Midoriya nods in an awkward way, he must be thinking something similar to Shinsou. "Well, he did get into that argument with Chuuya. I doubt he wanted to talk to him much, and besides, it's not like we…" When Midoriya trails off it doesn't sound like he's at a loss for words, rather it sounds like he realised something in the middle of speaking. His expression only backs that up.

When Midoriya doesn't speak for a good few seconds, it becomes a cause for concern. Beside him, Uraraka nudges him, "Deku?"

Midoriya looks at her, then to the rest of the class, "We wouldn't have believed him."

Which, wow, isn't that an accusation? Not that Shinsou disagrees—he wants to hear Midoriya out first before making any decision, but saying that while the wound is still raw likely isn't the best idea.

Around him, the class breaks into rushed objections.

"Of course, we would have!"

"Suicide isn't something to joke about!"

Midoriya waves his hands and quickly nods, clearly realising he should have explained more, "That's just it! Suicide isn't something to joke about, but Dazai does! He makes jokes about killing himself so no one reacts when he says 'I want to die' and really means it!" The class quiets down at that, which allows Midoriya to continue without any interruptions, "A-and, remember when he first made a joke like that… We felt awkward and even doubted if he was being serious."

Shinsou does remember that; he also remembers the subsequent suicide jokes that got similar reactions. There's something familiar about what Midoriya just said, though… Ah, "The boy who cried wolf."

“Exactly.” Midoriya responds, his tone serious, “It’s kind of smart, in a morbid way.”

“Ok, but that still brings us back to my question from before. What do we do now?” Hagakure asks.

Todoroki looks at her, “We need to break the ‘wall.’’ Todoroki is sporting his usual look of indifference, or well, it looks that way to Shinsou. In truth, he can’t really read Todoroki well enough to see the differences in his expressions.

Kaminari looks over to him, “How do we do that?”

Todoroki wastes no time in responding, which makes Shinsou think he really has been thinking about this for a few days, “Include them in more group activities during down time, be on their side during practical heroics class, and get to know them better without ulterior motives.”

Yaoyorozu gasps in realisation, “Oh! Is that why you asked that we invite Chuuya to the sleepover?”

Todoroki nods, “Mn.”

Huh, it seems Todoroki has been working away at his plan even if he didn’t properly bring it up to anyone.

There is a slight lull in conversation, one that Shinsou intends to take advantage of. “We need to get past the resentment of Mt. Lady’s death. Those two are here for rehabilitation; that can’t happen if we never give them a proper chance to change.”

A few people look sceptical at that, to which Shinsou continues, “I’m not saying to forget it happened or whatever… Just try and stop thinking of them as murderers first and foremost. If they commit another crime we can be suspicious then, but for now we need to give them the benefit of the doubt. ”

Thankfully, Midoriya nods, “I agree, oh, and from now on, we should take Dazai more seriously when he makes suicide jokes. We’ll prove to him and Chuuya that we can be trusted!”

Quite a few kids nod at that, a few pumping their fists with determined faces. Slowly, people start chatting more like they usually would be. The major difference is that currently, they’re talking about different ways they can include Dazai and Nakahara and not random

memes they've seen on the internet.

It's almost funny how, despite being the reason behind this conversation being productive, Bakugou is the first to groan and leave, "God, you're giving me a fucking headache."

-

Harue has never been one to sit still in one place. When she was a child, before the incident occurred, her favourite place was the garden owned by her parents. Such a large, open space allowed her to move and explore to her heart's content. The bushes of flowers and large trees provided shade during the hotter months, along with giving her places to hide when playing games. Sometimes, in her dreams, she finds herself going back to that garden to run and play once more.

It's ironic, then, that her favourite place in that mystical garden was a hollowed-out tree trunk, the tight enclosed space contrasted her desires to run free. Although, if Harue thought about it deeper she could likely put together the reason why.

A young girl the same age as her, with red hair, cat ears, and tail, and a love for small places.

Harue does not like to think about it deeper; she does not like to get trapped in the confusion and grief of those days.

When she turned eighteen, she was once again granted that freedom, but this time beyond the garden. She was free to roam anywhere she wanted, and yet she spent years lingering in her hometown.

In the end, it was thanks to her mentor that Harue left that place, thanks to her mentor that, she got a job working for the HPSC.

Sometimes, Harue feels stifled by the HPSC; the rules and regulations make her feel trapped. Other times, Harue relishes in the freedom she has here. The HPSC pays for her to travel for missions, she's allowed to use her Quirk whenever she wants, and no one ever tells her she must stay confined to one place.

Oh, and of course, Koharu.

On good days, Koharu reminds her of the freedom she now has. Even before the incident, someone like her wouldn't be allowed to be Harue's friend, not that Koharu is her friend, of course. They're partners work colleagues—another reminder of her freedom in having

a job.

On bad days, Koharu reminds her of those lonely, lonely years she spent inside.

(Sometimes, Harue still seeks Koharu out on the bad days. As much as her chest tightens and her head spins on those days she can't help it. Koharu's coldness is just as painful as it is comforting.)

Currently, Harue is in Fukuoka, delivering sensitive information to Hawks. Harue suspects the information isn't all that important; if it was, then Hawks would go to headquarters himself to get it. No, Harue believes this is simply a task to keep her busy until the next mission.

That fact doesn't upset her, not when the alternative is sitting around and waiting like Koharu must be.

Chapter End Notes

The hardest thing about this fic is remembering who calls Chuuya Chuuya and who calls him Nakahara...

Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! We finally got some insight into what happened during Dazai's interview, even if it was just a few sentences. Was it what you thought it would be? I did see a few people that got really close when guessing! How did we feel about 1A's discussion near the end? They are finally realising that things aren't so black and white, that people aren't just villains or heroes. But will their plan to help SKK work? Well, we'll have to see!

Last chapter saw some interesting theories about Koharu and the mysterious Akuma, some of which were partially correct! I'm interested to see what you will all think about Harue, especially what theories might be created! I feel like there are a lot more clues to her backstory than to Koharu's, hopefully that helps you all out a little! If not, then don't worry! You'll be learning the truth behind Koharu and Harue soon!

Shinsou isn't a POV I have written before but I like to think the hours of reading Aizawa adopts Shinsou AUs has taught me how to do it haha. In case you're wondering about Shinsou in this AU, basically Aizawa noticed him during the entrance exams and began training him. Shinsou then did well in the sports festival and got transferred 👍 (Don't ask how, just go with it) He still

trains with Aizawa though!!

I feel like I'm letting you all down with these short AN notes... usually I write so much more....

Thanks for reading!!! <3

Chapter 23: Chuuya almost beats Nedzu up (still no fight scene</3)

Chapter Summary

Aizawa is a big enough man to admit that yes, the idea of eavesdropping to get information about Dazai and Nakahara would be easier.

Chapter Notes

CW: talk of suicide, implied child death, implied child abuse, negative views on mental health (sort of? Putting it here to be safe rather than sorry)

Let me know if I should add anything else!!

Thanks to Yukiata for beta reading! <3333333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What the hell do you mean?!!”

Chuuya shoots to his feet and slams his hands on Nedzu’s desk, he hardly feels the sting of his palms against the wood. He’s too pissed to focus on that right now.

Nedzu raises his hands- paws?- in surrender, “Now now! There is no reason to get violent!”

Chuuya’s eye twitches, “I think there fucking is.”

You may be wondering how exactly Chuuya got in this predicament, after all, the last time he was in a room with the principal was when the original deal was proposed. Chuuya hasn’t made it a point to spend time around the guy, not when he seems so content to play weird mind games and chess with Dazai.

But, as it often happens, Chuuya is out doing the dirty work for Dazai.

Alright. Part of him feels bad for saying that, it’s not like Dazai is off being a nuisance or anything. He’s cooped up in a sick bed under the watchful eye of Recovery Girl. When faced with that, even Dazai would be willing to go out and do the dirty work.

A larger part of him recognises that Dazai is (thankfully) on the mend, which allows the anger and annoyance from the fight to trickle back in.

It certainly didn't help that when Aizawa, yet again, came for a visit Dazai pretended to be asleep. Because of his promise to 'do better' or whatever, Aizawa has been acting… strange. Well, maybe not that strange but he'd been acting different.

Now whenever Chuuya says something Aizawa looks at him with that feels like his full attention. Instead of just nodding or shrugging when asked a question, Aizawa now answers in full sentences. He acts like everything Chuuya has to say is the most important thing in the world, which is way off putting.

That new found attention had come in handy though, Aizawa had barely questioned it when Chuuya asked to speak with Nedzu.

In fact, he had gone a step further and offered to message Yamada so he could be there too- with the stipulation that Chuuya agreed first.

Yesterday, when he and Dazai were passing that crossword book back and forth, they had decided on what exactly should happen from here on out.

As much as Chuuya might not like it, it would be foolish not to take advantage of Dazai's attempt. Right now the Pros and 1A kids alike are shaken, they're extra sympathetic and worried about saying or doing the wrong thing. They're easier to manipulate.

If the Pros think Dazai is a ticking time bomb then they'll back off a bit, give the two of them some wiggle room. While the mission objective isn't to gather information from UA, it certainly wouldn't hurt to look into a few files. That wiggle room would be vital for that, it also wouldn't hurt getting a little more freedom.

Absent-mindedly, Chuuya rubs the cuffs around his wrists.

"You ok kid?"

Chuuya glances up at Aizawa, "Hm? Yea."

Aizawa face twitches a little, "If you're ner-"

Whatever Aizawa has to say gets cut off by the sharp swing of a door opening. Chuuya's eyes shoot to his right, the door on that side is wide

open and inside…

Is Nedzu and Yamada, both sitting in the middle of the room.

Aizawa sighs deeply beside him, something that tips Chuuya off that doors opening by themselves is a common occurrence.

Nedzu waves from his desk, “Do come in you two! I’ve already prepared the tea!”

Yamada’s head nearly whips around, which he retroactively tries to fix by glancing away and looking back at normal speed, “Nakahara! It’s been a while!”

It hasn’t actually, but Chuuya understands what he means. With the interviews and then Dazai’s attempt things have felt a lot longer than usual. Based on what Chuuya knows of him, Yamada’s probably itching to ask how he’s doing.

Chuuya nods in his direction before walking into the office, Aizawa trailing close behind.

(It does not escape his notice that the door automatically closes, it must be a common thing after all.)

Chuuya sits down and, not even a moment later, Yamada clears his throat, “So, how are you?”

Called it.

Chuuya shrugs, in truth he feels pretty fine. Part of him is still worried about Dazai, but that’s coming back down to the usual level. His previous feelings of annoyance due to the argument are coming back, but nothing close to how annoyed he is by Dazai on the regular. He’s also a little tired, if he’s being honest. “Fine.”

Yamada nods in a way that clearly shows he does not believe Chuuya.

Chuuya tries not to be annoyed at that, just because Dazai tried to off himself (again) that doesn’t mean Chuuya is all depressed or whatever.

But, as he said before, having the teacher’s pity will come in useful so he’ll have to suck it up for now.

“That’s good to hear,” Nedzu pushes a teacup in his direction, “Here, drink up!”

Chuuya takes the tea, which is nowhere near as good as what Ane-san can make, with a nod.

Nedzu takes a sip of his own tea before placing the cup down and speaking, “So, Nakahara, what brings you here today?”

Chuuya resists the urge to roll his eyes, “I think it’s obvious why I’m here.”

“I suppose that’s true! Although,” Nedzu tilts his head, “Are you here to tell us something or ask questions?”

There is something rubbing Chuuya the wrong way about this guy, maybe the way he acts silly and ‘cute’ when he’s actually incredibly intelligent.

Whatever, he’ll figure out what’s bugging him later.

“Both, I guess, but first I wanna know what you’re gonna do next,” Chuuya answers.

Yamada chimes in from beside him, “What we’re going to do next?”

Chuuya glances at him, “Yep. Like what are you doing about those HPSC fuckers?” Chuuya certainly won’t be letting them run around like last time, if he has to break some rules (and bones) to do that then so be it.

“Well,” Chuuya turns his attention back to Nedzu as he speaks, “That does depend on what you will be willing to tell us.”

“Aizawa said you won’t be forcing us to say anything,” Chuuya didn’t exactly believe the man when he said it, but to immediately go back on his word like this is kinda shocking. Chuuya had higher expectations than that.

Aizawa’s voice is sharp and serious when he cuts in, “And we won’t.”

Nedzu is quick to nod, “Indeed! I have various plans, all of which differ based on what you tell us. If you wish to say nothing, well, that works just fine!”

Alright, that makes sense. It’s also the sort of thing Dazai would come up with.

Nedzu, after a pointed look from Aizawa, flips open one of the many folders on his desk, “Our main priority will be to ensure the safety of

both of you boys, we can do this in various ways."

Chuuya resists the urge to roll his eyes, where was this concern when Dazai got shot and Chuuya had his arm broken?

"Now," Nedzu continues, "It is not possible to just tell the HPSC to leave you two alone, so-"

"Well why not?" Chuuya interrupts. Look, Chuuya understands that sometimes you need to play nice even when you don't want to. Contrary to popular belief, Yokohama is not completely devoid of politics and social niceties, so yea, he knows it has to happen occasionally. In this situation, though, it sounds so stupid. First of all, the HPSC has no reason to be sticking their nose in this and, more obviously, that interview was the catalyst to Dazai's attempt.

To Chuuya, it feels like a simple case of, 'Yea no, we're not gonna let you have another go.'

Nedzu gives him a placating smile, which sparks Chuuya's temper, "While Mt. Lady didn't work directly for them, the HPSC is responsible for the safety of Pro Heroes. Getting information, not only for Mt. Lady's case, but also on potential threats is a standard procedure."

"Bullshit," Chuuya near snaps, "I don't think this whole fuckin' thing is 'standard procedure', so whys it matter now?" Considering the backlash people had when Nedzu decided on allowing them to stay at UA, Chuuya really doubts it's a common thing that happens.

"While that might be true, it's important that we follow these procedures and laws precisely. If we do not then the HPSC could well make a legal case to have you both removed from UA and placed into their care," Nedzu explains.

That- That isn't good. Dammit. This whole mission is meant to be taking those League of Villains fuckers down a peg or two (or many), it's only because of Dazai' convoluted plans that they're even here right now. At UA they have it good, better than any 'guests' the Port Mafia has ever taken, but who knows how the HPSC might treat them. Of course, Chuuya doubts either himself or Dazai could be truly phased by anything at this point, but having new constrictions will make this mission a lot fucking harder.

Especially if they find out about Corruption…

Chuuya pushes those thoughts away, now isn't the time for that. Besides, only two people know about Corruption and Arahabaki. As annoying as he is, Dazai would never leak that information to an enemy like that. No, he has always preferred them getting a first hand experience.

Something has to be done though, Chuuya can't bank on Dazai being back to his usual self the next time an interview happens.

"Nedzu," Aizawa's voice brings Chuuya's attention back to the present, "explain your plans already."

"Very well!" Nedzu responds, he shuffles a few papers and flips them so Chuuya is able to read them, "As you can see, I have written down a wide variety of plans. I have also organised them in order of which has a higher chance of success."

Chuuya leans forward, keenly aware of both Aizawa's and Yamada's eyes on him, and picks a paper at random. He flicks his eyes over the paper, they catch on a certain plan almost immediately.

Plan 1.3

Reveal all information (Dazai's attempt, condition both prior and after interview, affect on both Dazai and Nakahara etc.) to HPSC. Make a case that further heavy involvement by the HPSC will lead to a deterioration…

Chuuya, who doesn't bother to finish reading it, whips his head up to Nedzu, "This one, what does it mean?"

Nedzu leans forward to see the question before nodding, "Ah yes, plan 1.3! By laying everything out in the open we could argue that the HPSC is dangerous to both yours and Dazai's mental health, the idea that you are being damaged by-"

"What the hell do you mean?!!" Chuuya shoots to his feet and slams his hands on Nedzu's desk, he hardly feels the sting of his palms against the wood. He's too pissed to focus on that right now.

Nedzu looks genuinely shocked for a second, which is very satisfying, before raising his hands- paws?- in surrender, "Now now! There is no reason to get violent!"

Chuuya's eye twitches, "I think there fucking is." Maybe Chuuya was quick to the jump there, he shouldn't have let his temper flare up there.

He couldn't help it though, this situation is bad enough already.

"Kid-" Aizawa starts, Chuuya ignores him.

"Dazai isn't some damaged fucking goods! And that- that interview didn't fuck him up or something, so stop acting like it did!"

Chuuya notices Yamada awkwardly start to stand in his peripheral vision, "Nakahara, I know you two have been through a lot. It's ok if you have triggers or-"

"No-" Chuuya cuts off in frustration, "You don't get it. Dazai is- he's always depressed or some shit, always looking for some new method to off himself. That interview wasn't some trigger or some shit, it just- it set off what was already gonna happen."

He doesn't like revealing this about Dazai, not really. Having a known weakness is dangerous in the Port Mafia, everyone already knows about Dazai's interest in death, if they knew about his low moods then that could be risky. If they knew they could get to Dazai in some tangible way then it would only be a matter of time until it happens.

Chuuya knows he's not in the Port Mafia right now, he also knows that the Pros have probably already put together the pieces without Chuuya saying anything. Still, it feels weird and wrong to actually say it out loud. Especially when there is, apparently, a risk that Nedzu will turn around and snitch to the HPSC.

A shape intake of breath preludes Aizawa speaking, "And no one has offered him help before?"

Chuuya's eyebrow scrunches, "Of course not." Why the hell would a mafia organisation care about someone being suicidal? Well- that's not true, the boss tends to show a lot of… attention to Dazai in that regard. Which is strange, given how the man can encourage Dazai to hurt himself and offer up some undisclosed treatment in the same breath.

Anyway, point is, of fucking course there isn't a mafia therapist or some shit.

"Whatever. The point is," Chuuya turns his attention back to Nedzu,

“There is no way in hell am I letting you go and spill everything to the HPSC. You’re meant to be a fucking genius, figure a different method out.”

For a moment there is tense silence, Nedzu’s face had turned from overly dramatic shock to an unreadable look at some point during Chuuya’s little rant.

Finally, Nedzu nods, “Very well.”

Huh.

Chuuya had actually expected more pushback.

“There are plenty more plans, how about this one here?” Nedzu flips a new piece of paper around so that Chuuya can easily read the text, his paw pointing to one paragraph in specific.

Plan 8.2

Ensure the removal of agents Akagi Harue and Kusumi Koharu. Any further ‘interviews’ will be closely monitored and/or optional.

It sounds decent, but that’ll have to depend on how Nedzu plans to get that result. If it involves anything that’ll put Dazai at risk, either now or further down the line, then Chuuya will make sure it doesn’t go ahead.

… Ugh, Chuuya can’t wait until he can go back to hating Dazai and his stupid schemes.

As if reading his mind, Nedzu begins to explain, “Now, this plan is, admittedly, similar to plan 1.3 in execution. The key difference is just how much we tell the HPSC, by keeping things somewhat vague we will have to make a few compromises, such as the monitored interviews.”

Chuuya, realising he’s still standing, sits down while thinking it over. He still doesn’t like the idea of telling the HPSC anything, not when they clearly have ulterior motives. It is a good plan though, something he can’t ignore even if he doesn’t like it. Having the interviews monitored would limit what the HPSC can say, thus reducing the risk

of them pulling something shady. As long as the HPSC fuckers don't know everything then it should be ok.

“Fine.”

Nedzu claps his paws together, “Excellent! Now, for this plan I will need to know a few things about what went on in those interviews. Just enough that I can make a convincing case, is that alright?”

Chuuya, still being kinda annoyed by the whole situation, doesn’t say anything for a few moments. This, apparently, gets interpreted as hesitation.

“We can do a different plan if you want,” Aizawa offers, “Or me and Yamada can leave the room, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

Chuuya huffs, “Who's worried?” Leaning back in his chair, Chuuya begins to talk, “My interview was pretty tame. That, Akagi was it?, kept acting like she wanted to poach me or something, but that’s nothing new.”

“It isn’t?” Yamada asks.

“I have a powerful Ability, obviously people are gonna fight over it,” Chuuya shrugs before continuing, “Anyway, from what I know it was similar for Dazai’s interview.”

Aizawa takes a deep breath, his eyebrows scrunched, “They tried to poach him too?”

“Not quite.” Which is rather stupid, if you ask Chuuya. People would kill for the chance to have the Demon Prodigy on their side back home and actually, people have. “She went on about how I’m superior or whatever, that Dazai is too useless to even try and poach.”

Both Aizawa and Yamada stiffen next to him, Nedzu shows no outer reaction.

Chuuya continues, “Like I said, this sort of thing wouldn’t get to him usually, but the timing was bad.”

“I see, thank you for telling us that,” Nedzu responds with a nod, “With any luck, the HPSC will allow the interviews to be optional.”

“Optional, huh?” Chuuya laughs a little when an idea comes to mind, “You should say we’ll only do interviews if Dazai isn’t in a suicidal

mood, that way we'll never have to do 'em"

Chuuya doesn't miss the glance Aizawa and Yamada share, man, that'll take some getting used to. Back home no one bats an eye at Dazai's suicidal tendencies, now it's all worried looks and serious conversations.

Dazai's going to absolutely hate that.

In contrast to Aizawa and Yamada's worried look, Nedzu grins, "What a great idea! I'm sure I could work something like that in. Is there anything else you would like to discuss?"

At this point Chuuya just wants to get out of here. Dealing with Nedzu is just as tiring as working with Dazai is.

"Nope."

-

Dazai sighs as the handheld console plays a little tune in his hands, another round another win.

Chuuya is still out in that meeting, which leaves Dazai to his own devices- a dangerous thing really.

MIGHTylame

gg

another round?

Might as well, it's not like he has anything else to do other than stare at the ceiling.

FlyingFish

yea sure

yellowMushroom

Count me in!!

We're too good at this

MIGHTylame

all these noobs dont even know how to play

Dazai allows his thoughts to drift once the match starts, it doesn't take much mind power to do well at a game like this.

Honestly, Dazai is not looking forward to getting back to the dorms. Just based on how Aizawa has been acting he can only imagine the pitiful looks that will be sent his way. Are class 1A going to treat Dazai all delicate now? God, he hopes not.

Dazai does not want to be pitied, not over something like this. So he's suicidal, what of it? Dazai has been this way for as long as he remembers, at this point it's a key part of him. It's like being allergic to something or having an Ability. Just another fact about him.

Of course, the Pros don't see it that way.

Well, at least he'll be able to take advantage of this pity for a good cause.

The handheld plays another tune.

MIGHTylame

too fucking easy

yellowMushroom

No one can beat us (* ` ω´)

Wanna see how many rounds we can do before someone says we're hacking?

MIGHTylame

betting on 3 rounds. those idiots cant comprehend people being any better than that.

FlyingFish

Make that two.

MIGHTylame

bet.

-

"Let Recovery Girl know if you need anything."

Nakahara nods, although Aizawa rather suspects he will do no such thing. Not once had either Dazai or Nakahara asked for something during this stay in the infirmary, a fact that Aizawa can't help but overthink as he begins walking back down the hallway.

Before Dazai's attempt there were things that would worry him about the pair, such as the code on Nakahara's neck or Dazai's one off comments, but he was always able to think logically and put them aside. Now it feels like a new worry arises whenever they do anything.

It certainly doesn't help now that he knows what happened in those interviews and, more pressingly, how Dazai is treated back in Yokohama.

It's not that it's surprising to know 'Dazai is always depressed or some shit, always looking for some new method to off himself' as Nakahara said, it's more so… upsetting. The fact Nakahara acted like this is

something normal, just Dazai's standard state of being instead of something he should be getting regular help for… It doesn't sit right with Aizawa.

He reacted strongly to the implication that Dazai was 'damaged', which naturally leads Aizawa into thinking that this isn't the first time someone has said that. He was so quick to refuse the idea that the things agent Kusumi said affected him.

And what agent Akagi said to him, maybe Aizawa is reading into it, but the way Nakahara phrased it… 'I have a powerful Ability, obviously people are gonna fight over it.' Fight over the Ability, not the kid who comes with it. How often has this happened that Nakahara is completely unphased by it? Or does he not know that measuring someone up by what they can do, what they can offer, is not normal or right?

Aizawa purposely steadies his breathing, he can't be getting worked up right now.

Now that he's noticed it, it feels impossible to ignore all these worrying things. Not that he would want to, he promised Nakahara he would do better and he meant it. No matter what happens, no matter what Aizawa finds out, he'll make sure to be there for those two. He'll be someone they can trust, someone who will show them how they deserve to be treated.

Ah, maybe he could even do a few targeted lessons in Morality and Ethics. Something about mental health, although it would probably be best to wait a little while before doing that. Doing a lesson on how to treat other people may help the boys realise how wronged they have been by others, but then again Aizawa suspects they would just ignore that lesson entirely. Maybe a film could work? Hizashi will probably know a few good ones that include relevant topics.

If Dazai an-

Right.

Aizawa had, somehow, forgotten about his previous worries about how often Dazai has been sleeping. He had meant to bring it up with Recovery Girl but, with speaking to Nedzu and still teaching 1A, he hadn't found time just yet.

It's likely Dazai is pretending to sleep, Aizawa acknowledges as he turns and begins his way back to the infirmary, it does sound like

something he would do. Aizawa would rather be safe than sorry though, if he's sleeping more due to some after effects then Recovery Girl should be informed as soon as possible.

It's a short walk back to the infirmary, one that Aizawa spends thinking of all the possible reasons Dazai might be sleeping so much. It doesn't hurt to think things through.

Eventually, though, he arrives at the infirmary.

The infirmary is set up in two rooms, the first doubling as Recovery Girl's office and the minor injury station. The other room, where Dazai and Nakahara are stationed, is designed for longer stays. It doesn't see much action outside of the Sports Festival, during that time the whole place is overrun with sleeping teens.

Aizawa enters the first room, his concerns on the tip of his tongue, when he realises that Recovery Girl is nowhere to be seen. Disappointing, but not unusual. Recovery Girl might be going to deliver some forms, perhaps collect something, or even visiting a heroics lesson to fix up students. Aizawa had asked once why she did personal visits and didn't just get the medic robots to bring students to her, Recovery Girl had smiled and responded 'Well, getting a smooch in front of the whole class makes them think twice before getting so hurt.'

Personally, Aizawa doubts even a hundred 'smooches' would stop his class from causing chaos and pain.

Aizawa sighs, he'll have to come back tomorrow then. While he could send Recovery Girl and email, he would rather keep this information as confidential as possible. Just in case.

He's about halfway to the door when, from the connecting room, a voice rings out, "Better? He's just as bad as you and Mori!"

Aizawa's foot falters for a second, his ears prick in curiosity and-

And he gets the hell out of that room as quickly as possible.

Once in the hallway, Aizawa continues on like he never came back to the infirmary.

Aizawa is a big enough man to admit that yes, the idea of eavesdropping to get information about Dazai and Nakahara would be easier. The fact that it's easier doesn't mean that's what he should do

though, it's an invasion of their privacy and directly breaks the promise he made to wait for them to talk- if they ever want to.

Whoever this Mori person is will have to stay a mystery for now, even if Aizawa really wants to know just what part they might have played in Dazai and Nakahara's life.

-

Harue didn't mean to eavesdrop, not really. It's just hard not to stop and listen when you overhear someone talking about you, in fact, Harue thinks it's rather abnormal not to do that.

"Ya should have attended the conference call earlier if ya wanted to know," a low, gravely voice huffs. Harue believes it belongs to one of the Fukuoka bosses she has yet to be acquainted with, perhaps the one with the dancing drawings up and down his arms. This sort of voice would fit his appearance, what was his name… Yano, maybe?

Someone else, someone younger if Harue had to guess, sighs, "I had business to attend to, you know this. Just fill me in already."

Yano hums, "Well, as I was sayin', agents Kusumi and Akagi were sent out to UA to speak with those Yokohama boys."

"And how did that go?"

"From the looks of their reports it went well, the conference call on the other hand…"

Harue holds herself as still as she can, the mission did go well. Koharu would never do anything less than perfect, her part of the mission must have been flawless. While Harue is more prone to mistakes she knows for a fact nothing major went wrong with that interview.

The younger one speaks again, "Stop being cryptic, if they-" his voice cuts off into rough coughs, ones that sound painful and dry. Hearing this, Harue feels she might be able to identify this voice after all. Tsuda Norio, a man whose Quirk takes himself out along with his enemies.

The shuffle of clothing muffles Yano's voice, although not to an inaudible level. "There's a water dispenser 'round the corner, if ya need it."

Harue glances to her side, the water dispenser stands beside her like

an incriminating piece of evidence. If those two come over here and see her then who knows that punishment will await her.

Without thinking, Harue opens the closest door and ducks inside. It's a storage room of sorts, she hates it already.

The sound of footsteps stop just outside the door, water rushes into a cup, someone drinks, and then sighs, "You were saying?"

There's silence for a moment, a silence Harue dreads in this situation, before Yano speaks, "Yea, so, 'parently that rat from UA complained or somethin', they're gonna be relocating Akagi and Kusumi."

Harue feels her breathing quicken, although she works to keep it quiet. In her line of business 'relocating' does not just mean moving desks, no, to be relocated means to be demoted. They'll assign you to some smaller branch in the middle of nowhere, slowly your missions will dwindle until they give you nothing. There has only been one person who has made a comeback after being relocated, and that's because their Quirk was too valuable to be lost.

Koharu might have a chance at coming back after being relocated but Harue? Yea, she's not delusional enough to believe that.

"Really? What did the rat say exactly?"

Harue grimaces as a memory fights to resurface, now isn't the time for that.

(Red hair, cat ears and tail, she loves being high up and in tight places-)

"That bandaged one was 'deeply affected' or whatever', the rat made a whole fuss about it." Yano replies casually.

The bandaged one- Dazai Harue remembers. Koharu was in charge of interviewing him, she said the mission went well. Harue knows it went well because Koharu never does things wrong, so what the hell does Yano mean?

According to the information they were both given, and the information Koharu analysed herself, neither of those boys should have been 'deeply affected'. Not at this stage anyway.

“What is he, a toddler?” Tsuda snidely comments, “I knew there was no reason to fuss over those two so much.”

(“My parents fuss over me so much… That’s why I’m glad we get to play together! It’s the only time they let me out of their sight.”)

Yano chuckles, something that Harue tries to focus on to keep unwanted memories away, “Now if ya ask me, I’d say you sound jealous right now. That mission you went on-”

Tsuda sharply interrupts him, “I told you not to bring that up. Besides, why would I be jealous of anyone?”

(“You’ll get your Quirk soon! Just don’t be too jealous when it isn’t as cool as mine!”)

Harue digs her nails into her arm, it helps to bring her mind back to where it needs to be. All she needs to do is focus on the conversation outside, just ignore how the supply cupboard reflects that tree so much, how the dark puts her right back in that room she spent years in.

“Right, why would you?” Yano replies, “Anyway, the Musutafu branch’ll be movin’ them soon.”

(“Oh, over there! That looks like a good place to hide! If we squeeze then we can totally fit…”)

“There’s really no chance for them to continue the mission? Perhaps if we get them to say sorry or something, Heroes always fall for that sort of thing.” Tsuda- or maybe Yano- she can’t-

(“I’m sorry! I- I didn’t mean to! I didn’t know they would hurt her! P-please-”)

Harue’s head begins to spin, she does her best to shake away the memories.

“Nah, ya can — tell — go. If we push — rat will — keep us out.”

Harue strains her ears, why can’t she hear all the words? Why is it so hard to focus?!

“That’s true, — shame — agents. — rather valuable assets.”

“Where — they’ll end up —?”

Harue clutches her head, she tries so desperately to focus on the conversation. She needs to focus. She needs to know what will happen to her now she messed up *again.* What punishment, what will they….

“We’ll need to hide them away somewhere, a smaller branch of the HPSC perhaps, at least until that rat loses interest.”

Harue feels fear strike her, she doesn’t want to be locked away again. She doesn’t- she likes being outside and- and- and Koharu! What will they-

“Just keep them locked down somewhere, huh? Well, I heard *(“Your sorrys mean nothing to us! That little devil child should be locked away!”)* Kusumi has a talent for paperwork.”

The words blur together, a mix of reality and memories smudge until Harue can’t keep them separate.

“In that case she should get used to not going outside *(“What?! You seriously think we’ll let you outside any time soon? Don’t be ridiculous!”)* much, smaller branches are always overwhelmed with excess paperwork.”

“Ha! And now you’re gonna say that’s my fault, *(“Shut it brat! This is your fault… All your fault…)* right?”

“It is.”

(It’s my fault. My fault. My fault. I deserve this. My fault.”)

Chapter End Notes

Hello and/or welcome back everyone!

I really hope you all enjoyed this chapter, I feel it might be one of my best yet ^-^

I actually partially re-wrote that Chuuya pov, which was absolutely the right thing to do. It feels more fleshed out now.

It felt weird writing a Dazai pov after so long of not doing it... Hopefully it isn't ooc! Also, does anyone want to guess who Dazai was playing games with? I feel one is obvious while the other not so much.

And Harue!! I was a bit worried that her story wouldn't come across but! I think I managed. I didn't want to just say what happened to her, doing it like this felt better. I think there is enough detail that you should all be able to piece it together! I'm also really proud of how I wrote that scene in general, it's gonna work perfectly for something next chapter! ;)

Updates might be slightly over a month apart starting now, but nothing too major (hopefully). As I've said before, if I ever hiatus or discontinue this fic I will post a chapter announcing it! If I discontinue then I'll also post my full plan for the rest of the fic :)) Unless such a chapter is posted then assume I'm working away at the next chapter!

Annnnd I have posted a new oneshot if you wanna check it out! It includes the Flags, which I know people have been asking about!

Thanks for reading! <33333

Chapter 24: Last talking chapter I promise 🙈

Chapter Summary

Even then, though, being separated from his class had left a bad taste in his mouth. A taste that reminded him all too much of his childhood.

Chapter Notes

CW: Dazai typical suicide mentions

I feel like I'm missing something there, please let me know if that is the case!!!

Thanks to Yukiata for beta reading!!! <33333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ten more minutes?”

“No.”

“... Five?”

Chuuya sighs, a headache already forming at the back of his skull, “Who knows when Aizawa will turn up, so just get ready now.”

Shortly after the meeting yesterday Recovery Girl had given Dazai one last check up, one Dazai wasn’t pleased about getting, to confirm he’s physically alright to go back to the dorms. Of course, she had made it clear that if he wasn’t mentally recovered then he was welcome to stay

Chuuya had to bite back a laugh when she said that, if that was the rule then that fishy idiot would never be able to leave. Even now, with how Dazai teases and pouts, he isn’t completely ‘normal’.

They don’t have time to wait for such an impossibility anyway.

It takes a few minutes, and a lot of complaining, but Dazai does eventually finish getting ready. While the clothes Recovery Girl lent to them were nice and all, Chuuya much rather prefers being back in his Mafia uniform. They’re just more comfortable, both in a sentimental and physical way. Some of the clothes Chuuya has seen so far at UA seem incredibly cheap, that hero shirt he had to wear included.

Dazai sighs dramatically before sitting down at the edge of the bed, “Stupid Chuuya, making me get ready so soon.”

Somehow, Chuuya is able to resist the urge to throw something at Dazai’s head. That bandaged idiot would be singing a different tone if he had actually felt the quality of the hero shirt he was wearing. There have only been a scant few times Dazai has gone within his bandages with Chuuya in his presence, both times he made a point to complain how itchy and uncomfortable his clothes felt. In the end Chuuya had bought him a long sleeve shirt made of the most comfortable material he could find just to keep the idiot quiet.

“Hey, Chuuya, how good do you think Recovery Girl’s Quirk is anyway?”

Chuuya glances at him suspiciously, that change of topic was not smooth at all, “She said it heals injuries at the expense of energy, I guess if you were real fucking tired then it wouldn’t work all that well but if you weren’t…” There has to be some sort of limit to what she can heal, the question is what is that limit? She can fix a broken bone, but what about an amputation? A gunshot wound maybe, but what about a gaping hole? If she could revive the dead then Chuuya is sure he would have heard about her or her Quirk before, like with that one Ability user. It’s good to keep eyes on healers like that.

“I was just curious, I wonder what she could do for, say,” Dazai gives Chuuya a pointed look, “Internal bleeding.”

Internal bleeding? What does tha-

Oh. Corruption.

That… Huh. Chuuya is usually drained as hell after Corruption, so her Quirk probably wouldn’t work straight away but, after some rest, it might help with the recovery time. It would be nice not spending upwards of a week confined to bed each time he uses Corruption.

Although, that does raise the question of when that sort of situation would even happen. Chuuya has absolutely no plans to use Corruption on this mission, especially not now that the HSCP has shown an interest in his Ability. It’s too risky to expose that part of him, the Pros may be tolerant so far but who knows how they will react when seeing what he’s truly capable of.

Maybe they could kidnap Recovery Girl? She doesn’t seem like a combatant, nor is there anyone hanging around to protect her.

Although, that walking stick syringe does look like it could hurt…

Chuuya shakes his head to clear his thoughts, “Why are you bringing this up anyway?”

Dazai doesn’t respond, which is pretty fucking suspicious. What the hell is this guy up to and, more importantly, how worried should Chuuya be?

“Dazai?”

Dazai huffs and, unlike other times where he avoids explaining himself at all costs, replies, “I thought it may be interesting for Chibi to know.”

It takes a second for Chuuya to catch on but when he does all his suspicion fades away. “Not your best work.”

Dazai scrunches his face up, not quite a glare but something close, “That doesn’t sound like my problem.”

Chuuya turns away, instead focusing his attention on holding the spare clothing Recovery Girl had given them, “Idiot. I’ll be expecting something more than this, just so you know.”

It takes a few moments for Dazai to relent, “Fine, whatever.”

With that, the room falls into a comfortable silence. Like he said, Chuuya isn’t completely satisfied with this ‘apology’ of Dazai’s. Sure, knowing Recovery Girl could aid in the aftermath of Corruption is helpful but, ultimately, not very practical. It’s like he was thinking earlier, he would either have to use Corruption here or bring Recovery Girl back to Yokohama.

Despite that, Chuuya does appreciate the thought behind it. Dazai is one of the few that get to see just how wrecked Corruption makes him, while he doesn’t sit by Chuuya’s bed side like some forlorn lover Dazai does tend to stick close when Chuuya is recovering. He knows how difficult that can be sometimes, so to bring up a possible way to make it better…

Chuuya still feels a little pissed off when he thinks about the argument but he’s sure that’ll pass soon enough.

A knock breaks that comfortable silence, one that signals the end of their stay in this room. It has to be Aizawa coming to collect them, or

so Chuuya hopes anyway. He wouldn't mind seeing Yamada, but anyone else would be a pain to deal with right now.

"Come in." Chuuya is glad that he stood firm on Dazai getting ready earlier, now it means he can't pretend to be asleep and leave all the conversation to Chuuya. One might assume that, given Dazai has to be awake to head back to the dorms, he wouldn't be able to pretend to be asleep and avoid all conversations before leaving for the dorms. One would be wrong.

Dazai, having also noticed this, slouches down from where he's sitting on the bed.

The door opens and in walks Aizawa who, for a moment, seems surprised to see Dazai awake. He looks between the pair for a moment before nodding in greeting, "It's good to see you both, how are you?"

Chuuya shrugs, "Fine."

Dazai waves his hand as if in agreement.

"That's good. When you're both ready I'll take you back to the dorms. Class 1A already knows to expect your arrival," Aizawa glances at Dazai before continuing, "If possible, I would like to speak Dazai before we head to the dorms."

Ah yes, the apology talk. Chuuya, admittedly, has been looking forward to Dazai having to listen to that whole spiel again. This time he can't pretend to be asleep either, so he'll actually have to respond to Aizawa.

Chuuya gets the feeling Dazai will come up with an excuse to avoid that particular conversation so, before the idiot fish can say anything, Chuuya speaks up, "We're about ready to leave, I'll step outside so you can speak with him."

Aizawa gives him a grateful look, one that is immediately contrasted with Dazai glaring at him.

Chuuya bites back a smile, after this he'll forgive Dazai for the argument.

-

Dazai, rather unsurprisingly, does not want to be here for this conversation. He's already heard it once, even if he was pretending to

be asleep, so there's no need for him to go through it again. Not to mention Chuuya, that annoying Slug, decided to abandon him.

Aizawa doesn't seem to be acting any differently than normal though, which is reassuring in a way. If he had come in here clearly racked by grief and regret then Dazai would not have entertained him this long.

Dazai knows how he's going to be treated over these next few days, he's already had a preview of it with Recovery Girl. While the pity will be good for the plan, Dazai just can't be bothered dealing with it.

Aizawa sits on one of the chairs by the wall, likely in the same spot as when he gave Chuuya this conversation. After a moment he asks, "How have you been doing?"

Dazai resists the urge to roll his eyes, "Fine."

"Not too tired or anything?"

That catches Dazai by surprise, did he just make a joke? Dazai doubts it, likely Aizawa is just concerned or curious, but still, the idea that he did intentionally make a joke like that…

Despite his internal amusement Dazai responds in a bland tone, "…No."

Aizawa's eyes search him for a moment before nodding, "That's good, well, what I really wanted to say is this; I'm sorry."

Part of Dazai appreciates how quickly Aizawa has gotten to the point, brief small talk aside.

"I already said this to Nakahara, but I haven't been acting the way I should have been," Aizawa continues, "As a Pro Hero, as a teacher, I should have been looking out for your health and doing everything I could to make sure you were ok, instead I ended up passing that job onto Nakahara."

Dazai nods, but otherwise mentally tunes out. He's already heard his conversation one time too many, what use is there in listening to it again? Instead, Dazai find himself ranking which Quirk's from class 1A would be the best for committing suicide.

Mina's would be effective but very painful, Todoroki and Bakugou's could offer a nice quick end, Yaoyorozu's is the jack of all trades really, so hers would definitely work.

Dazai is debating if Tsu would be able to strangle someone to death with her tongue, or use it as a noose, when he somewhat tunes back into Aizawa's little speech.

"Even if Nedzu asks me, I won't-"

"Won't ask for information about Yokohama," Dazai interrupts, his patience for his conversation having drained completely. Thinking about suicide was nice, but Dazai honestly just wants to head back to the dorms already.

Aizawa seems taken aback for a moment, clearly not expecting Dazai to predict what he was going to say. That shocked look only lasts a few seconds though as realisation eventually dawns on the man's face, "... You were awake when I spoke with Nakahara."

Dazai nods before jumping up from his spot on the bed's edge, "Yep, now, can we go to the dorms already? I'm sick of this room." Which is partially true, while he's used to being in one room for extended periods of time, getting constantly checked on by Recovery Girl has been hell. Heading back to the dorms, even if that means dealing with whatever 1A has undoubtedly cooked up, is far more preferable than staying here any longer.

Aizawa stands as he sighs, "Alright."

-

Todoroki can tell the exact moment Dazai and Nakahara walk into the dorms, even though his seat is facing away from the door.

All chatter from his classmates fall away into silence the second the door opens, only to be followed by the more extroverted 1A members jumping up in their haste to greet Dazai and Nakahara.

Todoroki gets up and turns just in time to hear Aizawa-sensei gently scold his classmates.

"Don't forget what I said earlier."

At that, the extroverts significantly quiet down. Earlier, in class, Aizawa-sensei had informed everyone that Dazai and Nakahara would be returning to the dorms. He had also made it clear what would happen if anyone was insensitive or pushy about what happened.

Aizawa-sensei, seemingly satisfied, nods before turning to the two

teens beside him, “Do you two need me to stay?”

It is then that Todoroki turns his attention to Dazai and Nakahara, the duo standing just behind Aizawa-sensei.

Nakahara, dressed in his usual suit, stands definitely with his hands in his pockets. Unlike others that might find themselves in his situation, Nakahara does not cringe away from any looks. Instead, he meets them head one with a steady gaze of his own, one that dares you to say something.

Dazai, opposed to his usual habit of lounging on Nakahara’s back, is stood right next to his partner. Just like Nakahara, he’s dressed in his usual suit outfit, just like the last time Todoroki saw him. Interestingly, his single eye seems to be jumping from one person to the next in quick succession. Perhaps he’s trying to take in as much information as possible, trying to figure out how people will react to him being back. His face is otherwise apathetic.

Nakahara glances in Aizawa-sensei’s direction before shrugging, “Nah, we’ll be fine.”

Aizawa-sensei nods, “I’ll be in my room if anyone needs me.” He gives certain extroverts one last warning glance before walking through the living room area and towards his room.

with Aizawa-sensei’s departure the class falls into silence.

It seems that, despite all the planning and ideas on how to interact with Dazai and Nakahara going forward, no one had thought of what to say in this situation.

Typically, this sort of thing would go to the class extroverts to deal with. However, it seems Aizawa-sensei’s earlier warning causes said extroverts to doubt themselves, now instead of welcoming chatter they just exchange awkward looks.

Nakahara seems content to let the class flounder for something to say, if his slightly amused facial expression is anything to go by.

A few more moments pass, long enough that Todoroki begins to debate if he needs to be the one to break the silence, when someone steps forward.

Yaoyorozu, with a welcoming smile, says, “Dazai, Chuuya, we’re glad you’re back.”

Nakahara nods in her direction, “Yea, hi.”

After a second he turns his attention to the class as a whole then, Todoroki can see once he notices it, the mess of blankets and pillows behind the class.

A wide range of ideas were proposed when deciding on what would be the best way to welcome Dazai and Nakahara back. Some of those ideas were more outlandish than others but, fortunately, it had only taken a few hours to settle on a choice.

Film night.

Tokoyami, the one who proposed the idea in the first place, had brought up the fact that watching a film as a group is one of the best ways to learn about someone and bond with them. Not only do you learn things such as genres they like, but you can also have the shared experience of, as Tokoyami put it, “braving the man-made horrors of entertainment.”

Kaminari, Mina, Sero, and Kirishima had been quick to suggest a blanket/pillow… structure for this film night to take place in. Apparently, Dazai had taught them a few tricks on how to keep such structures from falling down and they wished to return the favour.

Iida hadn’t looked very pleased at the idea, but a majority of the class agreed it would be the best way to all be comfortable when watching a film in the common area.

At one point Iida had looked to Todoroki, as if wanting back up. Todoroki had simply looked the other way, in truth he never got to experience making a fort of any kind as a child- let alone with other kids his age. Part of him was excited by the prospect.

Eventually, the ‘Comfort Kingdom’, as dubbed by its creators, was built.

Todoroki had found the structure rather impressive however, as it seems, Nakahara does not share the same thoughts.

Eyes squinted, Nakahara asks, “What the hell is that?”

At the mention of the ‘Comfort Kingdom’, its creators snap to attention. With a new topic to talk about the words seem to spill from their lips.

“Well! We prepared some stuff for you both, Sato made some snacks that we think you’d like, oh and me, Mina, Kaminari, Kir-”

“We didn’t know which movies you’d be into so we got a bunch-”

“Look, we used the techniques you taught us so the-”

Chuuya’s voice cuts through the chatter, “One at a time, please. What is going on here exactly?” He gestures at the mass of blankets and pillows behind the class.

A few people glance around to see who will answer, after a moment Yaoyorozu once again steps into the position herself, “We have prepared a film night, complete with various snacks and a ‘Comfort Kingdom’ for you to rest in.”

At Nakahara’s still confused look, Yaoyorozu continues, “We realised that we haven’t been very good classmates to you both thus far, this is something we all want to change. This film night isn’t much but, hopefully, you’ll be able to enjoy it.”

Todoroki is glad Yaoyorozu was the one to speak, he isn’t sure his other classmates would have been able to word it as she did.

Midoriya nods, “We want to get to know you both better, so whatever film you want to watch we can.”

“The ‘Comfort Kingdom’ is only the beginning,” Mina adds with an excited grin, “we have a lot more planned to prove how good classmates we are!”

Dazai and Nakahara share a glance, one that Todoroki does not think bodes well.

Lo and behold, a moment later, Nakahara turns his attention back to the class, “And why would you do all this?”

This time it’s Midoriya who steps forward, “It’s like how Yaoyorozu said, we haven’t been very good classmates to you both, we want to change that starting now.”

Beside him, Uraraka chimes in, “Yea! You guys are here for rehabilitation, so you deserve to be treated like anyone else.” Her hands grip into determined fists, a habit Todoroki has noticed far more these past few days.

“Right, right, now which one of you said we should ‘rot in jail’, or however it went?” Dazai chimes in.

Todoroki doesn’t quite understand the significance behind that but, based on the delayed awkward looks certain classmates exchange, someone must have said within hearing distance of Dazai or Nakahara.

An uncertain silence descends upon the class.

Todoroki can see how his classmates cringe away from the pair, unsure on how to recover from their blunder. He can see how Dazai and Nakahara share a glance that surely means ‘That’s what I thought, now let’s leave.’

Todoroki moves faster than they do though, he made a promise to break down those ‘walls’ and he intends to keep it. Besides, even putting aside his own goals there is another major thing he needs to speak with the pair about.

“I need to speak with you both,” Todoroki gestures to the kitchen, “alone, if possible.”

Nakahara sighs but, thankfully, nods, “Yea, alright.” He spares one last glance to the makeshift ‘Comfort Kingdom’ before walking off to the kitchen, Dazai still following close behind.

Todoroki gives one serious nod to his classmates, one he hopes conveys his intentions to make progress with the pair, before turning and entering the kitchen. He isn’t nervous, not when he’s been in far more intimidating situations. The USJ, the fight against Midoriya, Stain, even facing his own Father. Dazai and Nakahara are dangerous, true, but he knows they won’t attack him. He trusts that they won’t, not then they haven’t done anything to hint at it.

Dazai is leaning against the counter when he walks in, an apathetic look still in place. Chuuya has his arms crossed, perhaps interested to hear what Todoroki has to say but still cautious.

Well, there’s no reason to delay this any further.

Is what Todoroki would say, except he has little idea on how to actually verbalise his thoughts. He knows, vaguely, what he intends to say but the words are hard to find. He feels somewhat foolish for asking Dazai and Nakahara to speak like this and then not actually having anything to say.

Nakahara, thankfully, takes pity on him, “That night, you were the one to find him, right?”

Todoroki nods.

“Well, thank you for that,” Nakahara’s tone is sincere as he speaks, “I can’t keep an eye on him all the time, so I’m glad someone was able to keep him from actually killing himself.”

Dazai slouches further onto the counter, “You talk like I’m not here.” Nakahara gives him an unimpressed look, one that effectively causes Dazai to pout a tad and look away.

Nakahara turns back to Todoroki and continues, “How much did you see?”

“When I opened the door it was hard to see much of anything,” Todoroki admits, “I turned to call for you the moment I realised what happened.”

Nakahara seems pleased by that, something that gives Todoroki the confidence to bring up his own topic of conversation. “Recently, I realised that you both are still being treated as Villains.”

Nakahara raises an eyebrow, “Yea, what about it?”

“Given that you are here to be rehabilitated, continuing to treat you both as Villains would be counterproductive,” Todoroki explains, “That is why we invited you to the film night, we wish to treat you as any other member of class 1A.”

Todoroki thinks back to when he did not engage with the class, to how he would hear his classmates making plans to hang out or joking in ways he thought he could never join in with. His anger at his father had clouded his vision during that time, he hardly made note of anything that he didn’t deem important to his end goal of becoming a better Hero than his father. Even then, though, being separated from his class had left a bad taste in his mouth. A taste that reminded him all too much of his childhood.

Some people may enjoy being by themselves but, Todoroki acknowledges, that does not mean class 1A should still treat Nakahara and Dazai like Villains.

Neither Nakahara or Dazai have said anything, which allows Todoroki to continue speaking.

“I understand that, in the past, neither myself or my- our classmates have made much of an effort to connect, but we would sincerely like to change that,” Todoroki resists the urge to glance over to the door, to where his classmates are waiting, “I understand neither of you trust us yet but we aim to change that, no matter how long it takes.”

Nakahara shares a look with Dazai, one that then causes Dazai’s nose to wrinkle, “Why does everyone want to be friends all of a sudden?”

Todoroki wasn’t aware anyone else had said something similar but he nods nonetheless, “I was once isolated from the class by my own choice, since becoming friends with Midoriya and the others things have gotten much better for me. We, as a class, wish to help you both in the same way.”

Neither of the pair seem very convinced by that but that’s alright. Todoroki will just have to show them the benefits of having a group of friends that care about you.

Who knows, maybe Todoroki will be able to learn a few things from the pair while he’s at it.

Nakahara and Dazai seem to have a wordless conversation for a few minutes, one that Todoroki has no hope in deciphering.

Eventually, Nakahara levels Todoroki with a questioning, almost testing, gaze, “Dazai still hasn’t apologised for taunting you, nor has he apologised to Bakugou, or Shinsou, or anyone else he’s intentionally pissed off.”

Todoroki thinks about his words carefully before answering. Nakahara and Dazai will likely see through any lie he tries to come up with, not that he’s all that good with lying anyway, so being honest is the best way to go around this. With that in Mind, Todoroki responds, “For this rehabilitation to work we must be forgiving and lenient, I’m sure an apology would be appreciated but for now we wish to focus on building trust.”

Nakahara holds his gaze for a few moments, his eyes hard and analytical. A moment later, he sighs, “You’re welcome to try, I guess. But we’re not doing film night, no way.”

Dazai smirks at that, which Todoroki elects to ignore. Instead he nods, “Next time then.”

“We’ll see,” Chuuya gives him one last look before grabbing Dazai’s

arm and making his way out of the kitchen.

Todoroki leaves soon thereafter, his classmates seen a little disappointed at the news Dazai and Nakahara won't be joining film night. They cheer up a bit when Todoroki shares the news that Nakahara has welcomed them to try and build trust, something that pushes Midoriya into a mumble spiral about different ways they could do such a thing.

-

"Chuuya just didn't want to watch a film because he'll cry."

"Shut it."

-

Koharu wakes the moment her front door opens, the small censor next to her bed buzzing with urgency. Some (Akuma) may call her paranoid but she knew such a thing would come in handy one day, you never know when someone may attack.

Although, based on the echoing sounds of stumbles, whoever this intruder is mustn't be very well trained. Even without the censor she would have woken to this racket.

Koharu slips out of her bed, easily picking up a taser on her way to the bedroom door. This particular model is made to take down even the toughest mutant, whoever is out there will be down before they can even think of attacking back. It may be overkill to use such a thing but Koharu would rather fry some intruder than risk her brother getting injured.

Her door, with its well oiled hinges, does not creak when she opens it. Her feet are feather light as she trials down the hall, not a single noise coming from the wooden floor.

There isn't a door to the living/kitchen area, rather just a corner archway that leads right in. Koharu positions herself on the corner and waits, she listens as footsteps stumble and bump into things. As whoever dared to break in mutters swears under their breath with each failed attempt to navigate the space.

One particular swear catches her attention, or moreso the way it's said. Sharp but with an odd inflection, like whoever said it has never heard someone actually speak before.

Koharu does not lower her taser but she does sigh and step around the corner, with a quick movement the lights flick on to reveal the intruder.

There, in the centre of her living room, is Akagi Harue. Her hair is, somehow, even more dishevelled, and her face is contorted in a manor that just screams stress. Small flower petals trail behind her on the floor, a fact that makes Koharu want to tase her anyway.

“Why the hell are you here?” Koharu doesn’t bother to soften her words, she does not want to give the wrong impression that Harue is at all welcome here. There is a reason she has not once disclosed where she lives to any co-workers.

Harue’s head snaps in her direction, “Koharu!” She lurches forward before stumbling over her own feet and crashing to the floor.

“Be quiet!” Koharu snaps, it’s the middle of the night, she had assumed that Harue would at least have enough manners to respect the fact that people are sleeping. Clearly, that was the wrong assumption to make.

Harue doesn’t seem to pay much mind to her warning, instead she quickly pulls herself back up and rushes over to Koharu.

Koharu takes a step back.

Harue doesn’t seem to notice, instead pinning her with a serious look, “Koharu, we need- we need to leave, now.”

Koharu’s nose scrunches up, “What nonsense are you on now?”

“The mission we- that kid he was aff- no, no, it was the rat- they’re going to-” Harue’s voice cracks and shifts each time a train of thought cuts off, flowers bloom and die along her arms in time with her frantic breaths.

“Whatever your problem is, I don’t care. Get out,” Koharu has no interest in dealing with whatever metal break Harue is going through right now.

Koharu grabs onto Harue’s arm and begins dragging her to the front door, which has been left open. She ignores whatever drivel comes out of Harue’s mouth, that is until a certain phrase catches her attention.

“Listen! They’re gonna hurt you!”

She pauses, irritation still bubbling below her skin. Koharu turns to Harue, who seems to be partially more stable now. “Explain, now.”

Harue nods, a little too desperately, “The mission, it- it failed.”

What? Koharu is sure her half of the mission went well, there’s no way for it to be classed as failed.

“The- the rat, umm, Nedzu! Nedzu complained, said that your boy got all messed up or whatever,” Harue’s gaze hardens, a look of clarity compared to her crazed expressions previously, “They’re going to relocate us.”

Now that gets Koharu’s attention. Being relocated is just a step above being fired, something she cannot allow to happen. She needs the paycheck that comes along with her current position.

“How are you so sure?” Koharu’s mind fills with plans, ideas on how to get out of this situation before it even happens. If Harue is telling the truth then getting something on the go now might just be her saving grace.

“I was in Fukuoka, I heard higher ups talking about it. They’re gonna relocated us to the middle of nowhere and keep us trapped there, keep us locked away so we don’t cause any problems,” Harue’s looks around as she talks, like she’s scared said higher ups will jump out any second.

Harue has problems, that much is obvious, but the question is if she would make something like this up. Would she break into Koharu’s home on an assumption?

Perhaps if Koharu uses her Quirk she’ll be able to figure out if Harue is genuinely scared of being relocated, which would prove her claims, or scared of her lies being found out. Koharu sighs, wishing none of this had happened in the first place, before going to active her Quirk on-

“Koharu-nee?”

Koharu feels herself tense up, dammit, things just keep getting worse.

Harue is quick to snap her head in the direction of Akuma, that panicked look coming back to her face. Koharu tightens her grip on Harue’s arm.

“Who-” Harue starts, only to be cut off by Koharu.

“It doesn’t matter,” she snaps, “ignore him.” It feels hopeless saying such a thing, in all the time Koharu has known Harue she has never just let something lie. Especially when it comes to Koharu and her life beyond the HPSC, when even the slightest piece of information comes to light about that topic Harue has always latched onto it like a feral animal.

Finding out Koharu has a younger brother, one who she has kept secret for so long, must be like a gold mine to Harue. Well, it would be if she was in the right frame of mind.

As it stands, Harue flips her head back and forth between Koharu and Akuma as if trying to see the resemblance. It should be rather obvious, given how Akuma shares the same pale blonde hair and face shape as Koharu. The major differences are height, weight, gender, and, of course, Akuma’s eyes being hidden away under a mushroom hair.

Koharu pulls on Harue’s arm, hard as she can, “Focus. You still have some explaining to do.”

That seems to snap Harue out of her little trace, although it seems that she is, once again, too far gone to be coherent, “Your brother- they’re gonna- he’ll be hurt just like, no, no, it’s you who is-”

Koharu’s patience is wearing thin, which is dangerous given how thin her patience is on a good day. Turning to Akuma she says, “Go back to your room. I’ll deal with this.”

Akuma seems conflicted for a second, for a moment Koharu fears he’ll argue back like he is typically prone to do, thankfully he nods and leaves without any further fuss.

Now back to the real problem.

Harue is still babbling some nonsense, something about a tree? Or a cat maybe? Koharu doesn’t have time for it either way.

Slap.

Harue freezes, both body and mouth falling still after being slapped across the face.

“Explain now before I kick you to the curb,” Koharu levels Harue with the most serious glare she can muster.

For a moment Harue says nothing, perhaps still in shock after being slapped. Then, after a shaky breath, she says, “That Nedzu guy complained, we’re getting taken off the mission, relocated to some middle of nowhere branch. I heard… I heard… Yano! Yano Kouga and Tsuda Norio talking about it.”

That…. That doesn’t make Koharu feel very confident. Harue, for all her annoying tricks and stupid ideas, has never named a higher up like this before. She never drags anyone else into her mess, likely scared of what might happen if they hear about it.

Not to mention that Yano Kouga and Tsuda Norio aren’t exactly known for messing around when it comes to work matters.

Koharu resists the urge to swear, looks like Harue’s rambles had some truth to them after all.

Mentally she begins running through the possible ways to get out of this. Koharu could go to the HPSC and plead her case, if that backfires though it will be far harder to escape their clutches. She could just go along with it, but being relocated comes with a pay decrease, which is not something she can accept, not with how expensive Akuma’s Quirk suppressants are. Not to mention packing up and moving to some new place all while keeping Akuma hidden from the HPSC would be near impossible.

Well, there’s only one thing to it then.

Koharu begins assembling a list of the essentials she’ll need to grab, Quirk suppressants, birth certificates, passports, photo albums, Akuma’s game consoles, etc. If Koharu moves fast enough then she might just be able to slip under the HPSC’s radar, if that does work then she can get a new job elsewhere while keeping Akuma safe.

Unfortunately, it seems Harue has a similar idea. “I- I know someone, we can go hide there! It might be a little cramped but-”

Koharu cuts her off, “What makes you think I’ll be going with you of all people?”

“Because! Working together means a higher chance of success, we can watch each other’s backs and- and-,” Harue glances to the hall where Akuma once stood, “You’re gonna need someone to protect him right? I can do that!”

Koharu would not trust Harue with a pencil, let alone her beloved

baby brother. Akuma is well behaved, sure, but rather weak. He would not be able to protect himself should Harue decide to hurt him.

…

Then again, if Koharu is out looking for work it’s not like she can protect him either. The HPSC won’t just give up looking for them, leaving Akuma alone would be a risk Koharu does not want to take.

There’s no one else who could look after him either, no family friends or other siblings, certainly not the parents who took one look at him and gave up on the idea of raising him. The only one Akuma has is Koharu, not a single other person has ever looked at Akuma and seen horrors but stayed nonetheless.

Harue is a risk, but is she more of a risk than leaving Akuma alone?

“Go home,” Harue attempts to interrupt her, but Koharu continues to speak, “Go home and get whatever you need. Be back here within the hour.”

Thankfully, Harue wastes no time in scampering off to get her stuff.

This may be a mistake but, as it happens, there is hardly anything else Koharu can do.

She promised to protect Akuma all those years ago, promised to keep him safe no matter how bad his Quirk got. When everyone else looked at him and only saw their own insecurities and fears reflected back, Koharu had looked past that and at the young boy who needed someone to be there for him. She had seen her baby brother.

In order to give Akuma the life he deserves, Koharu needs money for Quirk suppressants and a safe home for him. If running away from the HPSC will ensure those things then so be it.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone! I hope you all enjoyed this new chapter!! <3

Writing this chapter I couldn't help but make friendship is magic jokes... Sorry class 1A, but this is not mlp 3 It does not work like that.

Good new though, if you're sick of hearing people apologise and

promise to be better to SKK then you're in luck!! I like those conversations as much as the next person but writing them three times is too much... Next chapter we'll be back to the action! We'll start the chapter with a bang I promise!!

I sincerely apologise for dangling film night in front of you all like this, it just can't happen yet 3

Annnd that is the end of Koharu and Harue's involvement in this fic!! They might appear as a little cameo later on but nothing too serious (although this is subject to change!). I originally wasn't even going to give the HPSC agents anything beyond a name, so these two have had a good run! I know sometimes it's annoying when OCs appear too much, so hopefully that wasn't the case here!! I tried to make them leaving the story natural/seamless.

I know a lot of people didn't like Koharu and Harue due to the interviews with SKK but I hope learning about their backstories has changed that a little for you!! Harue is traumatised and Koharu just wants to be a good sister, they have good reasons for being evil I promise!! (Hopefully you all were able to understand their backstories, if not leave a comment and I'll totally explain them!!)

I also want to say that I have changed my plan for the ending of this fic! I actually changed it a few months ago, but I kept forgetting to mention it in these notes -_- I know I told someone the ending I had planned, so if you're that person disregard everything I said. Hopefully you'll all be able to enjoy what I have planned!!

Hmm, I think that's all I wanted to say!!!

Thank you for reading!!! <33333

Chapter 25: Starting with a bang

Chapter Summary

Chuuya, with his hands stuffed in his pockets, nods, "It's good." He seems completely at peace, something that Dazai cannot let continue.

Chapter Notes

CW: Dazai typical suicide mentions

Let me know if I missed anything!

Thank you to Echo78 for beta reading <3333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Die!!"

Dunce face screams and falls to the ground, a satisfying reaction even if it is incredibly wimpy.

So what if Bakugou came diving around a corner yelling and blasting explosions? If that idiot wants to be a Pro, he'll have to get used to it.

Honestly, sometimes Bakugou wonders how the hell half the class even made it past the entrance exams.

Even those with strong Quirks, like Dunce face, also tend to be idiots. If one of them tripped and got crushed by a robot during the exam, Bakugou wouldn't be at all surprised.

"Bakugou! Give a guy a little more warning next time," Dunce face whines, still sitting on the floor.

Bakugou rolls his eyes, "That defeats the fucking point."

Today's class is all about stealth and observation. Why the fuck would Bakugou give his position up like that? Sure, he didn't make all that much of an effort to quiet down, but straight up warning his opponent is idiotic.

Dunce face sighs before climbing back up to his feet, "Still, you didn-" Dunce face cuts himself off with another scream.

Bakugou, with one arm now reaching over Dunce face's shoulder, rolls

his eyes once again. His explosions weren't even aimed at the idiot this time, so no excuse for him to be acting like this.

Before Dunce face can try to whine again, Bakugou speaks, "Oi, I know you're there."

Unfortunately, stopping Dunce face from whining has only opened the opportunity for Invisa-girl to whine.

"This is so not fair! How did you even know I was there?"

"'Cause I'm not a fuckin' idiot," Bakugou grins, "And neither is my partner."

Not even a second later, Icyhot jumps down from his little ice ledge above them.

Dunce face and Invisa-girl scream, but Bakugou is too busy basking in his victory to give a shit. Winning never gets boring, not for someone like Bakugou.

Icyhot, face unmoving even with the yelling and whining of the other two, marks Dunce face and Invisa-girl up with tape. Bakugou really hates that tape; it makes no sense to use it to 'signify a win' when he could just knock someone out.

The speakers above them crackle to life, "Bakugou and Todoroki are the winners of this round. Now come back to the observation room for the after-match analysis."

Bakugou doesn't waste any more time hanging around, not when Dunce face is still whining about being up against too strong of opponents.

That's another thing that pisses off Bakugou, strong Quirks wasted on idiots. Invisa-girl should have won this round, but neither she nor Dunce face actually thought things through and used their Quirks in a unique way. Instead, they just walked around in the most predictable pattern possible.

At least Icyhot is competent; if he weren't, then Bakugou would seriously lose his mind.

-

Todoroki enjoys working with Bakugou, even if he is loud and

impulsive at times.

…

Even if he is loud and impulsive *all* the time.

He's smart and has great Quirk control. His temper also gives Todoroki a chance to improve his teamwork skills. After all, someone who can work with Bakugou can work with anyone.

That being said, he is glad this stealth exercise is over. Bakugou, much like his Quirk, is not suited for staying quiet for long periods of time.

Even now, Bakugou's footsteps fall louder than anyone else's as he stamps into the observation room. No one in the class reacts, everyone's used to it by now.

Todoroki himself follows dutifully behind, his footsteps barely audible.

"Who was the MVP of this round then?" Aizawa-sensei asks, his voice a stark difference from the way All Might usually asks that question. Todoroki can't help but notice that he looks more tired than usual today. Was Aizawa-sensei on patrol last night? Then again, the day after Aizawa-sensei has a nighttime patrol tends to end with him napping through homeroom completely. That wasn't the case this morning, though.

How curious.

Jirou is the one to answer him, "Bakugou, right? He was the one who found Kaminari and noticed Hagakure."

Bakugou already begins to preen at that, which becomes comical when Aizawa-sensei shakes his head, "Not quite."

"Hah? The fuck do you mean it wasn't me?!" Bakugou's hands are noticeably lacking any explosions, likely due to the fact he knows Aizawa-sensei will just erase them anyway.

"Language Bakugou," Aizawa-sensei scolds, "I would say the true MVP is Todoroki. Not only did he show his stealth skills by hiding when Bakugou didn't, but it was he who set the trap for Hagakure." Aizawa-sensei speaks casually, a contrast to the somewhat confused looks around the room.

Well, except for Midoriya, who is muttering away– likely about said trap.

“Trap?” Uraraka asks.

Aizawa-sensei nods but otherwise does not speak. It seems like explaining will fall to Todoroki this time.

“I put a thin layer of ice on the ground; once it melted, we were able to see Hagakure’s footprints,” Todoroki explains. In truth, it wasn’t something he came up with on his own. Once, when he was still young enough not to have a Quirk, Mother had set a similar trap to see who was eating all the leftover soba.

Coincidentally, that was the one night Todoroki decided not to sneak out of his room to eat leftover soba. The next morning, however, Mother had been quick to tease and scold him for it regardless. He hadn’t truly minded being scolded as she had held him close while doing it and explaining her trap. Still, he does often wonder who the real culprit was.

Hagakure, unaware of the memory playing in Todoroki’s head, dramatically sighs, “Arghh! I noticed my feet getting wet, but I didn’t question it!”

Midoriya snaps out of his muttering just long enough to say, “That’s such a smart move, Todoroki!” What he says next might be ideas on how to develop the trap for later use; Todoroki can’t quite tell due to how he falls back into muttering.

Still, Todoroki nods mutely before turning his attention back to Aizawa-sensei.

After a few more comments, mostly aimed at Kaminari and Bakugou for their lack of stealth, Aizawa-sensei waves them off and gestures for the next group to step forward.

With the post-match analysis over, Todoroki finds himself drifting off to the side of the room while the next group prepares for their turn.

Along the same wall, although a decent distance away, sits Dazai and Nakahara.

The pair had opted out of today’s training, something that Todoroki suspects wasn’t all that intentional.

Yesterday, the two had mainly stuck to their rooms, or so Todoroki hears. Admittedly, after Dazai and Nakahara rejected the film night offer he hadn't stuck around much longer. Not because he didn't want to spend time with his classmates, he has now come to appreciate them and the time he spends with them after all, but rather because of how… rowdy they got.

The group behind the Comfort Kingdom did not want their efforts to go to waste and so decided to watch a film anyway, that sparked a debate on if that was appropriate when they had initially planned for Dazai and Nakahara to join, that debate then evolved into one about what film to watch, and then why a certain genre is better than another, and then-

Well, it's easier to list what didn't end up a debate.

Todoroki, with his habit of being early to class, also hadn't seen the pair this morning at the dorms.

(Mentally, Todoroki debates if getting to class a little later would be worth it. Perhaps spending more time with his classmates in the mornings would be beneficial.)

During class, there was, as one would expect, little time to chat and attempt to bridge the gap between class 1A and Dazai and Nakahara.

That is all to say, neither Dazai nor Nakahara had properly interacted with anyone else in the class since coming back. In the changing rooms, Dazai had complained, admittedly in his usual light-mannered way, about having to participate in today's exercise.

When Midoriya brought this up to Aizawa-sensei before the exercise began, thus getting both Dazai and Nakahara excused from it, Todoroki had noticed the look Dazai sent to Nakahara. Todoroki isn't the best at reading people, let alone someone like Dazai, but, if he had to guess, he would say Dazai's face said 'Well, this is an unexpected turn of events!'

It also could have said 'Why is this kid intervening when he has no place to do so?'

As he said, Todoroki isn't the best at reading people.

Todoroki's own match had ended up being the first one, so he had no chance to try and speak to the pair before going out.

Now, though, he has the opportunity.

Midoriya and Uraraka had been kind enough to give Todoroki some tips on how to approach and befriend someone, although their advice did differ in some ways.

While Midoriya had suggested taking note of what the other person likes and starting a conversation about that, Uraraka had said to just go up and say whatever comes to mind. She had claimed that the conversation would naturally flow better with a more chill start.

Another example, Midoriya had suggested talking about something Todoroki likes when there is a lull in the conversation. Uraraka had told him to ask questions about the other person instead.

Overall, Todoroki thinks there are merits to both methods. Going in with a 'chill start', as Uraraka put it, would likely end in disaster due to Todoroki's more introverted personality. Talking about himself also seems like a bad idea, for various obvious reasons. In truth, Todoroki doesn't have too many hobbies or interests outside of training to be a Pro Hero.

If Todoroki were to say that then Dazai or Nakahara might ask why he doesn't have any hobbies or interests, that would then lead to talking about his Father and the isolated training Todoroki went through as a child, which he knows isn't the best thing to bring up to prospective friends.

Hopefully, the effectiveness of the advice will not lessen if he mixes the two.

Slowly, Todoroki shuffles his way along the wall. Even if he can't do a 'chill start' a more casual one should be alright, the type that makes it feel like Todoroki started the conversation on a whim. Oh, maybe that is a 'chill start'? Uraraka hadn't been all that clear, so hopefully what he's doing works.

Once he's within speaking distance, Todoroki stops but does not speak. He'll wait a few moments before speaking, so it doesn't seem like he moved over just to talk to them. That's something people do, right? Todoroki is used to being a lot more direct, but acting like that might be too much in this situation.

On the monitors, Mina pulls a particularly impressive move, melting the wall so she can hide; Todoroki thinks this is a good conversation starter, so he comments on it, his eyes still trained on the monitors.

Nakahara is a talented fighter and, hopefully, interested in the topic.

For a second, it seems he won't be getting a response. Fortunately, that doesn't turn out to be the case.

Nakahara sighs, "Yea, it was good. Using her acid to go through floors would be a useful skill, too."

Todoroki nods, the teachers are always going on about finding different applications for their Quirks. Mina figuring out how to use her Quirk to create escape routes will certainly help her as a Pro.

"If you were in this match, what would you do?" Todoroki asks, partly to keep the conversation going and partly due to genuine interest. The current match is Jirou and Sero vs Mina and Tokoyami; so far, neither team has pulled ahead. With Jirou's enhanced hearing, you would expect her team to win, and yet, both Mina and Tokoyami are doing an impressive job keeping hidden away.

Dazai and Nakahara are both strong fighters and good at planning, and Todoroki is sure the pair of them could come up with a way to win completely, no matter the opponent.

Nakahara leans back a bit, "Jirou would hear me even if I did float around… I'd use my Ability to make as much noise as possible so she would have a hard time telling where I was. Sero and Mina are easy enough to dodge. Tokoyami, on the other hand, might cause me some trouble."

Surprisingly, Dazai is the next to chime in, "So Chibi is admitting defeat to a bird- Ah, sorry, to a shadow of a bird?"

Nakahara's face twitches, "No. I'm just saying he would give me the most trouble."

"Dark Shadow is hard to defeat," Todoroki agrees, "Even if you do manage to get Tokoyami down."

"Maybe for you lot, but I face no such troubles. That pesky bird can't lay a finger on me," Dazai wiggles one of his own fingers as if to emphasise his point. Dazai's Ability does seem to be a useful one, perhaps even more than Aizawa-sensei's own Erasure.

Nakahara rolls his eyes before turning in Todoroki's direction, "What would you do?"

It doesn't take long for Todoroki to come up with an answer, he's fought his classmates enough to have basic plans on how to beat them all, "I would do something similar to you for Jirou, except with icicles. They would fall and distract her. For Tokoyami I would use my fire side to weaken Dark Shadow. I would tire Mina out with ice attacks. For Sero…" Todoroki trails off, his mind supplying him with images from the Sports Festival.

Dazai coughs, although it suspiciously sounds more like a laugh.

Todoroki can't help but feel accomplished at that. He hadn't intended to say something funny but, he decides, this is a good outcome. This conversation is definitely a success; now he just has to try and keep it going.

On the monitors, Sero jumps out just in time to catch Mina off guard. In one swift movement, she grabs his arm and shoves him down to the ground. The sound he makes as he hits the floor causes even Todoroki to cringe away in pain.

In contrast, Nakahara nods with a grin.

Todoroki is quick to remember that Nakahara had taught a few of the girls some hand to hand, he assumes the move Mina just pulled off was something Nakahara taught her.

He's proven right when Dazai slumps up against Nakahara, "Chibiiii. Why'd you teach her moves and not me? Do you want me to get hurt, is that it?"

"Yes."

Dazai is quick to look up, a scandalised look on his face, "You can't say that Chuuya… It hurts my feelings."

Upon hearing that, Todoroki attempts to figure out if Dazai is telling the truth. The teasing tone should be an indicator that he is, well, teasing. Todoroki knows that might not be the case though, after all, Dazai does hide serious things in a silly tone.

Nakahara brushes Dazai off, "Cry me a river." That… must mean that Dazai was just teasing. Nakahara wouldn't act like this if Dazai were truly upset, not when it's clear to Todoroki just how much he cares about Dazai.

A dramatic yell brings Todoroki's attention back to the monitors. Dark

Shadow swoops forward, only just barely missing a sound wave sent out by Jirou.

Todoroki watches silently until Jirou pulls off a particularly impressive move. Internally, he feels quite satisfied. As long as his classmates continue to fight well, then he will have something to talk about with Nakahara and, by extension, Dazai.

So far, Todoroki's friendship plan is going well. Now, he just needs to keep this momentum going.

-

Midoriya takes a deep breath, his back pressed hard against the wall behind him.

When Aizawa-sensei had announced the theme for today's lesson, Midoriya had been excited, even more so when he was paired up with Shouji.

It would have been easy to let Shouji take the lead—which, Midoriya feels the need to clarify, does not mean Midoriya didn't do that! Obviously, Shouji has a better Quirk for stealth missions and Midoriya doesn't mind that.

It's just… Lately, he's been thinking about trying something out…

Fortunately, Shouji had been understanding when Midoriya explained. He had been content to let Midoriya sneak off during the second half of the match to try his idea out.

So now Midoriya finds himself tucked around a corner, waiting with bated breath for his classmate to show up.

It shouldn't be long now…

As if on cue, Midoriya makes out the sound of Iida's engines.

He waits for a moment, just to really make sure Iida is where Midoriya needs him to be, before jumping out from his hiding spot.

"Aha!" Iida declares, his voice taking on a comical tone, "I have found you at long last!

Midoriya keeps his eyes focused on Iida's head, with Iida's speed a single glance away could mean losing the match. "And what are you going to do now, huh?" He fights back the urge to cringe; he needs to

have confidence that this will work.

“I will defeat you, Villain!” Iida declares.

“Neither of us are meant to be Villains, you know,” Midoriya fires back, “Besides, don’t you think you should be focusing on something else?”

Iida’s dramatic hand movements falter and eventually come to a stop, “Focus on what?”

“Your teammate, maybe. Do you really think separating was a good idea?” Midoriya does his best to channel the energy of *that* guy. “You know how Shouji’s Quirk works; his tentacles mean he can definitely hear everything in this building. Your teammate has no chance of escaping.”

Iida considers this for a moment before pushing his chest up, “I believe in Tsu’s capabilities! Besides, it is you that I must focus on Vill- er, Midoriya!”

“Am I?”

That catches Iida off guard enough that his Hero act drops a little, “Are- Yes, you are.”

Midoriya does his best smirk, one partially inspired by Kacchan, “It’s a stealth exercise remember? Why would you focus on the one out in the open?”

Iida takes a step back, “That means-” His head whips around when, with absolutely perfect timing, the sound of boots echoes from behind him.

Midoriya bends his legs, activates 5% of One for All, and jumps right at Iida.

The collision is a little painful but he manages to wrap enough tape around him that it counts as a win.

Personally, Midoriya would count it as two wins. One for his team with Shouji, and one for using that new trick—and it actually working!

Now Midoriya just has to hope Dazai won’t be upset that Midoriya used one of his tricks...

-

Dazai gets up with a stretch, watching class 1A play cat and mouse was… Entertaining, in a way. Some of them played things too safe, which naturally made the match boring and a waste of time to watch. There were some interesting matches though, enough to keep Dazai from being completely bored out of his mind.

Of course, the most notable part of it all was Midoriya's match. It hadn't taken Dazai long to catch on to what Midoriya was trying to do. After all, that sort of trick is one of Dazai's specialties. Part of Dazai had been offended, honestly. First, Midoriya steals his move and then he makes a complete butchery of it? Not cool.

The other part of Dazai found the whole thing quite entertaining, so he's willing to let it slide just this once.

Midoriya is an observant kid, so it makes sense that he figured out the logistics of that little trick. He doesn't quite have the charm to pull it off though, his questions and taunts end up more like his rambles than carefully sharpened weapons.

Oh and Todoroki's stilted attempts at conversation before and throughout that match… Dazai hadn't actually expected him to try so hard at being friendly, he absolutely doesn't seem the type. Well, Dazai thinks, there is always time for him to stop trying. Maybe if Dazai is intentionally difficult to talk to, it will happen more quickly.

Dazai hums, another memory from the matches coming to mind. Aizawa had dismissed the class a few minutes ago, which, combined with the fact that Dazai doesn't need to go get changed means he should have some time to pester Aizawa.

"Hey, Sensei, I have a question…"

Aizawa turns and gives Dazai his full attention, like he actually cares about whatever Dazai is about to say—which, actually, Dazai doesn't doubt that he cares. Aizawa is a rather straightforward man; he doesn't seem to be the type to put on fake airs just to appease someone else. He feels bad about the whole suicide attempt thing and does genuinely want to make up for his 'mistake'.

That sort of look is usually sent Chuuya's way, that guy just racks up people's pity and regret. Dazai, on the other hand, is typically looked at with anger and annoyance.

“During those matches, I noticed Shinsou using something similar to your capture weapon… Could it be that you have a favourite student?” Dazai glances around the room like he’s worried someone will overhear. The other class 1A kids had made a fuss of seeing Shinsou in the capture weapon so it must have been his first time wearing it. His skill with the weapon is nowhere near what Aizawa can do, but, to Dazai’s eye, it was clear Shinsou had been practising with it for some time.

Predictably, Aizawa is quick to disagree, “I don’t have favourites.”

“So what is it then,” Dazai leans in, “Is Shinsou your son or something? Is that why he gets to learn your techniques?”

Unfortunately, Chuuya elbows him before Aizawa can respond. “Don’t be an idiot; they don’t look all that similar… Except for the eyebags and hair, I guess.”

“It takes two to make a kid you know,” Dazai ignores the way Aizawa attempts to interject, “Although, Sensei… Well, I don’t think many people are lining up to be with him.”

Aizawa sighs deeply, a hand coming to cover his face. Dazai can’t help but grin at that; everyone has been acting all serious since his suicide attempt- a little bit of teasing should get things back to normal. Dazai will annoy them all so much that they forget about the whole ‘be better classmates’ and ‘make up for mistakes’ thing.

After a moment of hiding behind his hand, Aizawa lets his arm drop before turning to face Dazai, “I’ve been teaching Shinsou the capture weapon and basic hand to hand since the entrance exam– not because he’s my son, but because his Quirk isn’t suited to fighting like others are.”

“I didn’t know Sensei was so benevolent! You know, Chuuya never teaches me any moves…”

“Like you would use them even if you did know.” Chuuya is quick to respond. Which is true, although Dazai won’t admit it. In truth, he does know some hand to hand but using a gun is far easier. And, when an enemy is too close for a gun, Dazai just waits around for his loyal dog to come and save him.

That or he just takes the beating in hopes it kills him. That answer likely wouldn’t get a very good reception right now, though.

“We can talk about this more later if you want,” Aizawa hesitates for just a moment, “I have somewhere to show you both. Although….” Aizawa mutters that last part while looking at Dazai.

Dazai huffs, “And what's that supposed to mean, Sensei?”

Chuuya rolls his eyes, “He’s probably worried you’ll try and off yourself again.” Dazai resists the urge to roll his eyes back, that much is clearly obvious. The real question is where might Aizawa want to take them that could pose such a risk?

Aizawa sighs, “I’m not sure the way you said that was very appropriate, but yes, that is a worry.” He hesitates for a moment, clearly debating on the right course of action. Eventually, he waves his hand in a ‘follow me’ gesture and begins walking, “I’ll take you for Nakahara’s sake but, if you try anything, we’re going back to the dorms.”

Dazai tucks his thumb and pinky into his palm, his other three fingers sticking up straight–a gesture he had seen in some TV show or another. He holds the hand up to his head, “Have some faith, Sensei… I’m very trustworthy.”

Chuuya snorts beside him, which Dazai ignores.

He is actually telling the truth this time, trying to kill himself right now would just cause too much trouble if he were to fail (again). The staff and students of UA are already so high-strung, Dazai hates to think how they would act if he tried to kill himself a second time.

He’s also interested to find out where Aizawa plans to take them, especially if it's ‘for Nakahara’s sake’.

Without Dazai intentionally teasing and stirring up trouble, the group falls into a silence as Aizawa leads them through UA. At this point, Dazai has a decent grasp of the layout of the school, well, the main campus area anyway. Buildings like the USJ and various training grounds are still a bit of a mystery.

That had been a point of (minor) concern when putting together this whole mission plan. UA’s security has always been above average, especially when it comes to building plans. Of course, had Dazai put the effort in he likely could have found a building plan eventually… But that would have been a lot of work, which did not sound appealing at all.

Knowing the lay of the land is definitely a useful thing but, in the end, Chuuya could just bulldoze the place if need be.

In what feels like no time at all, Aizawa stops and turns to face both Dazai and Chuuya, “We’ll head up now. Dazai, if you think you may try something then please tell me or Nakahara and we’ll leave.”

Dazai cringes back at that. Being treated like a child is the worst.

“So, where exactly are we going?” Chuuya asks, completely ignoring the second part of what Aizawa said.

Aizawa looks at him, “Yamada alerted some of the staff you may ask about visiting the school roof and said that you have permission to go up there. I thought I would show you the way now.”

Chuuya immediately looks more interested, which is so typical of him. If Dazai had to guess, Chibi told Yamada about hanging out on top of the Port Mafia’s headquarters and how he, presumably, misses it.

It makes sense now why Aizawa was apprehensive about bringing Dazai specifically here. Jumping from a tall building has a higher chance of success, both due to the impact of the ground and because there are few ways to stop someone already falling. Well, an Ability like Chuuya’s would do the job, if the one falling was anyone but Dazai.

Aizawa shouldn’t worry about it, though. Dazai has jumped off enough buildings to know the chance of death isn’t worth the recovery process if he were to fail. Broken bones are such a pain to deal with…

When Aizawa begins walking again, Chuuya is quick to follow. It takes a few moments to reach a staircase tucked away around a corner, then a few more moments to climb the stairs and emerge out onto the rooftop.

The view certainly couldn’t hold up to that of the Port Mafia’s headquarters, but Dazai can admit, it isn’t bad. Given UA’s unique positioning, the rooftop overlooks a large chunk of Musutafu City. The people below continue on with their daily lives, completely unaware of who is looking down at them.

Chuuya, with his hands stuffed in his pockets, nods, “It’s good.” He seems completely at peace, something that Dazai cannot let continue.

With a dramatic sigh, Dazai drops onto Chuuya’s back. With his

brutish strength, Chuuya doesn't look at all phased by it–minus the annoyed expression on his face of course.

"It would be better if a certain Mackerel wasn't here."

Dazai gasps in mock offence, "Chuuya! That's so cruel!"

Chuuya shrugs, "It's also the truth."

Something catches Dazai's attention, specifically *someone.* Aizawa is still lingering by the door, although his body language signals that he's ready to jump into action at any moment. What really catches Dazai's attention is his expression. He looks… For lack of better word, depressed.

"What's wrong with you?" Dazai asks, rather bluntly.

Aizawa shakes his head, "It's nothing. Nakahara, now that you know the way up; feel free to come whenever you want. Just let someone know where you are." He pauses and then, as if realising an error, adds on, "And if Dazai is coming up here then let me know, alright?"

Dazai isn't sure if he wants to laugh or groan at that. On one hand, it's hilarious how much Aizawa is acting like a worried mother hen. It makes sense why he wants to know, likely due to his promise to 'be better'. It might also be because Aizawa is one of the few that could probably stop Dazai as he's falling even with his Quirk nullified.

The annoying side is that Aizawa is acting like a worried mother hen. Just because Dazai tried to drown himself recently doesn't mean he's going to throw himself off a roof next. Being around dangerous things or places doesn't mean he'll immediately try to hurt himself.

But, whatever, it's not like Chuuya will want to invite him up here that much anyway. Stupid Chibi likes to hide up high when he doesn't want to be spoken to.

"Oh, right," Aizawa starts, "The rest of the class will find out tomorrow but I figure I'll tell you both now, final exams are soon. You'll both be expected to participate in the written exam but we can talk about participating in the physical side."

Exams? Dazai distantly remembers being told about having to participate in exams before… Well, looks like he and Chuuya will be getting the real school exam season experience!

“I thought you said you didn’t do special treatment?” Dazai teases. The written exam should be easy, the physical exam on the other hand… “And besides, what will the physical exam even be?” Knowing UA, it will be something challenging, meant to push students to their limits without being too harsh.

Of course, neither he nor Chuuya are real students so the exam will be easy no matter what it entails. It would be nice to know what to expect though, maybe Dazai can put together a few plans ahead of time.

Aizawa shakes his head, “I don’t play favourites. As for the exam… You’ll have to participate and find out.” He finishes with a grin, one of the creepy ones he likes using on class 1A.

Chuuya takes a look at Aizawa and grimaces, “Ugh, you look like that idiot Mackerel when you act like that.”

Aizawa seems taken aback by that, which Dazai completely ignores in order to glare at Chuuya, “We do not look alike.”

“Oh, yea, you look dumber,” Chuuya retorts.

“That’s not even a good comeback.”

“Says you.”

-

Half an hour later, Aizawa leads them back to the dorms. Chuuya is still arguing with Dazai, which is refreshing after everything that has gone on over the past few days. Getting back into their usual arguments helps to settle any lingering nerves.

“Now you’re just being stubborn Chuuya,” Dazai huffs, “I’m more charmingly rugged, meanwhile Sensei…” Dazai sends an over-dramatic look to Aizawa.

The man in question doesn’t bother looking back, Chuuya is pretty certain he gave up on paying attention to the argument about twenty-five minutes ago.

“Like you’re charmingly anything,” Chuuya grumbles under his breath.

Fortunately, he’s saved from having to respond due to the cheery calls

of class 1A. Internally, he thanks them for the interruption. Dazai is way too stubborn to give up on his argument until Chuuya does, which is a problem because the same can be said about Chuuya.

“Ah, Chuuya! Dazai! We were wondering where you both went,” Uraraka greets with a smile.

The few 1A kids scattered around the room throw some acknowledgement in their direction, mostly as waves or small greetings.

Chuuya nods back, somewhat awkwardly.

Thankfully, the one he expected to tease him doesn’t seem to notice whatsoever.

Instead, Dazai takes a step forward towards Uraraka with a grin, “Hey, Uraraka, I have a question.” Chuuya immediately gets a bad feeling about it.

Uraraka, being the nice person she is, nods with enthusiasm, “I’ll do my best to answer!”

Chuuya tries to say something, mainly to warn her not to bother with Dazai’s antics, but doesn’t quite manage to say it in time, “Who looks more like Aizawa-sensei, me or Shinsou?”

Uraraka seems taken off-guard for a second, then contemplative, then confident, “Shinsou.” A few seconds pass before the class reacts. Amusingly, there seems to be a split between those who agree with Uraraka and those who don’t.

Across the room, Kaminari shakes his head, “There’s no way. Dazai is a lot more similar.”

“Just because they have basically the same Quirk and Ability doesn’t mean they look alike,” Sero responds. A few other kids, such as Uraraka, around the room nod.

Chuuya hears Aizawa sigh and almost feels bad for him. Dazai will absolutely be more… annoying, for lack of a better word, over these next few days. If Aizawa is getting tired of it now, then he has no chance of making it far in this ‘make up for my mistakes’ and ‘build trust’ scheme.

Chapter End Notes

Hello and/or welcome back! I meant to post this earlier but I totally procrastinated it haha. (It also would have come out earlier today... if both me and my beta reader didn't get distracted by an argument about food in the discord server... ((the right answers are green beans suck and eating tomatoes like apples is wrong.))

Anyway! This chapter feels a little... off? Maybe I'm not used to writing more happy things after the last few chapters haha. Hopefully it isn't so bad for you guys! Or maybe it's because nothing super exciting is happening...

Oh well! I think next chapter will be fun, so we can just look forward to that if this one was a little subpar.

Also, don't ask about the rules of the matches. I don't know them.

Also very important!!! Yamada did not tell Aizawa or anyone else about Chuuya's stories about Yokohama!! He just told the staff that Chuuya might ask about going to the roof and that he has permission if that happens, nothing more! I felt that was important to clarify...

Big thanks to alien stage and the vengeance saga for getting me through writing this chapter 🫦

Also, during the Todoroki SKK conversation I was very tempted to add this...

Todoroki: But would you loose?
Chuuya: Nah, I'd win.

It just felt right, you know? I also had this idea...

Todoroki: slowly shuffling across the wall
Dazai:.....
Dazai: Hey Chuuya, let's move to other side of the room :D

Last thing, everyone better thank my friend Echo for beta reading on such short notice! Xe worked hard to get it done so I could post today rather than tomorrow!!! Thank you so much Echo!!!

Thank you all for reading!! <3333

Chapter 26: Getting back into the swing of things

Chapter Summary

> *"It was a dark and rainy day, the cold easily cutting past my luscious fur-"*
>
> *Dazai cuts him off, "If you're actually writing a novel and need my advice you should have just asked."*

Chapter Notes

> CW: Repeated mentions of Dazai's suicide attempt from chapter 20/18, nothing too serious though!
>
> Let me know if I should add anything else!
>
> Thank you to AnxiouslyShipping and Echo78 for beta reading <2222

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Riiiiiiing!

Aizawa-sensei yawns as he picks up various books and papers from his desk.

Despite the bell having rung, no one makes a move to start packing up for lunch. Aizawa-sensei had been quick to train that habit out of the class when the school year started.

Of course, Yaoyorozu had never had such a habit. You never know what information one might miss when acting impatiently.

"One last thing," Aizawa-sensei says as he begins walking towards the door, "Final exams are in about a week. There will be a written and a physical exam, so make sure you study for both."

Yaoyorozu nods slightly; she had been expecting something like this to happen soon.

"Oh, yea, if you pass both exams, you'll be coming to a summer

training camp we're setting up," Aizawa-sensei casually adds.

Two seconds later, once the information has had time to set in, chaos breaks out in the classroom.

"Training camp!?"

"Wait, where's it gonna be?!"

"I can't wait!!"

Another two seconds later, and Aizawa-sensei has flashed his Quirk, which gets the class to quiet down. The man sighs, "Yes, a training camp. For security purposes, I can't tell you anything more at this time. Pass both exams, and you'll get all the answers you want."

Yaoyorozu can feel the excitement rise around her. She can't blame her classmates. Personally, Yaoyorozu is quite excited for it. Her Quirk still has a lot of room for development, not to mention she might even get to train her battle sense while there.

Fighting on the same team as Dazai and Chuuya, which now feels like it was months ago, had been enlightening in a way. Back then, Dazai had said he didn't have a plan, which Yaoyorozu still doesn't quite believe. Nevertheless, he had followed along with her ideas without complaint.

In the end, her idea to make copies of the briefcase had worked great —something that still makes her happy to think about.

Since the cops and robbers fight, she's tried to remind herself of that success whenever her nerves try to get the better of her. Sometimes, it works; other times, it doesn't.

Hopefully, she'll be able to get even more confident at this training camp.

Aizawa-sensei, now by the door, takes one last glance at the class, "Good luck."

With that, he steps outside and slides the door shut behind him.

An air of relaxation falls upon the class… Well, most of the class.

Kaminari jumps up to his feet, "I've been barely taking notes this semester! I haven't even had any time to read the textbook." Beside him, Mina laughs despite likely being in a similar situation herself.

"Indeed, the various obstructions we have faced are limiting ones," Tokoyami agrees, a sombre look on his face.

Yaoyorozu takes a moment to try to decipher his words; it's a habit she's picked up lately. Most of the members of class 1A don't seem to think too hard about what Tokoyami says; instead, they take the odd manner of speech at face value. Yaoyorozu used to be like this, but now she sees the merit in figuring out what he means. Not only does it help her understanding of language, but it also helps her to build a deeper bond with her classmate.

If she's correct, then Tokoyami means, 'Yes, we haven't had a chance with everything going on.'

She'll have to ask him later if she was right or not.

Mineta, striking a pose that doesn't look that flattering, scoffs, "As someone ranked in the top ten, I'm not that concerned."

Kaminari and Mina are quick to whip their heads around to face him. "What the hell?!" Both of their voices are perfectly synchronised in their offence, and funnily enough, their faces are also matching.

"And here I thought you were one of us!" Mina tacks on with dramatic flare.

Kaminari nods, "Don't you know weirdo little creeps like you are only likeable if they're kinda stupid?! Who's going to love you now?"

Yaoyorozu can't help but feel that's a little harsh, even if Mineta is quite… unlikable at times.

Unfazed, Mineta just scoffs, "Everyone, trust me." A smug expression appears on his face, one that seems to irritate Kaminari even further.

Fortunately, before Kaminari can insult Mineta any further, Midoriya steps in with a smile. "Guys, we still have time to study! That way, we'll all get to go to the training camp together!"

It's a nice sentiment, one that is quickly ruined when Todoroki chimes in. "It's pretty hard to fail if you just pay attention in class, isn't it?"

Kaminari falls like he's been physically struck by that. "Why do you have to cut me down like that?…"

An idea comes to mind upon seeing Kaminari like that. Surely, there

must be a way Yaoyorozu can help him, right?

She feels a little silly injecting herself into the conversation like this, especially with an idea that might just get immediately shot down. Nevertheless, she catches Kaminari's and Mina's attention before speaking: "Hey, don't worry about it; I can catch you up to speed on the important topics if you want?"

Yaoyorozu has never had the chance to organise a study session before, a fact that has always weighed heavy on her. The idea of sitting with friends while studying and helping people achieve better grades has always appealed to her.

In the past there was no need for it. Her middle school was full of students who never failed a single test. In that type of environment, studying with friends might have been detrimental rather than helpful.

So, when Kaminari and Mina quite literally jump for joy at the idea, Yaoyorozu can't help but feel excited.

Finally, she'll get to help people study!

Although…

"I might not be that helpful with the practical side though…." She feels a little embarrassed saying it, even if it's the truth. Within class 1A, there are a lot of people better at fighting than her… and a lot of people more confident during fights-

Yaoyorozu shakes her head; now isn't the time to get lost in those thoughts.

"I've been studying, but could you help me out too?" Jirou asks with a sheepish look.

Sero is quick to jump in next, "Tutor me too, please!"

"Is there room for one more? I'm afraid I'm failing behind a little…" Ojirou adds on.

For a moment, Yaoyorozu is overwhelmed by how many people want her help. Then reality sets in, and she can't help but clap her hands in excitement. "Wonderful! Yes, let's do it!"

Plans immediately start coming together in her mind. Oh, it's such a

shame she can't host this back home! The great hall would have made for the perfect venue. The dorms will have to do in that case. Perhaps she could rearrange a few things to make it more suitable.

Oh, and the tea! She can't forget about that. A good tea will be vital to helping everyone concentrate and learn. Yaoyorozu had made sure to bring some of her personal favourites to the dorms when she moved in but she may need to see about getting some more. Who knows which types her classmates like best after all!

She should invite Chuuya and Dazai too! While they both seem smart enough not to need a study session, it surely couldn't hurt.

A terrible thought strikes her then, what if Dazai and Chuuya prefer a type of tea that is only available in Yokohama? How can she be a good host if she can't get their favourite tea?

-

Midoriya sighs as he sets his lunch tray down on the table.

Final exams are coming soon, and he can't help but feel nervous, especially after the announcement Aizawa-sensei made this morning.

He knows that, logically, he'll pass the written exam at least. After all, Midoriya has always been good at tests like that. Back at his old school, he had been consistently in the top three or so for grades. Even now, Midoriya finds himself among the top of class 1A for written exams.

That doesn't stop him from doubting himself.

This year so far has been hectic, to say the least. First the USJ, then Stain, and now Dazai and Chuuya…

What if, in the midst of all this chaos, Midoriya completely forgot about something? What if a whole topic flew under his radar, and now he'll fail the written exam and get kicked out of UA? Will All Might take back One for All if that does happen?

Midoriya, thankfully, manages to stop himself from spiralling too far. Instead, he forces himself to tune in to the conversation of his classmates, which, as it turns out, is about the physical part of the exam.

"I'm also kind of scared about the practical exam; I have no idea what

it's gonna be." Midoriya chimes in. Funnily enough, he feels less nervous about the physical exam than he does about the written exam. It might be because it's harder to forget about the fights and lessons he's had, especially the more dangerous ones….

Beside him, Iida nods, "It's hard to believe they'd give us anything too crazy."

Midoriya nods, "The written exam questions should all be stuff from class so I should hopefully be able to do those." As long as he hasn't forgotten anything, that is.

Across the table, Uraraka freezes, "Do you really think it's going to be that simple?" For a moment, Midoriya can't help but feel a little confused by her reaction. Surely, that should be a good thing, right?

Belatedly, he remembers that Uraraka isn't as high in the class rankings as he is. A guilty feeling washes over him. Why is he feeling so anxious when other people in the class are at a higher risk of failing?

Sheepishly, Midoriya attempts to move the conversation along: "It's driving me nuts; I just wanna know what they'll be having us do."

For the written side of things, he has a whole revision plan in place to go over everything he's learnt during his time at UA. By the time the exams come along, he should be completely ready for them.

Oh, maybe he should ask Aizawa-sensei to look over his revision plan? That way, if he's forgotten anything, it can be pointed out before it's too late…

It's hard to revise or practise for the physical exams, though, given he has no idea what he'll be tested on. Maybe he should work on his endurance? Or maybe practise his hand to hand? Working on his Quirk is definitely a priority, no matter what the exam ends up being on…

"It's a comprehensive test of everything we've learnt this year." Hagakure chimes in.

Beside her, Tsu nods, "Yep, and that's about all we know."

Uraraka seems to think about this for a moment before speaking. "Ok… So it'll cover combat training and rescue training.. Oh, and basic training…" With each new item, she puts another finger up.

Midoriya, feeling her list might start getting long, agrees, "That sounds about right, but we can't just study the techniques; we have to stay in great physiq-"

A sudden sharp pain spreads out from the back of his head. Instinctively, his hand flies up to hold the source of his pain.

What just happened?

"Oh, sorry, your head's so big that it's hard to miss." A smug voice calls out from behind him.

The voice is familiar in a way… Wait, is it that guy?

Midoriya turns his head to find none other than Monama from class 1B standing behind him. It's who he expected to see but that doesn't calm Midoriya's nerves, instead he feels himself become more on edge. If it was someone else then he might have been able to get them to apologise…

"You're from class 1B… Monama, right? That really hur-"

Predictably, Monama is quick to cut him off, "I heard you guys stumbled across the Hero Killer. Just like the sports festival, class 1A isn't happy unless they're the centre of attention."

Midoriya cringes back, honestly, he sometimes he forgets about the fight with Stain. It wasn't all that long ago but, with everything that has happened with Dazai and Chuuya, it feels like it was months and months ago.

If Monama knew the truth behind the fight with Stain… Midoriya shudders at the idea.

Monama continues, "But do you realise you're not in the spotlight because people think you're good Heroes, right? It's just that you keep getting into so much trouble. Especially with those two new… classmates of yours."

Midoriya, even without looking, can tell how his classmates react to that. When Dazai and Chuuya had first joined class 1A things had been awkward, especially when other classes were pointing and whispering whenever class 1A went anywhere.

Now that things have changed though, Midoriya feels the need to defend Dazai and Chuuya. While it's true that trouble seems to follow

class 1A, neither Dazai or Chuuya have done anything to a UA student so far.

Before he can, however, Monama begins speaking again, "Here's food for thought, someday the rest of us might get caught up in your mess and then we'll all become unwitting victims as well. What kind of horrible Villains will you bring down upon us? What demons-"

With a sudden yelp Monama collapses to the ground.

Behind him stands Kendo who sighs deeply, "That's not funny Monama, you heard what happened to Iida, chill out."

Iida is quick to jump attention at that, "Kendo!" His voice shows a hint of familiarity which causes Midoriya to wonder if the pair run into each over very often. Well, they are both class representatives so it doesn't seem too far fetched.

Kendo nods in Iida's direction before looking over the table, "I apologise for him, I'm pretty sure there's a hole where his heart is meant to be." With her left hands she gestures down to Monama who has yet to get up.

Idly, Midoriya wonders if Kendo completely knocked him out.

"So I was listening," Kendo starts, "I know you're all worried about what's going to be on the big final practical. I heard it's going to be combat against robots like the entrance exam."

Midoriya's attention quickly returns to Kendo at that. "What, really? How do you know that?" Midoriya is quick to ask. If what she's saying is true then that makes preparing for the physical exam a whole load easier.

Kendo grimaces a little, "One of my friends who is a few grades up filled me in. I know, cheating, but oh well."

Midoriya quickly shakes his head, "No I don't think so. I'm sure gathering information ahead of time is also part of the test. I can't believe I didn't think of it…" It would make total sense for information gathering to be allowed or even encouraged, Aizawa-sensei is always going on about thinking outside the box and not taking things at face value.

There definitely has to be hidden elements to the exam, like with the rescue points in the entrance exam. Principal Nedzu won't repeat the

rescue points thing though, not when everyone knows about it. That would just make the whole thing obsolete

A loud groan pulls Midoriya out of his thoughts. Monama, only now just getting back up, scoffs, "What kind of idiot are you Kendo? You just gave away our whole strategic advantage. This was finally our chance to pull ahead of that class full of idiots-"

Once again Kendo strikes him in the back of the head, this time Midoriya has no doubt he's completely unconscious.

Despite him being unresponsive, Kendo begins to scold Monama as she drags him away, "They're not the idiots!"

Midoriya watches the scene and can't help but think Kendo acts a bit like a big sister having to wrangle together a misbehaving toddler.

-

"Alright!" Kaminari claps his hands, "This'll be super easy if it's just robots!"

"Such awesome news!" Mina nods beside him.

Dazai watches on with a curious look. Apparently Aizawa had made some sort of announcement before lunch about the final exams, one that Dazai and Chuuya missed due to their rearranged schedule.

Honestly, Dazai doesn't get why he still needs to have an early lunch and extra morality and ethics lessons. Dazai knows perfectly well what a 'good' person would do, it's just that he doesn't care to do it. No amount of extra classes will change that.

Dazai slumps down in his chair a bit, maybe he should have pushed for more days away from classes.

The tentacle guy, Shouji, points one of his mouths towards Kaminari and Mina, "Why do you sound so happy? You both have a hard time controlling your Quirks."

Which is a fair point to make, except he clearly has missed something key…

Kaminari puffs his chest out, "Yea but I can let loose with robots!"

"And melting them will be a cinch for me!" Mina adds on with a grin.

Having poor Quirk control only matters when there are other people or places you can't risk hurting. Fighting against robots is a dream scenario for those two.

For Dazai, however, it will be far more annoying. He can beat them, sure, but it'll take so much more energy. Maybe if Aizawa gave him a real gun then things would be easier but no, he's stuck with a paintball gun and a dream.

Across the room, Chuuya looks at him for a few moments before glancing to Kaminari and Mina. Tch, that Chibi is teasing him. Not everyone can have an Ability perfect for every scenario.

"Now you just need Yaoyorozu to help you study and you'll be all set for finals." Shouji says.

Dazai glances towards Shouji and then back to Chuuya. Chuuya huffs and looks away.

Chuuya might end up doing better on the physical exam but there is no chance he'll beat Dazai on the written exam. Not when a decent chunk of it will be about Pro Hero history and general culture, something Chuuya neglected to touch up on before leaving Yokohama.

Kaminari and Mina share a look of absolute excitement before cheering, "We'll definitely be able to go to the training camp now!"

Oh yea, the training camp. Dazai is actually partially looking forward to the training camp, mainly because it'll mean he gets to leave UA for a bit. It's getting way too boring being in the same place all the time…

Unlike the rest of class 1A, who have to earn their place at the training camp, Dazai knows he'll be going no matter what his exam results are. After all, Aizawa needs to keep a close eye on him and Chuuya.

Although, Dazai does wonder what exactly he'll be expected to do at this training camp. It's not like No Longer Human can actually be developed that much, he's already found out all the possible tricks he can pull with it after all.

Getting to see the class 1A kids train might be entertaining, especially if…

An idea comes to Dazai's mind, one so perfect that he can't help but feel a tad excited. Oh, Chuuya and class 1A will likely hate it but

Dazai just knows Aizawa will let him do it. Maybe he can even make a game of it…

Across the room Bakugou slams his hands down on his desk, "It shouldn't matter if it's robots or actual people. Why are you morons so excited?"

Kaminari's head whips around, "Who are you calling a moron!" Despite his words, Kaminari stays put behind Mina.

Dazai laughs and pushes his previous thoughts to the side, shouldn't he be more confident if he's going to respond to Bakugou like that? Kaminari looks at Dazai with an offended expression, which quickly becomes a fearful one when Bakugou starts yelling again.

"Shut up!!! You need to learn how to control your Quirk, you got it?!"

If Dazai didn't know any better, he would say it sounds like Bakugou is worried about them. That or he's just sick of having to deal with those two…

Kaminari and Mina pout at that, which means Dazai really has no choice but to match their expression and speak up.

"Awww, is Kacchan worried?"

Bakugou's face twitches in anger, "Shut it, Bandages." His hands jerk up a little. If Dazai had to guess then he'd say Bakugou was about to use his Quirk but realised how it would look given his prior comment.

It's nice to know Bakugou hasn't bothered to change in the wake of Dazai's suicide attempt.

Dazai makes sure to grin in his direction.

"Oh wait, you two are taking part in the exams, aren't you?" Uraraka asks, her head tilting to the side as she does.

Dazai isn't sure who exactly she's talking to, but decides to answer either way, "Yep~ Make sure you don't lose to us, that would be way too embarrassing."

A few kids, mainly the ones at risk of failing, look a little nervous.

Dazai is about to make another comment, maybe even point out a weakness or two, when he notices someone walking with purpose towards him.

Once she's close enough, Yaoyorozu stops and smiles, "Dazai, I was wondering if I could ask you something?"

"You just did," Dazai says, just to be difficult. He likes to pull this little trick on Chuuya often, he always gets so annoyed with it. Odasaku, on the other hand, will just shrug and say 'Guess I did' and not bother to ask anything more.

"Then can I ask another two?" Yaoyorozu responds without missing a beat. Mentally Dazai boos at her for cutting his fun short.

Dazai waves his hand, "Fine fine."

Yaoyorozu takes a deep breath, one of her hands comes to rest on her chest. "A few of us have set up a study group for the upcoming final exams, I was wondering if you'd like to join? I'll be asking Nakahara too."

How should he respond? Oh, maybe he could-

"A study group?"

Yaoyorozu startles a little and turns, clearly she had not expected Chuuya to hear her from across the room. Dazai scowls behind her back, stupid Chibi just had to go and interrupt.

"Yes! We'll be going over the hardest stuff we've learnt so far," Yaoyorozu is quick to answer. A decent chunk of the class seems to be listening now that she's talking across the room like this.

Dazai doesn't really have any business at a study group to be honest and so, before Chuuya rudely interrupted, he was going to reject her offer.

Now, though, he has a better idea.

"Chibi will definitely join you!" Dazai watches as Chuuya's face scrunches up across the room. He lowers his voice to a comical whisper, "He's not academically trained, I'm sure you understand."

Yaoyorozu nods with a look of understanding on her face.

"What the hell?!" Chuuya shouts, which only causes Iida to scold him. Pushing past the guy, Chuuya marches his way to Dazai's desk with a glare on his face.

"Academic training isn't even a thing!"

Dazai rolls his eyes, "You don't even know that much? You're embarrassing yourself here Chuuya."

For a second Dazai can see a flicker of doubt in Chuuya's eyes, good, Chuuya always reacts better when he actually believes Dazai's lies for a moment. With a sigh Dazai continues, "Haven't you seen those dogs that can use buttons to speak? You aren't even-"

"Bastard!" Chuuya swipes a hand at Dazai's head. He misses because he's far too predictable and Dazai was able to duck down in time.

"Now now Chuuya! You're totally scaring Yaomomo here~" Dazai sends a sad face in her direction to really reinforce his point.

Chuuya pauses, glances over to Yaoyorozu, realises she doesn't look scared at all, and the sighs. "Whatever, when is this study session? We'll *both* be there."

Yaoyorozu perks up, "Oh! The first session will be today after school, but it's just so we can figure out which topics to go over."

After school today? Something about that sticks out to Dazai, there's something he's meant to do then…

Oh, yeah.

Therapy.

-

Nedzu greets Dazai with a smile as he enters, "Please sit! I have a new tea for you to try today."

Dazai sighs as he sits down, mentally he wishes he was at that study session. He takes a sip of the tea; it's rather bland, if he's being honest. "What are we doing today?"

Well, aside from discussing the whole suicide attempt thing. There's no way Nedzu won't bring it up, right? He's be a rather terrible therapist if he didn't…

Then again, Dazai doubts the validity of him being a therapist anyway.

Nedzu grins and pulls out a large rectangle box. Taking a closer look Dazai can see the logo 'Suspectdo' with various cartoon items on the front. Interesting.

"While chess is entertaining, I think changing things up every so often is for the best. Have you ever played Suspectdo before?" Nedzu slips the lid of the box off and sets it to the side, all the pieces inside are carefully aligned and arranged.

Dazai shrugs, "… In a way." Does it count if he got kidnapped once, by his own intention of course, and overheard his dear kidnappers playing while he was tied up? He thinks it should count, after all he heard them play through at least five rounds before Chuuya came crashing in through the window.

Nedzu doesn't bother asking for further explanation on his answer, which is rather fortunate. That particular kidnapping plan had ended with Dazai throwing himself off a bridge, he can only imagine what Aizawa would say if the story got back to him.

"Do you wish to start today, or shall I?"

Dazai glances down at the table and finds the game all set up. Hmmm… He was still unconscious when his kidnappers actually started the game back then. Dazai gestures with his hand for Nedzu to start.

Nedzu rolls a dice before moving one of the small figures across the board, "Final exams are coming up, I trust you're studying well for them?"

"Who do you take me for?" Dazai asks. Naturally, he won't be studying. He rolls the dice and is pleased to find he got a six, "Although…"

"Although?" Nedzu takes his turn, this time his figure stops off in one of the rooms printed on the board. It looks to be a kitchen if the tiny dumplings are anything to go off. He picks up the cards set face down and checks them, he doesn't bother writing anything down.

Dazai sighs, intentionally on the dramatic side, "My dear classmates seem to think we'll be fighting robots for the practical exam." They all seemed rather excited by the idea too, likely due to the familiarity of it.

Dazai doesn't quite buy it though. When Uraraka had first announced to the class the news Dazai had only thought of how annoying robots would be for him to fight. He had thought so more about it on the way to Nedzu's office though, which had lead to a few doubts being created in his mind.

"Do they now?" Nedzu tilts his head to the side as if he's curious. It would be more convincing if he didn't have a grin on his face.

"They do, they do."

Dazai rolls his dice and gets a three. He decides to move his little figure into what seems to be an office, various papers and books are spread about across the floor.

He flips the cards to check them.

Cat

Vines

If Dazai remembers this game correctly, whichever character, location, and weapon aren't on the board are the ones linked to the murder.

He thinks the options so far are a little weird, then again, he's killed people in weirder ways. Maybe this game is more accurate than expected.

Nedzu hasn't responded, which isn't at all surprising.

"If you tell me what we'll really be fighting I promise not to tell anyone." Dazai's left hand just so happens to be tucked away out of sight, if his fingers are crossed then that isn't Nedzu's business.

Nedzu's grin grows wider, "What makes you so sure you won't be fighting robots?"

"It just doesn't make sense, if that's been the exam for the past few years why is there so much secrecy now?" Dazai resists the urge to roll his eyes. Nedzu isn't stupid enough to assume no one will ask kids from second and third year what they did on the exams. "Besides, with those Villain attacks you'll surely want to step things up a bit."

The sound of dice hitting the desk is his only answer.

"You're not going to tell me are you?" Dazai watches as Nedzu moves his figure down one of the drawn hallways.

"Nope! You're rather smart, I'm sure you can figure it out on your

own!" Nedzu doesn't even look tempted to reveal it. Oh well, it's not like Dazai expected much more than that. He had thought it was worth a shot to just ask, maybe Nedzu still had some lingering pity from the suicide attempt.

Which, speaking off, Nedzu still hasn't brought it up.

"My promise not to tell anyone doesn't count if I figure it out myself." Dazai glances down at the next set of cards as he speaks.

Sunfish

Training grounds

Shrugging, Nedzu rolls the dice again, "I expected you'd say something like that. I do doubt you'll actually follow through on the threat, though."

Dazai can't help but laugh a little at that, "You think so highly of me?" Maybe he'll intentionally go out of his way to expose every secret he's learnt at UA so far just for that…

First the truth about the physical exam, then Midoriya's little secret about his Quirk, and then that *other* one…

Amusingly, Nedzu doesn't even try to pretend he does. "Something tells me you know the value of a good surprise!"

Well, it's not like Dazai can argue all that much against that. Surprising Chuuya with plans and fights is a favourite pastime of his…

"Have I ever told you why I work at UA?"

"Nope." Dazai rolls his dice. He hasn't heard the story and he doesn't want to.

"I'll enlighten you then!"

Oh, great.

"It was a dark and rainy day, the cold easily cutting past my luscious fur-"

Dazai cuts him off, "If you're actually writing a novel and need my advice you should have just asked."

Nedzu grins wider than before, "Haha, not many would say that to me! Well, as I was saying, before joining the UA staff I lived a rather… uninspired life."

"The truth is that I am not a mutant, as so many might believe."

Seeing a talking animal isn't so unusual these days, at least outside of Yokohama anyway, so Dazai had never thought to think deeper on what exactly Nedzu is. Of course, he did a background check of sorts. He even dug through some classified files to see if there was any dirt he could use to blackmail him.

In the end he had found nothing of note, which he now assumes was an intentional move. Nedzu covered his tracks so he could be passed off as a mutant…

"Not a mutant… Then you're a rat… or whatever, with a Quirk?" The only other answer that would make sense is that Nedzu was a human and got turned into whatever he is now. Dazai doubts that's the case though, surely if Nedzu was an ex-human he would be finding a way to get back to that state and not teaching a bunch of teenagers.

"Precisely!" Nedzu claps his hands together with a nod, "Naturally, after such a change, I was restless for quite some time. Not to mention my superior intellect often left me wishing for harder challenges."

Nedzu takes his turn by rolling the dice and moving his figurine.

"I find that geniuses often struggle to be entertained with what the layman would enjoy… It can make finding a purpose in life difficult." Nedzu continues.

Hah, he doesn't have to tell Dazai that. There was a period in time where Dazai actually did search for something to do with his life, a passion or hobby to spend all his time on. It was fun at first, but then things became predictable and the challenges never seemed to get harder.

That's why he's currently on the hunt for a good way to die.

Wait a minute, is this the long-awaited suicide chat?

Dazai should have expected Nedzu to do something like this. As much

as he may hate it, Nedzu likely has a decent idea on how Dazai operates due to their shared intellect.

A straight up conversation would mean little to Dazai, but hiding the core of the message within some story or another… It's annoying because that's what Dazai likes to do too.

Well, now Dazai has picked up on his trick it won't work so easily.

Nedzu, perhaps unaware or just that confident in his plan, doesn't bat an eyelid as he continues to speak, "Joining the UA staff, and eventually raising to the top of the school, gave me something to focus all my energy on. Teaching the next generation of Heroes is never easy, each year new challenges come along to keep me entertained."

He pauses before turning a curious glance towards Dazai, "Now I can't help but wonder… What goal keeps you entertained?"

So Nedzu found a reason to live, how fortunate. Currently, if Dazai was to list how important all his goals are, it would go as follows;

1. Die.

2. Talk with Odasaku.

3. Bother Chuuya.

Everything else, including this mission and any others Mori wants to send him on, aren't worth mentioning.

He can't talk with Odasaku right now for obvious reasons, so for the time being bothering Chuuya is in second place. The doesn't make the list any better though, in fact, Dazai would say it makes it even worse!

Sure, bothering Chuuya and talking to Odasaku entertains him but only to a certain extent. As soon as he leaves Lupin, the moment Chuuya gets sent off to some mission on his own, any entertainment seeps away.

Nedzu has his own goal based on improving Pro Hero society or whatever. Two of three of Dazai's goals disappear once the person associated leaves, which then leaves him with just the goal to die.

To put it simply, Nedzu doesn't have a limit on his goal. He can improve Pro Hero society and teach teenagers in various different settings and ways. The only one of Dazai's goals which matches that is

his wish to die, which then defeats the whole 'find a goal to entertain you and keep you alive.'

"Ah!" Nedzu claps his hands together, "It seems it's time to reveal out guesses. Let's say it at the same time, shall we?"

Not a very subtle way to change the topic but Dazai will allow it, it's not like he wants to hear more about Nedzu's life goals anyway.

"3, 2, 1…."

In sync both Dazai and Nedzu call out, "The Squid with the sword in the library."

Nedzu smiles as he flips over the final set of cards, the ones containing the correct answer. It isn't surprising to find they were both correct. "Another round?"

Dazai shrugs, as long as he doesn't have to talk about his life goals then why not?

-

"Nakahara, it's been too long!" Yamada smiles as the boy enters his office, hopefully he isn't coming off too strong here. He is genuinely happy to see the kid again, especially in a (somewhat) lighter context than the last few times.

He had been a bit worried Nakahara wouldn't want to continue these sessions, or at least not in the same way as before. For the past few days Nakahara and Dazai have been nearly inseparable, part of Yamada had expected to see Dazai trail in after Nakahara today.

That doesn't seem to be the case though. Nakahara is quick to sit down without even a second glance at the door.

Once sat down Nakahara nods, "Yea, I guess."

Alright, this is where Yamada needs to think carefully. Obviously, he'd like to talk to Nakahara about Dazai's suicidal tendencies and the effect they have on him but it's far too early for that. Maybe he could elude to it every so often, just as a brief mention so Nakahara can bring it up if he wants, but focusing on it right now would surely end in disaster.

Whatever he says now will surely decide the tone of the session…

Imagine if Yamada leads with a careless 'How have things been?' Even just thinking about it makes him want to curl up in embarrassment.

Thus, he needs to bring up something that will set a good, happy, tone. Fortunately, he has just the idea in mind.

"So, I heard you got to head up to the rooftop. How was it?" Yamada asks.

Nakahara smiles at that, which makes Yamada feel like he won big.

"Obviously not as good as the sights in Yokohama but not bad," Nakahara glances out the window as if trying to re-see the view from the roof.

With everything that had gone down with the HPSC Yamada had, shamefully, let his last session with Nakahara slip from his mind a little. He had intended to speak with Nedzu and a few other staff members about letting Nakahara onto the roof but quickly found himself more worried about other, more pressing, matters.

Once things had calmed down a bit, Yamada remembered about Nakahara's love for high places and figured there was no time like the present. Back then, the kid had looked so happy recalling stories from Yokohama. He had hoped Nakahara would feel a bit better if he got to chill on the rooftop for a while.

In the end Shouta had been all too willing to bring the kid up there without needing any explanation- A fact Yamada had very much appreciated. He didn't want to have to break the kid's trust in him after all.

"I'm glad to hear it," Yamada replies earnestly, "Final exams are coming up soon, so, if you want to go up there to unwind, just ask."

Nakahara glances over. "Are these final exams that big a deal?"

"They aren't as important as some other exams, such as the provisional license exam and end of year exams, but the grades students receive on these exams will impact the rest of their year," Yamada explains. Doing exams throughout the year is important to check in and see that the students are actually learning. If any students do terrible on these finals exams then there is still time for Yamada and the other teachers to get them back on track.

Similarly, if a student does particularly well, they might end up with

better opportunities later on.

Yamada clears those thought from his mind with a smile, "The physical exam will likely be new for you, but the written exam is like any other school exam really. I'm sure you and Dazai will do great!"

Nakahara huffs, "Who said I was worried about that idiot?"

"Right," Yamada agrees, although he can't keep the laughter out of his voice. In truth he hadn't suspected Nakahara of being worried at all, likely just curious on how exams work at UA. He knew bringing Dazai up in such a way would cause Nakahara to react like that though while also lightening the mood further.

All in all, he's successfully started the session without any mistakes!

Nakahara leans forward in his seat a little, "Hey, I have a couple questions."

That causes Yamada to perk up, he always loves answering questions! The fact Nakahara is willing to ask them is a good sign that he's not too closed off after everything that has gone on. Yamada nods with a smile, "Ask away, little listener!"

"I heard we're fighting robots for the physical exam, apparently they were also part of the entrance exam. To make it fair, you should also tell me about them," Nakahara speaks in a no-nonsense tone.

Part of Yamada feels a little bad as he begins digging around his desk draws, "If you'll wait a minute I'm sure I have a- here it is!"

Yamada pulls out one of the paper handouts from the entrance exam, it's a little crinkled but should do the job. He hands it over to Nakahara and tries not to look too guilty.

He's also heard the rumours about the final exam being on robots, someone from second or third year likely told a first year student and it spiralled from there. Yamada had also felt bad hearing students get happy about fighting robots. He can only imagine how they'll react once the truth is out…

Across from him Nakahara nods, "This is it? Seems easy enough."

Ah, there's the easy confidence Yamada has come to love.

A funny thought pops into his mind at that. While class 1A are likely

to freak out at hearing they need to fight Pro Heroes and not robots, Dazai and Nakahara will probably shrug and be completely unbothered.

Nedzu and Shouta haven't revealed the match ups yet but Yamada mentally prays he doesn't have to fight those two.

Nakahara places the paper down on Yamada's desk before shooting him a suspicious look, "Anything else?"

"Any- what?" Yamada has a bad feeling about this.

"There's gonna be some sort of twist, right? That bastard Dazai has probably figured it out already so I need to do the same," Nakahara's face turns grave the more he talks. Seeing this expression one might think he was recalling a great injustice he had faced.

Yamada, as much as he might want to, can't tell Nakahara anything…. He'll have to try and deflect. "Won't Dazai just tell you if he has it figured out?"

Nakahara scoffs, "As if. He's the type of guy to keep me in the dark until the enemy is literally in my face."

A terrible thought comes to mind, that description sounds an awful lot like Nedzu. Dazai and Nedzu are spending time together right now, if their personalities and intelligence were to combine…

Yamada shudders. Is it bad that he hopes Dazai never trusts Nedzu enough to collaborate with him?

"Anyway!" Yamada tries to shake off the feeling of fear at his previous idea, "I'm sure you'll do fine no matter what the exam is."

Nakahara eyes him for a moment, Yamada holds his gaze and hopes he doesn't look too shady.

A few moments later Nakahara sighs and leans back in his chair, "I'm leaving that idiot to fend for himself this time."

Crisis averted!

There will still be a few sessions between now and the final exams but, with any luck, Nakahara won't press any further on the matter.

Yamada glances over at the clock, a decent amount of time has passed now. There's no exact time limit for these sessions per say, but

Yamada knows Nedzu only likes to keep Dazai for an hour so he usually tends to do the same. If Nakahara were to ask for extra time, or if they were in the middle of discussing something when the hour was up, then Yamada would naturally extend the session.

This session has been good so far, a great way to get back into the routine. Although, there is one thing that has been bugging him for the past few days.

Back when Nakahara had his meeting with Nedzu, and technically with Yamada and Shouta too, he had said something that keeps coming back to Yamada's mind.

“I have a powerful Ability, obviously people are gonna fight over it,”

He would hate to end the session on a bad note, so he won't get too into things. Just a question or two to test the waters.

"There was one thing I wanted to ask about, if it's alright."

Nakahara glances over with a shrug, "Yea, sure."

Alright, now how to word it?

"You mentioned during the meeting that people often try to 'poach' you?" Yamada purposefully doesn't say 'poach your Ability'.

"Oh yea," Nakahara looks a little annoyed if anything, "It happens every so often. Although way less now I'm in the Port Mafia, people don't wanna risk getting targeted if I don't join them."

"With your Ability I'm not surprised!" Yamada hopes he comes across as enthusiastic as he pretends to be.

In truth he can feel a dark swirl of anger in his chest. Nakahara likely hadn't thought too much about what he just said but Yamada had caught the deeper meaning.

It happens less now that he's in the Port Mafia, a sentence implying that a bunch of, presumable, adults were trying to get Nakahara to join them for a while now. How long had it been going on? How young was Nakahara when the first thug came up to him hoping to use his Ability?

Yamada tries to do his best to push that anger down for now, "It must have been annoying though, right?"

Nakahara laughs, "More annoying than even Dazai." He doesn't seem that bothered by it. To Nakahara it really must have been just an annoyance, a buzzing fly that just keeps coming back no matter how many times he hits it away.

A buzzing fly that came back once again, this time ending with Dazai in pain.

It won't happen again, Yamada mentally promises. He'll make sure Nakahara is seen as more than just his Ability.

Chapter End Notes

And with this chapter we are officially heading into canon bnha events! Some dialogue in this chapter was taken straight from the corresponding bnha episode, which you should expect to happen more in the future. I know I could just make my own up buuuut it just feels wrong haha. I did have to shuffle a few things around but, if anyone noticed, Bakugou's declaration to Midoriya will still happen!

I hope you all enjoyed the chapter! I know some people have been wanting to see more of Yamada and Chuuya, so hopefully this was good for you all! I have at least one more session between those two planned but there will most likely be more. Oh, and what did you think of Dazai and Nedzu's session? Suspectdo is just knock off Cluedo haha, but!! the characters/ places/weapons mentioned are a reference to something else~ I expect at least one person to guess what it's referencing!

Also, if you've ever left a comment asking a question and I've never responded- I promise I didn't intentionally ignore you! I just have bad habit of forgetting to respond -_-

Also also, it's my birthday tomorrow! (Yes I posted today to maximise the amount of happy birthday wishes I'd get) It's crazy to think this is the second birthday I've had while writing this fic... Make me wonder how many more I'll have!

I think that's all I have to say....

Thanks for reading!!!

Chapter 27: How Dazai ruins a study session

Chapter Summary

> *It's funny how the kids of 1A look so incredibly chastised right now, you would think Aizawa was the one scolding them and not Chuuya.*
>
> *Good, Chuuya thinks, it's better they learn it now then grow up into idiots.*

Chapter Notes

> CW: Nothing I think! Let me know if I should add anything though!
>
> Thank you to AnxiouslyShipping for beta reading!! <333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya grips his hands together into fists. He doesn't want to appear too excited, but…

Well, he just can't help it!

It's time for Practical Heroics, which is usually a highlight of his day anyway, but, today, things are different.

Dazai and Chuuya are going to be participating in the lesson today, which he knows because he had point-blank asked the two earlier. He had felt a little awkward bothering them with it; he had convinced himself Dazai wouldn't feel up to it yet and that Midoriya asking would make things worse. Thankfully, Chuuya had been quick to reassure him that they would be joining in today.

Why is that such good news?

Well, Todoroki had proposed to Aizawa-sensei not too long ago the idea of having more exercises where Dazai and Nakahara aren't split off from the class. Aizawa-sensei had agreed, or so Midoriya had heard, which means there is a real possibility that Midoriya might end up on the same team as either Dazai or Chuuya, maybe even *both*!

Back during the cops vs robbers fight he had been somewhat relieved

when Yaoyorozu picked to join Dazai and Chuuya's team. Looking back on it now, he wishes he was the one picked.

There's no use focusing so much on the past though, so instead Midoriya should focus on the future and what he hopes to get out of this training session.

He'd love to be able to go over plans with Dazai: he's a smart guy, with a thought process different from Midoriya's own. Having a second opinion like that on his plans could help him work out any weaknesses and come up with good back-up plans.

Working with Chuuya would be nice, too. His application of his Ability is insane to watch sometimes, some of the techniques he uses Midoriya wouldn't be able to ever think of himself. Maybe Chuuya would even be willing to pass along a few tips…

Of course, he has other goals than working with those two! He needs to work on One for All some more, especially when incorporating Gran Torino's style of movement. If he's being honest, Midoriya is struggling a bit with that. It's tricky to make sure he's using the right amount of power while moving so fast…

Oh, maybe he could try it in a different way? How about like-

"Oh, Deku!"

Midoriya snaps out of his thoughts as Uraraka walks up to him. Looking around Midoriya can see that most of the class have come outside already, which means it shouldn't be too much longer until Aizawa-sensei starts the lesson.

"Hey!" Midoriya greets with a smile.

Uraraka places a finger on her chin with a mischievous look, "You seemed to be thinking pretty hard just then, should I be worried?"

That causes Midoriya to flush with embarrassment. Ah, he didn't know it was so obvious…

"In my experience that sort of thing never ends well, be on guard."

Midoriya turns his head to find Chuuya and Dazai walking towards him, although, on second glance, it seems more like Chuuya is dragging Dazai along.

Dazai huffs loudly, "Chibi! That's so rude to say."

Chuuya rolls his eyes but doesn't bother verbally responding to him.

Uraraka laughs, although with far more enthusiasm than the situation calls for. After calming down a bit she happily sighs, "Sorry sorry, I just thought about Deku trying to act like Dazai does."

Oh, wait, does she mean-

"That impression of me from the other day was terrible, just so you know." Dazai dramatically turns his head away.

Midoriya feels himself wilt a little. He already knew his attempt to use Dazai's taunting wasn't perfect, but was it really that bad? He had still won in the end anyway, but now he can't help but feel the doubt creep in.

Maybe he should practise it some more in private.

Dejected, Midoriya allows his eyes to drift away as the conversation continues around him.

That's when he notices Aizawa-sensei staring in his direction. Instinctively, Midoriya feels his posture straighten up. Had he done something to get in trouble?

All Might, who is standing right beside Aizawa-sensei, isn't looking this way, so he's probably fine? If he had done something to get in trouble then All Might would have also noticed it, right?

-

Aizawa, who hasn't quite realised his staring has been caught, mentally sighs.

Is he being over dramatic? Maybe he should bring this up to Recovery Girl, even if that does end with her telling him to stop worrying over small things again. As it turns out, Dazai sleeping so much during his days with Recovery Girl was a good sign. Well, it would have been, if he wasn't faking it.

Still, it's better to be safe than sorry, right?

Looking at Dazai and Nakahara next to class 1A… Aizawa can't help but think they look a little small for their ages. Not in the height way, although he's sure Dazai would jump to make a joke at that, but rather

in a malnourished way.

Did the Port Mafia feed them enough? Those two are growing teenagers after all…

-

Fortunately, Midoriya doesn't have to suffer under the heavy weight of Aizawa-sensei's eyes for much longer.

Once the final members of class 1A appear Aizawa-sensei is quick to start the lesson, as he always is.

"Alright, listen up," Aizawa-sensei starts, "As you know final exams are soon. In preparation, you'll be doing some work on on your agility today. Today you'll be tackling this obstacle course."

Aizawa-sensei gestures towards the training grounds behind him, "You'll be working in teams of three. One will be trying to get to the finish line while the other team tries to stop them and, before you ask, the teams have already been picked out."

Midoriya can't help but laugh a little when certain classmates look disappointed at that final part. While there are people Midoriya would want to team with more, he's honestly happy to work with anyone. There is still a lot to learn about his classmates after all!

"I want to work with the Bandaged fucker," Bakugou declares, which comes as a surprise. Usually Bakugou just goes along with whoever he gets put in a team with. If he doesn't like his teammates or thinks they aren't strong enough then he'll just bulldoze through the task by himself.

Aizawa-sensei rolls his eyes, "Watch your language. You'll work with who I tell you to, no complaints."

Midoriya mentally tunes out when Bakugou tries to fight Aizawa-sensei on that. For a moment he wonders why Bakugou would want to work with specifically Dazai, surely he would prefer to be on the opposing team so he can beat Dazai?

Then again…

“That bastard only won last time because I was caught off guard, if I get

used to it then I'll definitely beat him next time!"

Bakugou had said that a little while ago when he demanded Dazai to use his Ability on him. Could it be that Bakugou wants to team with Dazai so he can get used to No Longer Human? It would make sense. Being on the same team as Dazai would give Bakugou more opportunities to have this Quirk taken away, weird as that sounds.

Then again, is it even possible to get used to that sort of thing? Quirks are such an intergral part of a person's body. Even for someone like Midoriya, who spent so many years without one, he hates the feeling of being without it.

Midoriya comes back to reality to find Bakugou wrapped in Aizawa-sensei's capture weapon.

Despite the aggressive teen trying to wriggle out of his grasp, the man himself continues to speak , "Like I said, the teams have already been picked out. Either All Might or myself will come around and give you all a number, when you have it go stand with whoever has the same."

Without any further fanfare Aizawa-sensei releases Bakugou and begins walking around the class giving out numbers, All Might not that far behind. Midoriya tries his best to overhear who has which number but, with all the chatter from other people trying to find their groups, he can't make anything out.

It doesn't take long for All Might to stop in front of Midoriya, "Your number is four!"

Midoriya nods and turns , intent on setting out to search for his teammates.

Before he can, however, All Might places a hand on his shoulder.

"Young Midoriya," he starts, "Find me after class, we have something to talk about."

Well, that's worrying. Still, Midoriya agrees with a nod, "Alright!"

All Might smiles, a small comfort against Midoriya's new anxieties, before moving to the next person.

For now Midoriya pushes his worries from his mind, he needs to go

find his teammates and start coming up with a plan.

Unfortunately, he won't be on the same team as Uraraka, Iida, Tsu, or Todoroki. As he said before, he would have liked to work with his friends but it's not a big deal! Working with people he usually doesn't work with will help him learn new things and consider different perspectives.

Midoriya feels someone tap his shoulder. When he turns he finds Ojirou smiling at him, "Oh, Midoriya, you're group four, right?"

"I am!" Midoriya feels his spirit rising. He hasn't had the chance to work with Ojirou that much, which is a shame given how talented he is. Both his Quirk and his hand to hand skills are amazing to watch in action.

"Ah, Midori-kun, you're really group four?" Dazai asks, seemingly having appeared out of nowhere.

Midoriya nods in Dazai's direction, "I am… Oh, are you group four too?"

He really, really hopes so…

Dazai grins, "That I am, let's do our best to win, shall we?"

Midoriya tries to act cool about it, unfortunately he has a sneaking suspicion he failed to do that.

It's a good thing that Aizawa-sensei calls everyone's attention back to him; if he didn't ,then Midoriya might have embarrassed himself even more.

Aizawa-sensei glances around the groups before nodding, "I'll now reveal who will be fighting who. Listen well because I won't repeat it."

It isn't an empty threat: there have been a few occasions of Aizawa-sensei refusing to repeat himself if students weren't paying enough attention.

Midoriya makes sure to listen well. He could rely on his teammates to listen out for it but, well, he prefers to do it himself, to be safe.

It seems that, despite his protests, Bakugou wasn't paired up with either Dazai or Chuuya in the end. His team won't even be fighting them either, which Midoriya is partially glad for. If Midoriya's team

had been selected to fight Bakugou's then things might have got… dangerous.

He makes sure to give Uraraka an encouraging look when her opponent is announced.

And then-

"Dazai, Ojirou, and Midoriya, you'll be stopping Iida, Asui, and Tokoyami."

Midoriya perks up at the sound of his name. Iida, Tsu, and Tokoyami, huh? It'll be a hard fight but not an impossible one, or so he hopes anyway.

Once Aizawa-sensei has finished calling out the match-ups, he turns and gestures towards the training grounds behind him, "Kaminari's group will be going first, you'll have twenty minutes to make it to the finish line. The rest of you follow me."

While Kaminari complains about having to go first, Midoriya sends a reassuring look to his teammates before following behind Aizawa-sensei. There should be enough time for Midoriya to come up with a good plan, and maybe even discuss it with Dazai, before it's their turn.

Once in the observation room Midoriya takes a look at the monitors covering one of the walls. The training grounds seem to be an industrial complex, if the large metal pipes and buildings are anything to go by.

Aizawa-sensei calls the start of the match as Midoriya is further absorbed by his thoughts. Moving around will be difficult for a lot of the class, especially the ones with more straight forward Quirks. Of course, that also means moving around to stop people will also be difficult for the same reasons.

Some people might say the environment gives a clear advantage to those with movement-enhancing Quirks, they might say it's an unfair fight.

Midoriya would agree on a surface level. It is an unfair fight, but that's the whole point. Not every situation as a Pro Hero will be tailored to fight everyone's Quirks. Those who can apply their Quirks in different ways or just otherwise overcome the disadvantages will have a much higher chance of success as a Pro Hero.

Well, he thinks, there's no use in wasting any more time.

Midoriya turns to his teammates, "Alright, since we have a little time let's come up with a plan." He tries to speak in a neutral way, like he doesn't really care either way. Internally, he is quite the opposite.

Thankfully, neither Ojirou or Dazai call him out on anything.

Instead Ojirou nods, "What are you thinking?"

"Iida and Tsu are going to be hard to catch, so we should make sure to stop them right at the start," Midoriya explains, "I'm thinking that I take Iida on since I have the best chance of keeping up with him if he does get away. That would leave Tsu to Ojirou and Tokoyami to Dazai."

"As long as Tsu doesn't slip away from me then I should be able to stop her," Ojirou replies.

Midoriya smiles, he had thought as much. Tsu has an advantage in this sort of lesson, her frog-like qualities make jumping around a breeze. Iida has a good shot of winning too, although things will be harder given how uneven the terrain is.

Ojirou should be able to keep Tsu busy in one place, although if she slips away then it's basically guaranteed she'll win. Even if Iida slips away from Midoriya he should, hopefully, be able to catch up. He isn't good enough with his Quirk to catch up with Iida in a normal race, but with the aforementioned terrain it should be a lot easier.

That leaves Tokoyami to Dazai, which is a rather good match up actually. As long as Dazai can nullify Dark Shadow, which Midoriya assumes he can, then it shouldn't be hard to keep Tokoyami from getting far.

Midoriya turns to Dazai who had, now that he thinks about it, been strangely quiet.

Dazai blinks, like he got caught daydreaming during class, "Hm? Oh sure, I guess we can do that."

"Do you have something else in mind?" Midoriya quickly asks. Someone else might be upset by Dazai blatantly ignoring their plan; Midoriya, however, feels excitement. This has to mean that Dazai has his own idea for a plan, one that he might share and discuss with Midoriya!

Dazai looks around with a yawn. Midoriya glances over at the monitors to see Kaminari wrapped in a cocoon of tape.

"Maybe, not sure how 'heroic' it is, though…" Dazai trails off like that might be a deal breaker.

Ojirou looks a little hesitant but, unfortunately, Midoriya is far too curious to pass on hearing it now. Dazai's methods usually toe past the limit of what Pro Heroes usually do, nothing outright 'villainous', sure, but most Heroes would stay clear of those methods. His tricks are underhanded in a way, cruel in how he picks apart his enemies in real time.

That's what makes his plans all the more interesting though.

Midoriya feels like such a fanboy right now, especially when compared to how he acted around Dazai and Chuuya before… Well, before the incident happened. Back then he still tried to keep some separation between himself and them, he thought that being too curious about Abilities, Yokohama, and everything else would be inappropriate.

He feels a lot better about letting his mind run wild with questions now. For the most part he doesn't bother Dazai and Chuuya with them but, in a situation like now, it should be fine…

"I still want to hear it." Midoriya responds with determination.

Dazai's eye looks him up and down, perhaps trying to see if Midoriya is being honest.

Thankfully, Dazai simply grins, "Well, if you insist." He takes a step closer to Midoriya and Ojirou, his voice drops to just above a whisper, "I was thinking we try something more unconventional, a bit of mental warfare if you will."

Midoriya's mind helpfully brings back memories of his own one on one fight with Dazai, he wants to do something like that? It's not a bad idea but he had just said earlier that Midoriya did a terrible job at using that trick.

As if reading his mind, Dazai shakes his head, "You won't be in charge of taunting, Midori-kun, so don't worry about it. Now, have either of you seen any horror films before?"

"Horror? Not really, why?" Ojirou asks.

"Because," Dazai's grin widens, "that's what I have in mind. We'll pray on their natural concern and kindness, make them doubt if the race is even still on."

That does sound rather unheroic… At the same time, Midoriya feels thrill at the idea of being part of a scheme like that. To pull something like that off they would need to be precise with their movements and have a bunch of back up plans…

Midoriya internally sighs, he already knows he wants to agree so why pretend that isn't the case?

"Ojirou, are you alright with that?" Midoriya asks. If he isn't, then Midoriya will side with him and ask Dazai if he wants to adjust the plan Midoriya mentioned earlier.

Ojirou bites his lip; for a few moments, he glances around the room, in thought. Eventually he turns back with a slight nod, "Alright, but nothing too crazy."

Midoriya is quick to nod.

Beside him, Dazai grins even more. "Now, let's talk about the finer details…"

-

The air is heavy with heat. Each step into the inferno that is outside begs the question of why? Why brave the heat and sun, when seeking shelter is the easier option? For some there isn't a reason good enough for such a thing.

For Tokoyami, however, his life's goal is far too important to cower in the shade. No, to be a Pro Hero, one must withstand the many tortures and difficulties of life.

This, as many others, will be another challenge he will overcome.

His fellow Hero-hopefuls must too harbour this dedication, for they stand at his side in the blazing heat without flinching. They gaze upon the metal structure that will soon become their cage, a space they will need to fight to escape from, with an eagerness that leaves even Tokoyami in awe.

Soon, they will have to run for their lives.

Soon, with evil at his heels, Tokoyami will need to navigate that metal cage so that he may succeed.

Soon, o-

'Fumi-kun is doing it again.'

With the echoes of his soul whispering in his ear, Tokoyami prepares himself for the inevitable.

The wind howls against the metal in front of him, it's song perhaps a warning of what is to come. Even still, he can't turn away now. No matter what horrors lay beyond that gate he will not back down, doing so would place shame upon his name and legacy.

-
The race soon begins. Tokoyami feels energy like no other fill his body, the determination to succeed and prove himself pushes him into action.

It takes but a moment for the first attack to arrive.

Like a comet of destruction Midoriya shoots onto the scene, his mind no doubt set on preventing Tokoyami and his team from succeeding.

But, of course, Midoriya has his own goal to achieve.

Tokoyami's win will be Midoriya's failure just as the reverse is true. Dedication, passion, and intelligence will be the secret to winning.

'Fumi-kun! Fumi-kun!'

'Not yet.'

With scary precision Midoriya lands before Tsu and does not hesitate to attack, his fist snaps quick and dangerous.

Tsu, one not to be underestimated, ducks low before leaping out of range. Midoriya is quick to follow with another burst of his Quirk, his movment not unlike that of Bakugou.

Tokoyami spares one last look at her before running forward. On the other side of her, Iida does the same.

Perhaps some would frown upon that action, those who value loyalty would surely upturn their noses and scoff. This action is not one of abandonment though, no, it is one of confidence and necessity. Tsu

has her own strength and determination, just like Tokoyami has his own.

Midoriya is a competent foe but Tokoyami has confidence in Tsu.

-

"Woahh, you two are fast, huh?"

The voice, lonely and eerie, echoes like a warning alarm.

Tokoyami skids to a stop. Iida, some distance in front of him, does the same. His armour, bright and infallible, makes it easy to follow and spot him.

A flaw that might, one day, be fatal.

A flaw that Tokoyami, dressed in the colour of the shadows, will never need to worry about. Although, part of him concedes, wearing such a colour does have its downsides… The heat, still present and overbearing, only seems to get worse the moment he thinks about it.

"Stand down, foe! You cannot stop us from reaching the end!" Iida declares.

Tokoyami watches as Dazai, perched up high on one of the various metal pipes, looks down on them with a critical gaze. His eye, so dark it never seems to end, snaps from vague disinterest to deeply upset.

Dazai stands, his balance precarious upon the metal pipe. Tokoyami watches his hands carefully, they shift in and out of his coat in a teasing manor. When will they retreat into that coat and pull out a weapon?

"Ah! I totally didn't mean to stop you from winning!" One of Dazai's hands, thankfully empty, clutches onto his chest with dramatic flare.

He takes a step, careless and far too free for the situation.

Tokoyami watches as Dazai moves and wonders if the other fears gravity at all. If he were to fall, if the weight of his sins were to drag him off that pipe, it would surely hurt. The ground that might soon become Dazai's final resting place hides behind metal pipes and structures.

Then again, perhaps Dazai has long since learnt not to fear gravity and it's desperate pull on one's being.

Ahead of him, Iida tenses, perhaps preparing for a fight.

Tokoyami, knowing Dazai is not one to underestimate, pulls together his own courage and will to fight.

'Get ready.'

'Yes Fumi-kun!'

Dazai gestures wide with one arm, empty-handed, "Well, I-"

The motion of swinging his arm, dramatic and surely an intentionally distracting move, soon becomes his undoing.

In one moment, Dazai stands above Tokoyami on that pipe, intimidating and very much a threat, and the next his black soaked figure disappears over the edge of the pipe.

A short shout and then a thud are all that remains.

Tokoyami eyes the scene warily; had Dazai truly fallen or-?

"Quickly, Tokoyami! We need to make sure Dazai is alright!" Iida, his morals so bright like his armour, does not doubt Dazai's fall for a second.

Tokoyami follows behind as Iida ducks between pipes and walls to find where Dazai might be laid.

The moment Tokoyami sees the scene in front of him, all prior doubt washes away. This corner of the training grounds is bathed in shadows, any other time Tokoyami would have relished in the cool shade.

Dazai's unconscious body is what stops Tokoyami from finding solace in the shadows he is oh-so familiar with.

Iida's helmet hits the ground with a clang, his movements are quick and precise as he approaches Dazai. "Tokoyami, help me get him into the recovery position," Iida's tone, hard as it is, leaves no room for complaint.

Without needing any further instruction, Tokoyami settles beside Dazai.

'Fumi-kun! I thi-'

Dark Shadow's voice disappears from his mind once his hand makes contact with Dazai. The feeling is cold and painful, much like his own soul being pulled out. No, it's like half of his soul has been torn away, the remaining half left in the darkness while longing for it's companion.

For Tokoyami, one blessed with a sentient Quirk, he feels overwhelming grief at the missing Dark Shadow. It feels like both part of himself and a dear friend has died at the same time.

It's upsetting, but he must persevere.

A flash of movement catches Tokoyami's eye, it pulls at his attention like an omen of death.

It's only when he turns and finds Ojirou a second away from tackling Iida to the ground does his prior doubts come back full force.

When a thin, bandaged arm wraps around Tokoyami and pushes him to the ground he realises the truth of the situation. Dazai's fall must have been scripted, a morbid play put on to trick Tokoyami and Iida into lowering their defences.

"Aww, you two really care so much!"

Tokoyami attempts to struggle out of Dazai's hold, but, unfortunately, he has a dark feeling this will not end in his win.

-

With one final tug at his tie, just to make sure it's done properly, Chuuya is finished changing back into UA's terrible uniform. For once he's glad to be out of his Mafia clothes, only because his earlier match had left him nearly soaked through.

Who knew Yaoyorozu could make a water canon that powerful…

Dazai, who had been the first to get changed, dramatically sighs from behind him, "You're so slow… Don't you hate the 'Slug' nickname?"

Chuuya rolls his eyes. Even if he did move faster, Dazai would still call him that. That or Dog, Chibi, Hatrack, or one of the various other nonsensical nicknames he has for Chuuya.

It's self-indulgent but Chuuya makes sure to knock into Dazai's back before he turns around.

Dazai falls forward a little bit with a yelp, "Hey-! Chuuya!"

Chuuya ignores his complaint, picks up his bag, and walks right past the idiot. While Dazai hadn't done all that much in his own match, other than walk off a pipe and grapple onto Tokoyami like an octopus, Chuuya had worked hard.

He didn't want to make things too unfair for the other team so, instead of just flying over the entire course, he had stuck to jumping around on the metal pipes and buildings. This had made things a little more difficult but, in the end, Chuuya had still got to the finish line within the time limit.

Chuuya steps outside the changing room, Dazai close behind him, and is immediately struck with a sense of deja vu.

The 1A kids are all stood around, a tense feeling in the air…

For a moment, Chuuya readies himself to really put Mineta in his place. He also starts preparing exactly what he'll say when Aizawa and Nedzu get on his case about kicking a student through the wall.

As it turns out, Mineta is no where in sight.

Instead, Bakugou is stood front and centre with a nasty glare on his face.

Chuuya follows his line of sight to find Midoriya stood up against the wall, his face serious in a way Chuuya isn't sure he's ever seen before.

"Oi, Deku," Bakugou starts with a growl, "I don't know what's going on with your power but I saw the way you used it today. It seriously pissed me off."

How he used his power? Chuuya thinks back to Midoriya's round, if he remembers correctly then he used his Quirk to match jump around and keep Tsu busy. It had been interesting to watch, especially when Midoriya seemed to really start embodying the 'frog' vibes.

Beside Chuuya, Uraraka makes a sound of understanding, "Oh, oh, he must mean how Deku was flying around like him."

Chuuya feels gratified that he guessed right for a moment, then Bakugou gives Uraraka a look of 'how dare you interrupt me' before sharply turning back to Midoriya.

Things likely won't escalate to an actual fight, not with the whole class here ready to jump in and stop Bakugou if needed. Still, Chuuya takes a half step to the side so Dazai is properly behind him.

It would just be embarrassing if that Mackerel got hurt during Bakugou's temper tantrum, that's all.

"I won't have another half-arsed win like the festival. We'll be getting individual scores in the upcoming finals; new rankings. So we'll all know *exactly* where we're standing. I'll show you how much better I am." Bakugou spares a glance in Todoroki's direction, "And Todoroki? I'll kill you too."

Todoroki nods, clearly not bothered by the threat.

It isn't a surprise when Bakugou then turns to face Chuuya, and by extension Dazai.

"I won't lose to either of you two, either!"

With that he shoves his way past the other members of class 1A and down the hall, without so much as glancing back.

The tense energy in the hall soon disappears, groans and sighs soon take its place.

Chuuya doesn't pay much attention to whatever class 1A discuss after that point. Instead, his mind replays Bakugou's little deceleration, his challenge.

Bakugou wants to beat Midoriya and Todoroki? Sure, why should Chuuya care?

The fact that he directly challenged both Chuuya and Dazai though… Well, it would be shameful for Chuuya to lose now, right?

He still isn't sure what the actual practical exam will be, robots are too obvious but all his other ideas seem too far fetched. It doesn't really matter though, Upon the Tainted Sorrow isn't some second-class Ability.

Dazai would surely tease him if he found out how seriously Chuuya is taking this little challenge, but at this point he's used to it. Besides, now that Bakugou has publicly declared that he's going to win, there is no way Dazai will just let that happen.

-

It's only when Chuuya arrives back at the dorms that he realises he should have been paying at least some attention to the conversation round him.

As it turns out, while he was going over how he could beat Bakugou in a fight, class 1A had decided to hold the first actual study session once they got back to the dorms.

Dazai had, naturally, agreed on Chuuya's behalf.

Chuuya sighs. He had wanted to relax a little after using his Ability so much but whatever. He does need to brush up on a few things anyway, so being dragged into this study session isn't a terrible thing.

Once everyone has settled, with Chuuya and Dazai in their usual chair, Yaoyorozu claps her hands together with a smile, "Alright! I have some tea brewing but it won't be done just yet. Is there any topic you all want to start on?"

Chuuya looks down at the various notes and sheets of paper he has acquired from different lessons and sighs. He understands most of it but, due to him not paying class any attention when he first got here, his knowledge is spotty.

If he had to pick one thing that he needs the most help with then it would have to be…

"Anything to do with hero society."

Chuuya barely knows current active heroes, let alone the retired ones he's expected to remember.

Yaoyorozu is quick to nod, "Alright! We can begin on the present-day stuff and move our way back in history." She begins pulling out various sheets of paper and folders from her bag, each set thicker than the last.

Chuuya isn't an expert at school related stuff but still, that feels like way too much paper… Was he meant to be taking that many notes during lessons? If so then he is way, way behind.

"So," Yaoyorozu starts, "The Heroes we need to remember are the ones who have had significant effect on society so, for example, All Might. We also have to remember what they did and why it was a good

thing."

All right, makes sense.

"There are also Heroes who had controversies that we need to remember, right?" Jirou asks.

Yaoyorozu smiles at her, "That's right! The easiest to remember is Resonator, do any of you remember what she did?"

Chuuya tactically looks away. If you held a gun to his head, he still wouldn't be able to tell you anything about this Resonator lady. What kind of name is that anyway? What, does her Quirk made her resonate with other people?

Does everyone outside of Yokohama have terrible naming sense?

Fortunately, it seems the other 1A kids aren't in the same boat as Chuuya.

"Oh wait! I remember that one," Kaminari looks pleased as he continues, "It was way back in the early days of Quirks and Pro Heroes. Resonator made a big fuss about being better than everyone else, specifically pointing out orphans, for some reason. Resonator got so much backlash she had to retire early."

Chuuya looks to Kaminari in disbelief.

Sure, he imagines most heroes have saviour complexes or whatever, but to actually acknowledge it out loud? And also, what the hell did she have against orphans?

Maybe Chuuya is a little biased because one, he's practically an orphan himself, and, two, for some reason, he always ends up befriending orphans. It just doesn't make sense, why choose a group that must have had pretty terrible lives already to hate? Did an orphan burn her house down or something?

Chuuya glances at Dazai; who knows what that guy's family situation is like, but he has burnt down a fair few houses... If it weren't for the fact that Resonator lived way before Dazai was born, then Chuuya would be inclined to think Dazai had something to do with the whole orphan-hatred-thing.

Either way, Chuuya already hates this woman and he barely knows anything about her.

"She's the reason Hero schools have Morality and Ethics classes," Jirou adds, "Also the reason why Heroes have PR teams."

Ugh, Chuuya had almost forgotten about that whole aspect. Treating heroes as celebrities has to be a conflict of interest or something, right?

Dazai, from his spot practically on top of Chuuya, sighs. "You guys really need a PR team to keep you from saying stupid shit in public?" His tone is distinctly judgemental, which causes Chuuya to sign in turn.

He's doing this on purpose, right? Just to cause trouble that Chuuya will later have to deal with.

Surprisingly, Mina is quick to laugh, "Some of us, yeah! Imagine how quickly Kaminari would end up having to retire otherwise-"

"Hey!"

The conversation descends into arguing as Kaminari weakly tries to defend himself.

Beside him, Dazai sighs before slipping off the chair, and by extension Chuuya. Once on the ground, he shuffles forward until he reaches the coffee table covered in papers.

Chuuya watches as he reaches over and grabs some blank sheets from the middle of the table. Thankfully, he doesn't make an effort to sit back next to Chuuya, instead he bends over his papers and starts…

Well, Chuuya can't see what he's doing, but he knows it isn't something productive.

For a moment, he considers calling Dazai out, then Chuuya realises that, as long as Dazai isn't directly bothering Chuuya, then it isn't his problem.

With that in mind Chuuya looks up at Yaoyorozu, who looks like she's both amused and annoyed by the argument of Kaminari and Mina. If Chuuya had to guess then he'd say she wants to continue the study session but, for whatever reason, can't speak up to tell Kaminari and Mina to shut it.

Well, Chuuya can help her with that. After all, the reason he's here is to learn enough to pass the written exam- not to listen to two idiots

argue.

Chuuya waits until Yaoyorozu's eyes catch his before loudly speaking, "So, what's the next topic?"

Thankfully, Kaminari and Mina take the hint and stay quiet.

Yaoyorozu gives him a smile before flipping through her notebook to a new page, which, just like all the others it's covered in neat writing, "So, next up is the after effects of a fight."

"That's like destruction to buildings and people getting hurt, right?" Jirou asks.

With a smile, Yaoyorozu nods, "It is! Some people also call it the collateral damage, either name works! There are a few statistics you need to remember, I have some flashcards. If you'd like to use them!"

Despite asking, Yaoyorozu doesn't actually wait for an answer before passing her flashcards along the group. Chuuya idly wonders if she made them special for this session or if these are her personal ones.

The flashcards haven't quite made their way around to Chuuya when Kaminari frowns down at one of them, "Jeez… Is it just me or are these numbers insane?"

Chuuya manages to catch sight of one of the flashcards and mentally agrees. Aren't Heroes all about protecting people? The average number of civilians hurt per fight should be a clean zero, maybe with some leeway if hostages are involved. Don't even get him started on the amount of money spent yearly on fixing buildings up…

A few class 1A kids seem to disagree and start to make counter-arguments. Chuuya isn't that surprised by it, being raised in this environment would make it hard for them to see the flaws.

"You don't have to answer this, but what's it like in Yokohama?" Mina's voice swiftly ends the discussion before it can become an argument.

Chuuya glances up at that, even though he was paying attention to the conversation he still feels lost. How had Mina ended up asking about Yokohama?

Perhaps seeing his confusion, Mina is quick to continue, "You guys don't have any Heroes or Villains, but you do have Abilities. Surely,

there are some aftereffects though, right?

Oh, so that's what she was thinking.

Well, it would be a lie to say Yokohama is without its damage. That being said, Chuuya gets the distinct feeling there is a difference between the damage in Yokohama and the damage everywhere else.

"If you know where to look," Chuuya eventually says.

"If we know where to look? What do you mean by that?" Sero asks, his eyes lit up with intrigue. It's a familiar look, where had he…

Ah, right. That's the sort of look Midoriya would sport shortly before falling into his mumbling state. It's a good thing the kid isn't here then, or else Chuuya doubts he'd be able to get a word in with all his mumbling.

Chuuya contemplates what he should say. Or, more accurately, what he can say. Class 1A might have promised to be better classmates but that doesn't mean they won't pass along information to Aizawa or any of the other Pros, especially if that information was deemed alarming enough.

Dazai won't be of any help, not with how he's still hunched over his sheet of paper.

"Well, I guess you could say the damage is strategic," Chuuya picks his words carefully. "Most gang fights happen on their own territory or in the more abandoned parts of the city. It's either that or damage is kept to a specific area where the target is."

That's mostly the truth anyway. Sometimes things get a little out of hand and unaffiliated buildings get caught up in whatever fight that happens to be going down.

The Port Mafia is more strict on following those rules than the Sheep had been. It makes sense to Chuuya, one of the Port Mafia's main functions is to protect Yokohama from what can't be dealt with in the 'light'. If the city was covered in gunshots and damage from Abilities then they would be doing a terrible job.

"Wait, so everyone just does that?" Kaminari asks with a reasonable amount of scepticism.

Chuuya nods but, as it so often happens, finds himself cut off before

he can start speaking.

Dazai, still not looking up from his paper, hums, "It's an easy trade really. Follow these rules and you'll be mostly left alone; who wouldn't agree to that?"

Mina looks between Dazai and Chuuya with a dumbfounded expression, "Are police even real in Yokohama?"

That gets an authentic laugh from Chuuya.

"Yep! They just happen to be really incompetent," Dazai explains.

Well, that or paid off to ignore certain things.

"Even if they are incompetent it's fine," Chuuya explains, "The people in Yokohama are used to this. They know how to keep themselves safe."

"Wait, what about the Quirkless- well, Non-Ability users? There has to be special rules about not getting them involved, right?"

Chuuya shares a glance with Dazai, right, Quirkless people. Before this mission he didn't know all that much about Pro Heroes and Quirks, it had never been information he needed to know after all. The one thing he did know, however, was the general treatment of Quirkless people.

The first time he had heard of Quirkless people was back when he was still with the Sheep. After a routine beatdown of some other gang that had attacked some of the younger members, Chuuya happened to be walking past an electronics store. In the front window was a large TV playing news from outside of Yokohama. It was already late into the evening at that point, there was no chance he was getting to sleep before morning broke, so he had stopped to watch for a bit.

At first, it was boring, the sort of thing that made you wonder how it ended up on the news at all. Then, right at the end of the broadcast, a segment about Quirkless people came on. According to the presenter, a large group of Quirkless people had organised a protest due to the rising amount of targeted attacks against them.

The news presenter had spoken about the protest like it was a nuisance, she acted like the Quirkless people were being inconsiderate and overreacting. Of course, she had never said any of that verbally, but Chuuya could tell she was thinking it. He's always had a talent for

sensing emotions after all.

That had stuck with him, especially when he continued to hear about the mistreatment of Quirkless people over the years. Here is this group of people who are just asking to be treated equally and yet it seems everyone is determined to ignore them.

The job of protecting people and fighting usually lands on the shoulders of Ability users in Yokohama, but that's not to say Non-Ability users are just sat on the sidelines. Chuuya would be a fool if he were to ignore the Port Mafia members older and more experienced than him that don't have an Ability.

There aren't any special rules about protecting Non-Ability users, not because no one cares, but rather because those rules aren't needed.

People who grow up in Yokohama know how the place works. They know where certain gangs hang out, they know who not to piss off, and who to completely avoid. They can point out an Ability user within minutes, simply because information about them is passed around at lightning speed.

Yokohama tends to run on a mutual understanding: if you do this, then I do that. If you stay in your area, I'll stay in mine. Unspoken rules are dime a dozen over there and yet, despite it all, Yokohama is able to stay mostly peaceful.

Of course, when Pro Heroes come barging in things get out of balance. Their sense of justice demands they do something about Yokohama, that they protect the oh-so vulnerable citizens.

Chuuya sighs and mentally hopes this conversation doesn't end in disaster. "There aren't any rules like that."

That causes alarm to shoot around the room.

"You just let them get hurt, then?"

"There's no way they can stand up against Ability users, though!"

"That seems totally unfair…"

For a moment Chuuya debates just letting the class say what they want and waiting for the conversation to move to something else. He really isn't in the mood to lecture a bunch of kids on why their worldview is totally messed up.

But then, as more comments about Quirkless people being unable to do anything pile up, he can't help but think of that news presenter. Her disgust for Quirkless people had been far more pronounced but, as many things are, it must have been a learnt thing.

If someone had stepped in and said 'hey, that's a fucking crazy way to think', would she had a different outlook now?

Dammit, seems like Chuuya will be giving out that lecture after all.

"Your flaw is thinking people without powers are defenceless," Chuuya chimes in, his voice effectively cutting off any further comments. "They aren't babies, you know."

Across the table Jirou's face turns red with embarrassment, one of her hands begins to twirl her earphone jack around, "Well, no, of course no. It's just, compared to people with Quirks and Abilities, it'll be more dangerous for them."

Which is a fair point, although it doesn't excuse their attitude.

Chuuya sighs, "You do know that Quirks and Abilities aren't everything, right?" When no one verbally responds, Chuuya continues, "Your own teacher is practically Quirkless, hell, you *all* know Dazai could beat every one of you, and all that bastard really has going for him is his brain and gun skills!"

"Hey!"

Chuuya ignores Dazai's complaint. "I'm not saying those without Abilities or Quirks are crazy strong or whatever, just that they aren't stupid and helpless. The people in Yokohama have adapted to that way of life, they know how to deal with Ability users and keep themselves safe for the most part."

It's funny how the kids of 1A look so incredibly chastised right now, you would think Aizawa was the one scolding them and not Chuuya.

Good, Chuuya thinks, it's better they learn it now then grow up into idiots.

Surprisingly, the awkward silence doesn't last as long as Chuuya had expected it to.

"I have a question, if you'll allow it," Yaoyorozu's face is set in determination, something that Chuuya can respect.

Chuuya nods and a moment later Yaoyorozu speaks again, "I want to understand your point better, could you please tell me more about how Non-Ability users navigate life in Yokohama?"

What an unnecessarily long way to ask 'Expand on that?' Still, Chuuya respects her for being upfront like this. He'd rather have to explain things more than have her walk away with doubts.

Chuuya is about to explain things when Dazai decides to interrupt, "Hey, who is the most dangerous person in class 1A?"

Yaoyorozu seems a little confused by the change in topic but still answers, "Well, apart from you two… Maybe Bakugou?"

"Right, and what things tend to cause his little temper tantrums?" Dazai asks, still not looking up from his paper. Honestly, Chuuya is getting a little concerned about whatever he's up to.

The 1A kids glance around at each other as they begin thinking aloud.

"Uh, Midoriya doing better than him?"

"Hah, more like anyone doing better than him."

"Oh! He totally hates it when people talk during lessons."

"And when people don't take Practical Heroics seriously."

"He's really dead set on being number one, so maybe when people doubt that?"

"Exactly!" Dazai finally looks up from his paper, "Now, what happened when me and Chuuya came along?"

That seems to be a harder question to answer. For a few minutes, the kids look at each other in confusion, their faces scrunch up as the seconds go by.

Eventually, Mina gasps, "Oh wait, I get it!"

From beside her, Sero speaks up, "Are you going to share with the class?"

Mina nods, "Yep! Ok so, when Dazai and Chuuya came along they didn't know what things piss Bakugou off. They ended up doing those things and that caused fights but! The rest of us knew what to avoid and how to deal with his temper already."

Understanding washes over the 1A kids as Mina explains.

Yaoyorozu places a finger on her chin, "In that analogy, we are the citizens of Yokohama and Bakugou is the gangs or Ability users."

Dazai nods and, much to Chuuya's chagrin, gets *that* smile on his face. He's about to say something to make everyone uncomfortable or upset, isn't he?

"Yep~ Although, you did miss something…" Dazai trails off, which naturally only builds intrigue.

"I did?" Yaoyorozu looks equally confused and curious.

Dazai's singular eye takes on the 'I have no emotions' look, which pairs well with his just a tad beyond normal smile. It's a type of expressions that freaks you out without being obvious as to why.

"In that analogy, me and Chuuya are the pesky pros that keep breaking in."

Chuuya can see as the kids realise exactly what Dazai means by that. Pros who sneak their way into Yokohama aren't actually helping, not a bit. Instead they are upsetting the social norm, a social norm they know nothing about.

They come barging in and start fights where they shouldn't, they challenge people who are better left alone.

For a few moments no one speaks, the silence is heavy and somewhat uncomfortable.

Then, in a move that does not surprise Chuuya, Dazai's tone does a 180.

"Now, lay your eyes on my latest invention!"

Dazai dramatically holds up what can only be descried as a paper monstrosity. Looking closer, Chuuya can see various different hand writings and note taking styles mixed throughout…

With a look around the table Chuuya can confirm that Dazai did, in fact, steal other people's notes to create whatever the hell that thing is.

The atmosphere from before shatters as the others realise this and despair covers their faces.

Well, there goes the study session. Whatever, he'll force Dazai to tell him what he needs to know later.

Maybe he could ask Aizawa actually, at least he could trust what the man is telling him is the truth. Dazai is just as likely, if not more so, to make a big lie up so Chuuya looks like a fool…

As Chuuya is busy contemplating this, Midoriya walks into the room.

His eyebrows are pulled together and his right hand is set against his chin. Surprisingly, there are no mumbles to be heard as he walks past the group and right up the stairs.

Chuuya can't tell if he's in the middle of mentally debating the meaning of life or just thinking about Quirks. Knowing Midoriya, though, it's probably the second one.

Chapter End Notes

I want to start this off with an apology.... I'm so sorry for not updating for a year 😞 (Haha... get it? Because last update was in 2024.... haha... ha)

Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! As I've said before we are really getting into bnha canon content now! Which means I have to do a lot more research (watching the anime and checking the fandom wiki) when I write each chapter. That's fine though! It all pays off when I finish the chapter and people like it haha.

Did you all like the stuff about Yokohama and non ability users? Maybe I got a bit carried away with that -_- I tried to make it work with what we seen in bsd canon, but I probably forgot some stuff. Oh well, this is fanfiction so who cares?

But yes! 1A take another step in their journey to understanding SKK better! Now the question is, will they remember all this stuff when it really counts?

In other news, I find myself worrying that chapters aren't... cohesive? I think that's the word I want. Honestly, I tend to forget what I write pretty quick, this leads to me wondering if a character has already thought/said something before. 1A haven't shown much change yet, which annoys me, but I know they will once we get further along. You'd all tell me if it felt like chapters didn't connect/flow, right?

Ahhhh, the perils of writing a long fic. I guess I'll have to re-read it all, won't I?

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Thank you for reading ^-^

Chapter 28: A Chuuya special

Chapter Summary

"Oh, little listener, I didn't know you had a tattoo!"

Chuuya feels a cold chill spread across him; any thoughts about books and their feelings flee from his mind within seconds.

Chapter Notes

CW: Nothing I think!! As always let me know if you think something should be added!

Thank you to Echo78 for beta reading <33333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yamada sighs; the papers in his hands feel impossibly heavy.

Since the last session with Nakahara, he's been thinking hard about what he could do to help the kid.

Admittedly, Yamada doesn't have that much experience with this.

While he had always wanted to be a Pro Hero—which kid doesn't—he had never considered getting qualifications to help people in this way.

After everything that had happened with Oboro, after watching Shouta lose himself in his grief, it only felt right. If he can be there, if he can help others work through hard times and come out on the other side, then…

Then it would feel like he's doing Oboro proud.

That being said, getting the qualifications took longer than he had wanted. Unfortunately, during the first years of his Pro career, he had to focus on getting a foothold in the industry. Rookie Pros always have to work extra hard to get their names out there; only then can they take fewer shifts and focus on other pursuits.

After becoming a teacher at UA, he saw the opportunity to finally take the time to get the necessary qualifications. Nedzu had been all too willing to give him paid time off when needed, which helped when his

night classes and Hero work messed with his sleep schedule.

Yamada has seen his fair share of kids, none quite like Nakahara. That's not to say the things they needed help with were insignificant; it's just…

There's a difference between being stressed about exams and being manipulated into joining the Mafia at a young age.

Nakahara seems to trust Yamada to some extent, but all that could go away with one misstep. If he brings up the wrong topic or has the wrong attitude, the kid could completely pull back and stop any progress.

The papers in his hands somehow get even heavier.

This is all the information he has on Nakahara: the initial report from the Yokohaman government, the data from his arrest, Tsukauchi's report, and the notes Yamada has made during their sessions thus far.

It's a pitiful amount really, especially since the first two documents only really focus on the kid's Ability and appearance.

Yamada's own notes are full of random notes and stories. He makes an effort to write down things that are worth remembering, such as the foods Nakahara likes, the places he goes, the games he plays, etc. It's all stuff to do with his personality, stuff that he's learnt while Nakahara has been here at UA.

Tsukauchi's report highlights Nakahara's past, vague as the information is: the age at which he joined the Port Mafia (too young, in Yamada's opinion), a vague re-telling of how he joined (he phrased it like he made the choice himself; Yamada doubts that's the whole story), and a loose idea of what Nakahara's life looked like before the Port Mafia (more violence than any child should ever see).

He wishes he had more information and an easy guide on how to help the kid.

That isn't the case, though, so Yamada will have to earn that information.

Not that he's upset about that aspect; no, he would be completely alright if Nakahara never told him anything personal. At the end of the day, it's all down to Nakahara, and Yamada respects that.

Yamada just doesn't want to make a mistake, even if he knows such things are bound to happen. Things have been going well between the two of them; a bond is beginning to grow, and Yamada loves it.

Nakahara is such a good kid. He's got a great sense of humour, one that works with Yamada's own; he's smart, and kinder than one would expect, given his background.

He's also a kid who must have been through a lot, things that Yamada probably will never hear about. Yamada isn't stupid enough to water down what the kid must have been through, what he must feel when he's reminded of those times.

On one hand, Yamada wants to know more about Nakahara so he can avoid anything that might dredge up bad memories for the kid. On the other hand, he wants to leave the subject well alone and let Nakahara decide when (or if) he tells Yamada.

Yamada sighs, and the papers in his hands wilt as if to reflect his mood.

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"We meet again, little listener!"

Chuuya sits down across from Yamada and can't help feeling pleased. He knew Yamada would say that—well, technically, he knew Yamada would say 'little listener'—but whatever other greeting he tacked on was unpredictable. Once, he had greeted Chuuya with a Shakespeare quote, and the next day, he pretended to be a cowboy.

Anyway, Yamada always greets him with some sort of 'little listener'. It's to the point where, if Chuuya were a betting man—which he is—then he would place money on Yamada greeting him like that.

It doesn't seem to be a nickname exclusive for Chuuya, though, not with how much Yamada says it in class. Every student is a little listener, whether they want to be or not.

"Ah, I recognise that look. You have something to say, right?"

Chuuya hums, "Do you really call everyone 'little listener'?" He doesn't think so, but well, now that Chuuya is thinking about it, he has his doubts. It seems entirely possible that Yamada has looked someone like, say, All Might in the eye and joyfully called him by that nickname.

"Haha, no!" Yamada grins, "Just you kids!"

Chuuya nods; he's thought as much. Calling other adults' little listeners' would be weird as hell.

Then again, if it's part of his branding…

"What was that?"

Chuuya's head snaps up; damn, had he accidentally said that part out loud? That isn't like him, so why…

Suddenly, his mind conjures up memories of Midoriya mindlessly muttering. Has Chuuya gained that habit, too? He really, really hopes not.

Yamada is still looking at him curiously, so Chuuya sighs and speaks, "That's part of your… branding, right?"

"It is!" Yamada exclaims, "I'm all about the powers of your voice and music!"

Chuuya nods and then, somewhat belatedly, remembers that Yamada has a radio station. He had meant to check it out sometime, mainly to see if the man has good taste in music, but it had slipped from his mind as of late. "Oh yeah, you run a radio station."

Yamada seems to light up at the very mention of it, "I do! It's my pride and joy."

Chuuya nods while trying to will the information into his mind. He's not sure what type of questions to expect on the exams, but surely, this is something that could be useful. If he remembers the broad strokes, then he'll probably be fine, right?

So, Yamada, also known as Present Mic. His Quirk is called 'Voice', and he attacks people with his voice, as the name suggests. He has a radio station and is really into music and… What did he say again? Oh, right, 'the power of your voice', whatever that means.

Although, now that Chuuya's thinking about it, he doesn't even know what the name of the station is, let alone what type of music Yamada plays.

Maybe pop? That does seem to match Yamada's personality. Ah, his hero costume gives more of a rock vibe, though.

Before he can think any deeper about what music Yamada might like, and if he happens to like the musicians Chuuya likes, his thoughts are cut off by Yamada.

"That's quite the focused expression! I doubt you're that interested in my humble radio station, though," Yamada says as if his radio station isn't insanely popular.

Chuuya may not remember much about the radio station, but he does know it's popular. How couldn't it be? The host is a pro hero, one that seems to be loved by everyone.

"There's gonna be something on the exams about branding and PR stuff; that's what Yaoyorozu said anyway. I don't know many examples, though," Chuuya admits. He can remember the more theoretical parts, such as 'don't say stupid shit unless you want to get fired', but coming up with examples is harder.

1A have it easy; they've grown up surrounded by all this. Even if they don't bother to study properly, they can, without a doubt, name various pros and their branding.

In contrast, Chuuya and Dazai have to learn it all from scratch. Well, actually, Chuuya has to learn it from scratch. Dazai, the tricky bastard that he is, probably looked into various pros the moment the thought 'Let's play pretend as UA students!' crossed his mind.

Chuuya figured it would be easier to use the teachers at UA as his examples; after all, there is no way he could ever forget Yamada's yellow hair. That's not even to mention Aizawa's scruffy aesthetic and Midnight's… Well, everything.

He still wants to try and get a deeper understanding, though, something that proves he didn't just look over at a pro before the exam instead of studying.

If Chuuya is going to study, then, dammit, he wants his answers and grades to reflect that.

Yamada nods in understanding, "You should have mentioned that earlier! The bookshelf behind you, the one on the left, has study materials you can use. There should be a book on branding and PR on the third self."

"Anything on the staff at UA?" Chuuya asks. Yaoyorozu had offered to lend him one of her study books on the topic, but when Chuuya saw

the two-inch thick book, he had promptly turned her down. He wants to get good grades, sure, but not that badly.

Yamada smiles in such a way that Chuuya feels he is far from the first student to ask that question. "There should be a few, yes."

Well, Chuuya thinks as he stands and tries to brush away the slight embarrassment; it's a good thing he asked about Yamada's branding.

The bookshelf, almost tall enough to touch the ceiling, is crammed full of books. Chuuya briefly glances over the shelf in its entirety and, rather quickly, feels relieved that Yamada told him where to look. If he hadn't, then Chuuya might have never found the books, not when he could barely figure out the organisational system.

It's not by title or author name, so maybe by genre? Then again, Chuuya is almost certain he can see a book about gardening next to one about historic villain attacks.

Whatever, that's not what he's supposed to be looking at anyway.

Once finding the correct self, Chuuya glances at the spines of the books to find what he's after.

Branding and PR, a student's guide!

What I learnt as a Pro Hero's PR manager.

Why do we need branding anyway? A simple guide!

How do UA teachers keep up their Pro Hero personas?

A little listener's guide to UA teachers and their branding/pr!!!!

Chuuya eyes that last one; the handwriting and phrasing are suspiciously familiar.

It doesn't take long for it to click. That handwriting belongs to Yamada, doesn't it? And as for the use of 'little listener'….

Well, anyway, now Chuuya wonders if this is an actual book or just something Yamada threw together for students to use.

Well, there's only really one way to find out. He should take that book and check to see if it's widely published later.

Then again, maybe it would be better to use the more official-looking book, '*How do UA teachers keep up their Pro Hero personas?*' instead.

He wants to trust that Yamada's book is good study material, but if he were to go by the messy handwriting down the spine, Chuuya isn't so sure about that. What if the whole thing is just littered with 'little listener'?

It hits Chuuya, just as he tilts his head down to examine the spines of the books better, that he really is judging a book by its cover.

Hm.

Maybe he should give Yamada's book a chance, then? It would be the nice thing to do, considering how badly Chuuya has been judging it. Then again, it's a book, and can't get its feeli—

"Oh, little listener, I didn't know you had a tattoo!"

Chuuya feels a cold chill spread across him; any thoughts about books and their feelings flee from his mind within seconds.

The back of his neck tingles; somehow, those damn numbers feel heavier than before despite only being ink.

He gives up on carefully deciding on a book. Instead, he grabs the first one his hand touches and tries his best not to look too hasty when he turns around.

Yamada, thankfully not noticing Chuuya's sudden tension, continues, "You know, I always wanted one, but I don't think I could sit through it without moving too much."

Chuuya nods, although his heart isn't really in it. Somehow, he had completely forgotten about the numbers; they had slipped his mind somewhere between the first time he got changed in front of class 1A and now.

He mentally berates himself for forgetting; how could he forget something like this?

"So, what do the numbers mean?" Yamada's voice cuts through his thoughts.

"I- nothing," Chuuya forces out, "Just a stupid bet with Dazai." He tries for something casual, the sort of tone that he usually uses when complaining about that idiot partner of his.

It doesn't work, and when Yamada is quiet for just a moment too long, Chuuya knows he's been seen through. Yamada's facial expression is no different than usual, and yet Chuuya can tell there is no playing this off.

Yamada hums, "Really? What was the bet?"

Chuuya tries not to sound defensive, "The usual, some arcade game. Dazai totally cheated, but I never managed to prove it." If only that were the origin story, if that were the case, then Chuuya wouldn't be so on edge right now.

He can handle this. As long as Yamada doesn't push, then Chuuya should be able to get himself under control. Sure, he hates being reminded of the existence of those numbers, but Yamada making an innocent comment about it isn't that big a deal.

Yeah, Chuuya just needs a moment to collect himself, and then he'll be fine.

"I see! That actually reminds me of something that happened just a few days ago!" Yamada's voice falls a little short compared to his usual tone. His words seem particularly forced, the edges sharp and out of place. He's trying to change the subject, something Chuuya appreciates, but it just feels so… forced.

Yamada continues speaking, not that Chuuya pays him much mind at this point. He shouldn't just ignore the man like this, but it's taking all his power not to stand up and leave as it is.

It's stupid. Why is he still so affected by those numbers?

Sure, the whole… experiments thing, and everything that came from it, was rough. Terrible, really, something he wishes he couldn't remember but is cursed to never forget.

Remembering everything that happened hurts, that much he can accept. It makes sense to be upset about that stuff, the actually traumatic and horrifying parts.

The numbers, though? Compared to everything else, that should be nothing.

In an ideal world, Yamada would ask about the numbers, and Chuuya would brush it off with ease. He would respond as if the question was completely normal, something as bland as asking about the weather.

He wouldn't get so shaken up by even the tiniest mention of it.

People have asked about them before, so why—

"—then I said, he seems less like a human and more like a missile!"

Chuuya wasn't listening to Yamada's chatter, and yet he knows the man is referring to him.

'less like a human'

The words echo around his mind, and he hates how he knows what will come next.

He hates how he just knows his breath will come in short, how his hands will tighten into fists, and how the keen focus he usually prides himself on will scatter.

He hates how he'll feel so damn conflicted. One part of him will be unbearably upset at the comment, and the other will be frustrated at being upset.

He's human, he knows that. No matter what anyone else says, he is a human just like them. Even more human, if he were to ask Dazai's opinion on the matter.

Still, just as the mention of those numbers affects him, the mere mention of being inhuman leaves Chuuya breathing sharply through gritted teeth. Maybe if it was just one thing or the other, then Chuuya could deal with it or at least keep it together until the session's end.

Together, though?

Yamada has stopped talking; the silence makes things even worse.

Chuuya should say something, make a joke, or insult Dazai. He should say anything that changes the topic to something he can deal with right now, something he doesn't have to worry about making him feel worse.

Yamada's worried; he's a nice guy like that.

He should say something to alleviate that worry, something to

reassure the man that Chuuya isn't upset with him but rather-

Well. Maybe he is a little upset with Yamada. Why did he have to bring up the numbers? Why did he have to say *that?*

He's also upset with himself because, dammit, if he had just kept himself together, then they would be talking about something else by now.

That didn't happen, though, so now Chuuya needs to say something, anything, so they can move on.

The words fight in his throat, a mix of not wanting to be said and wanting to say the wrong thing. He fights back, as he is so used to doing.

"Nakahara, I'm s-"

"I need the toilet."

Without any further delay, Chuuya stands and rushes out the door.

He feels better once he's outside; he feels even better when he begins walking down the hallway. The distance and being alone help calm him down. Now, he doesn't need to worry about keeping his face from reacting too badly.

Part of himself is annoyed about running like this. If Yamada didn't know something was wrong before, then he certainly does now.

It's too late to regret it, or so he tells himself. Now that he's out of Yamada's office, he might as well take advantage of it.

He'll hang around for a few minutes, long enough that he can get himself back under control, but not too long that Yamada comes looking. Fortunately, there aren't any toilets near Yamada's office, a fact that had once annoyed him.

Now, though, it gives him the perfect excuse to spend more time away from that office.

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Somehow—and Chuuya really isn't sure how—he ends up on the rooftop.

He'll have to leave soon; if he doesn't, then he runs the risk of Yamada

coming to find him. On an ordinary day, that would be annoying, sure, but nothing Chuuya can't handle. Today, though, after that disaster of a therapy session, he wants nothing more than to stare out at the sky without the pressure of Yamada's eyes on him.

It's not that he hates Yamada now or anything; he just wants some time away from him. Time to get his feelings in check so when he does go back, and Yamada enviably questions him, Chuuya can hopefully play it off.

Chuuya sighs as he leans against the roof's railing; below him, he can make out various UA students milling around.

For a few minutes, he just simply watches the students walk around as they talk and make dramatic gestures. It all seems so… normal.

When Chuuya arrived at UA—no, it was even before then. When he first heard of Dazai's stupid little plan, he cursed the idiot out; after all, what does Chuuya know about going to school? Sure, he can sit and listen to a lecture, but what about the rest? What about the unspoken rules and expectations that students everywhere seem to understand?

How could Chuuya fair in an environment he had never been in before?

Now, as Chuuya looks down at the UA students, he finds himself oddly at ease. Those worries from before seem so far away; part of him even feels doubt that he had felt like that once.

He had been worried about how classmates are meant to interact. Well, that hardly makes sense; it's so easy to talk with class 1A. Kaminari and Mina are always down to talk about whatever game or show they've been watching. Yaoyorozu doesn't hesitate to help Chuuya with whatever study materials he needs, and she's always willing to explain things in a way that doesn't make Chuuya feel like an idiot for not knowing. That's not even to mention the other members of class 1A, the quiet ones who are just nice to be around. They have no expectations, no horror or awe when they see Chuuya coming. Not anymore, anyway.

He had worried about what the teachers would be like and if he would crash heads with them often or not. These days, few in the Port Mafia can give Chuuya orders, so for the most part, he's free to call the shots how he pleases. He had thought he would have to follow new orders, would have to grit his teeth and pretend to respect the

teachers.

And sure, Chuuya has had to do things he didn't particularly want to do, but it would be wrong to say that what he had been expecting was anything like what had happened.

He had thought the teachers, driven by their anger at Mt. Lady's death, would be strict with them.

A memory comes to mind.

"As long as whatever you do is safe, then I don't care. What I do care about is you not being where you should be. If this is to happen again, then tell me in advance where you'll be, alright?"

Aizawa hadn't yelled at them, hadn't demanded that Dazai get back to his room and stay there. All he had requested was to be informed beforehand; that's it.

Hell, Aizawa had even apologised to both him and Dazai. When was the last time that ever happened?

In the Port Mafia, you would be hard-pressed to find a higher-up willing to apologise to their underlings, especially when they weren't truly at fault.

Aizawa had done that, though. He had apologised to Chuuya and made sure to come back so he could do the same to Dazai. He had been genuine, too. There isn't a doubt in Chuuya's mind that the man actually felt bad about what happened. He wasn't just apologising to feel better or make himself seem like a good person; his apology was real and a promise to do better.

Yamada, too, despite what happened earlier, has been nothing but kind to Chuuya. He listens with a smile as Chuuya talks about whatever he wants, as he recounts stupid bets with Dazai and whatever other little story Chuuya feels like telling. He listens and remembers, too. He'll casually mention knowing a good spot to get Chuuya's favourite food, even if it's been over a week since that topic was brought up. He'll greet Chuuya with a smile, loudly exclaiming that he found a poetry book Chuuya might like.

When Chuuya talked about missing Yokohama, Yamada listened and tried to help. Nothing will ever replace Yokohama in his heart, but having those familiar comforts, knowing that he isn't barred from ever experiencing those things again, helps to settle the homesickness in his heart.

The view from UA's roof will never beat the one from back home. Still, it's calming to come up here and feel the wind and sun.

Having tea from Blue Lotus with Yamada will never beat the quiet afternoons spent in tea houses with Ane-san, not when the man can't seem to stay quiet for longer than two minutes. Still, he enjoys the tea and the company; he always leaves those sessions feeling happier than before.

He and Dazai still haven't been able to go to any arcades, but if the flyers and contact sheets Chuuya noticed on Yamada's desk mean anything, it shouldn't be long until that changes.

Being at UA is different from what he expected, and way different from his life back in Yokohama, but still, Chuuya can admit that he doesn't hate it here.

(Part of him worries about the end of the mission, about heading back to Yokohama. He wants to go back; of course, he does, but will he remember how to act? Has he gotten too used to living here at UA that he'll feel out of place back at home?)

Chuuya sighs and glances down, the study book he had taken from Yamada is still tightly grasped in his hand.

When he catches sight of exactly which book he has, the one he'd randomly grabbed, Chuuya feels like he's part of some big joke. Maybe the universe has gotten bored of watching a class of fifteen-year-olds run around all day and has decided to mess with Chuuya for a while.

Well, Chuuya thinks as he shoves the book into one of his blazer pockets; it seems he'll have to trust Yamada's writing skills now.

The book peeks over the top of his pocket just a little, something he doesn't find himself minding.

The sound of knocking breaks Chuuya's train of thought. In almost an instant, all the tension from before rushes back in, just as he was feeling better, too.

Chuuya takes a breath, gets his face under control, and turns to greet whoever has intruded on the roof.

… Or not.

He expected whoever it is to have opened the door by now, but no.

Chuuya definitely heard someone knock, though. So, with apprehension, he calls out, "Yeah?"

The door begins to open, which causes Chuuya to tense up again. It's probably Yamada, which isn't ideal, but whatever. He has a vague idea of what he can say to stop any questions about Chuuya's reactions from before, and if all else fails, he can make some bullshit up about Dazai to shift Yamada's worry.

Dazai won't be happy, but when is he anyway?

(Maybe, he fleetingly thinks, Chuuya could just say he doesn't want to talk about it, and Yamada will listen.)

The door continues to open, and out steps a figure dressed in black… Wait, in black?

"Oh, it's you."

Aizawa shrugs, "No need to sound so disappointed." He doesn't say anything more, instead he just stays quiet and lingers near the door. Chuuya gets the distinct feeling he's waiting for Chuuya to say something first, possibly waiting until Chuuya says he can come closer.

Chuuya considers this for a second. There's no way to tell why Aizawa is here. Maybe Yamada called him and explained things; maybe Aizawa independently saw Chuuya up here and came to check things out.

"Are you just gonna stand there?" Chuuya sighs and turns his attention back to the students wandering below him. Aizawa said before, back when Dazai was recovering after his attempt, that he wouldn't try to ask for any information about Yokohama or the Port Mafia.

If Aizawa pushes here, Chuuya will know the man was lying back then. That or he doesn't consider Chuuya's private thoughts as being important enough to respect.

A few seconds later, Aizawa is standing beside Chuuya, hands stuffed in his pockets and eyes looking out at the view.

Chuuya continues to watch the students below, and part of him wonders how long it will be until they've all made it back to the dorms or wherever else they're heading off to.

He watches as one boy wraps an arm around another, only to be shrugged off.

A group of kids, all mutants by the look of it, have been standing in the same spot for the last few minutes. Chuuya watches as someone runs up to them, bows, and then the group sets off.

It's only when a girl starts yelling, 'My babies!' loud enough that even Chuuya can hear it that he glances over at Aizawa.

If Aizawa notices, he doesn't say anything; instead, he just continues to look forward. His eyes seem to be tracking the students below, perhaps taking note of any that need to be given detention.

Chuuya had heard from class 1A that Aizawa had once threatened to expel anyone who didn't meet his standards. They were all relieved when it turned out to be a 'logical ruse'. Chuuya ended up asking Yamada about it, who then revealed that Aizawa had once expelled an entire class.

Knowing this, spying on students like this to see which are misbehaving seems in line with Aizawa's character.

After a few minutes of this, Chuuya breaks, "Aren't you meant to ask why I'm up here or something?"

Aizawa glances at him, and annoyingly, his face gives away nothing, "I can if you want me to."

Chuuya is slightly taken aback by that; what kind of answer is that?

That... Actually, no, it makes sense now that Chuuya is thinking about it. It seems that Aizawa really does plan to uphold his promise about not asking questions.

Which is… nice, if Chuuya is being honest. How Aizawa is acting is nice, too, which might be weird to say.

Most people would probably want someone to act all worried if they

were upset. They would want that comfort and knowledge that someone cares for them. Of course, Chuuya is like that sometimes, but Dazai is the only person he'd think of being like that around right now.

As much as he likes Aizawa, Yamada, and class 1A, he doesn't trust them enough to be so vulnerable.

If Yamada had come up here, then he might have wanted to talk about what happened. Maybe he would have pretended nothing happened, or maybe he would have listened to Chuuya's request not to talk about it.

Yamada is a very emotional guy, a fact that didn't take Chuuya long to see. He cares a lot and likes to show it. Even if Chuuya had asked that they don't talk about what happened he would still he able to see the worry in Yamada's eyes, he would still be able to notice how awkward the conversation feels when Yamada really wants to ask something else.

Chuuya had seen it back when he had that meeting with Nedzu, although only through glimpses. He was too focused on talking to Nedzu and, after a certain point, yelling at him. Still, when he first walked into that room, he could see how worried Yamada was about him.

Aizawa is probably worried, curious, or a mix of the two. He's just better at hiding it.

Right now he's placed the ball in Chuuya's court, he's completely given control of the situation to him in a few ways. First he waited by the door, he waited until Chuuya let him come closer. If Chuuya had told him to piss off, then he probably would have, although he likely would have hung around nearby just in case.

He didn't ask about what happened but, when prompted, said he would if Chuuya wanted it.

He acts like there isn't even anything to talk about, like nothing out of the ordinary happened recently. If Chuuya were to ask, if *he* wanted to talk about it, then he imagines Aizawa would show his concern then.

… Damn, he's good, Chuuya will give him that. Giving Chuuya control would help him feel less cornered while also building up the trust between them.

Well, whatever, Chuuya will just have to take advantage of this while he can.

That reminds him; he's still yet to take advantage of the pity from Dazai's attempt. He'll have to speak with Dazai about it at some point, but with some luck, they might be able to gather some secret information from UA.

Something about the pros, maybe. Does UA just have blackmail sitting around? Probably not, but Chuuya can only hope. It would make things so much nicer if, when they get back to Yokohama, they can blackmail the pros into leaving Yokohama alone.

He might even be able to get these damn cuffs off, although Chuuya doesn't have high hopes for that. Maybe he'll ask Aizawa sometime, just to test the waters.

Coincidentally, the second Chuuya thinks about him, Aizawa speaks, "I'll need to go get Dazai soon; do you want me to bring him up here?"

Chuuya scrunches his eyebrows, "The session ended already?"

"It ended," Aizawa pauses as he checks the time. "Thirty minutes ago, but I'm sure Nedzu found something to do with the spare time."

Thirty minutes, huh? It certainly didn't feel like that much time had passed. It made sense, though; Yamada must have called for Aizawa once the session ended, and Chuuya still hadn't returned.

Part of him is annoyed that he got so lost in thought. That really isn't like him, even when he is upset about something. Usually, Chuuya is able to get upset and frustrated when he has the chance to, and then set those feelings aside when it comes time to work.

He usually has better time management, too.

Chuuya sighs, "Dazai is probably cursing me out right now." He can already feel the headache forming at that. Just what nonsense will Dazai spew when they next see each other?

Probably something like, 'Chibiiiiii, where did your sense of loyalty go?! This is why you have no friends!'

Ugh, just thinking about it annoys him.

Aizawa starts heading towards the door, but before he can get far,

Chuuya reaches out and grabs his arm. "Stay, please. Just for a little longer."

Aizawa stops at that. He glances back, and his face seems to soften for a moment. Then he looks a tad disappointed as he sighs, "I can't condone you making Dazai suffer, you know."

Chuuya, despite being caught, shamelessly shrugs, "Fine. I'll start crying so you have a good excuse to stay."

Aizawa rolls his eyes, nevertheless he takes a step back and settles against the railing once more.

Chuuya lets go of his arm and turns back to look over the railing. There aren't as many students walking around now.

For a few moments neither of them speaks, instead all Chuuya can hear is the echoing yells of students and distant bird calls. He won't get to stay up here that much longer; that'll just make Dazai more annoying to deal with later, so he'll enjoy it while he can.

Aizawa, without looking in his direction, speaks, "You don't need to cry for me to stay. You know that, right? Just ask, and I'll be here."

Chuuya looks away; for some reason, he feels faintly embarrassed. "Whatever."

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Shinsou isn't all that big on seeking out those with authority for conversations.

Maybe it's a holdover from when he was younger, and teachers would shy away from him and ignore his questions. Maybe he's just naturally introverted; who's to say, really?

The point is, unless it's an emergency, Shinsou is very much content to figure things out himself or just suffer.

It's probably not a good habit, per se, but Shinsou likes to frame it as a way to build up his perseverance and independence. That's what he says when Aizawa grills him on why he sat tied up in capture tape instead of asking for help, anyway.

So, it's just his luck that the one day he actually psychs himself up to pull Aizawa aside and make a request, the man is nowhere to be seen.

Eventually, after about twenty minutes of waiting down in the common area, Shinsou gives up and heads back to his room. He'll have to catch Aizawa tomorrow morning at some point.

Part of him wants to call it quits. Maybe this is some sign from the universe that his little idea isn't a good one after all.

Unfortunately, for that part of the universe, Shinsou can't back out now. Mainly because he's already told Midoriya, who said it was a great idea and worth trying out. If Shinsou chickened out now, and without good reason, then Midoriya would surely bombard him with questions.

He's also, maybe just a tiny bit, excited by the idea. Shinsou wants to be a Pro Hero above all else, naturally anything that pushes him further down that path is something to look forward to.

(A small, child-sized part of him is simply excited at the prospect of getting new friends.)

Most importantly, though, Shinsou will finally get to actually lead by example. Back then, he had told the class to act better around Dazai and Nakahara, that they needed to try and think past Mt. Lady's death so the two boys could have a fair chance at rehabilitation.

People have been making an effort since then, even just in small ways.

It had taken some thinking and a lot of internal debate, but Shinsou had finally come up with the perfect idea on how to bond with those two without it feeling… forced.

Shinsou still feels a little slighted by how Dazai acted back on his first day at UA. On top of that, both Nakahara and Dazai are probably still weary of his Quirk, it's annoying but Shinsou can understand why they'd think like that.

Unlike, say, Midoriya, who can just walk up and start a conversation, Shinsou had to think a little harder about it. Until Nakahara and Dazai can trust that Shinsou won't use his Quirk on them, he has to create some sort of safety net, some kind of situation where they don't have to worry about Shinsou's Quirk. That will, in turn, keep Shinsou from getting mad at them when they refuse to answer his questions.

He just needs to run the idea by Aizawa first. If the man ever shows up.

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The room is quiet, save for the ever-present whirr of machines. Soft beeps ring out every so often, the sound quickly falling into background noise after hearing it so often.

On one of the many screens before him sits a news article, one he's read a few times already.

"The Hero Killer Stain," he muses. "I didn't think he'd get caught, but everything else is pretty much as expected. Now that he's viral, those who want to wreak havoc or simply sympathise with him will seek out the League of Villains as a way to satisfy their urges."

Without moving a muscle, the screen changes to a more familiar picture. The man in this picture doesn't have the same level of intimidation as Stain, but with time, he should develop nicely.

"Shigaraki Tomura will be put in a position where he must unify many new recruits."

Expanding the League is an essential step. Currently, there are too many low-level thugs taking up space. Getting some actual Villains, ones who know how to use their Quirks for maximum destruction and death, will push the League and, by extension, Tomura into being threats on the level of Stain.

Behind him, a voice calls out, "I believe things would move faster if you were to talk to them yourself, Master."

It's a good point; Tomura has never been talented in that regard. However…

He laughs, "Then you must hurry and fix my body, Doctor."

Having Tomura deal with the new recruits will be good for his development anyway.

The Doctor sighs, "If only we'd gotten our hands on the super regeneration Quirk five years earlier. Now that your wounds are all healed, it can't really do anything to help you."

There is some movement behind him as the Doctor walks closer.

"So he's to unite the League of Villains. I wonder if the child can pull it off. How much has he really grown?"

He hums, "He'll do well, even if I have to work him to the bone. It's the only way he'll be able to take my place. He was born with the twisted mind needed to become the next me."

A smirk pulls at his lips at the thought, "I hope you're celebrating while you can, All Might. Very soon, this temporary peace will come to a violent end."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter!!!

This chapter is a touch on the short side at about 6700 words, which, wow. When I first started writing fanfics I could barely write 1000 words per chapter, now I'm calling 6700 short.... Well, ok, maybe I'm being overdramatic calling it on the short side haha. It's because the chapter was longer but I removed a whole pov (I moved it to a future chapter since it fit better) so now it feels short...

This one was really hard to write, mostly due to the Chuuya and Yamada session. Originally the dialogue was a lot different and I had it be more intentional on Yamada's part, I realised that doing that no longer fit though so I had to come up with a way to change it while still having the effect I wanted. I'm honestly not sure if I'm 100% happy with it still, I hope it felt natural with how Chuuya reacted and nothing contradicted itself. My dear beta reader says it's good but I still find myself doubting it haha.

I'm sure the Dadzawa fans out there were happy though! I really enjoyed writing that section, especially the end part when they joke around. Ahhhhh, I wish we were further in the story so I could get away with more Dadzawa haha. For now we have to wait until skk trust him more 😖🙈

We had a little Shinsou teaser (wonder what he's up to?) and a curious little POV at the end there that came straight from the anime. I'm so excited to get into the final exams and all the bnha events after that! Ahh, now I'm thinking about the training camp arc! I really can't wait to write the LoV (Looking at you Dabi).

I hope this chapter cheered up any fellow Alien Stage fans, it's really rough for us right now 🙈

Please let me know what you thought of the chapter in the comments ^-^ I really love reading what everyone has to say, even

if I don't respond to them all!

Thank you for reading!!! <3333 Oh, and happy Valentine's day! This chapter is my gift to all of you haha!

Chapter 29: The matchmaking queen, Ashido Mina

Chapter Summary

Shinsou watches that hidden hand carefully as Dazai speaks and, just as Dazai says 'promise', he is able to confirm his little theory.

Shinsou just can't help himself from chiming in, "His fingers are crossed."

Chapter Notes

CW: None I think! Let me know if I should add anything!1

Thank you to Echo78 for beta reading! <3333333333333333333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mina is quite emotionally intelligent; this is a fact she's been aware of for a long time.

Back as a kid, she always seemed to know when someone was about to cry, even if they hadn't realised it yet themselves. For a period of time, she was convinced it was her Quirk; after all, she was by far the best at understanding the feelings of those around her.

Her parents had found it cute, even if it made no sense given their own acid-related Quirks.

So, yeah, she had quickly put her plans to get Dazai and Chuuya together on the back burner when the whole… incident happened.

At first, it had been the obvious thing to do, like, 'This guy almost died, so I probably shouldn't try to set him and his best friend up.' Then, after talking with the rest of the class, she had to spend a good few days thinking it all over and really questioning herself.

Had she wanted to get them together for good reasons? Had she just seen that there was something between the two, because obviously there is, and wanted to help? Had she really wanted to make them happy?

Mina was pretty sure the answer to all of those was yes, but still, she really wanted to be sure before carrying on with her plan. If she was only trying to get them together as a form of entertainment, or so she wouldn't have to deal with them as much, then she wanted to realise that and put a stop to it.

She had thought on that for a while and had felt pretty confident she was in it for the right reasons, although some doubt still lingered.

All that doubt cleared away when Bakugou confronted Midoriya in the hallway outside the changing rooms.

Mina had watched how Chuuya moved just enough so that his body covered Dazai's so that there was no way Bakugou could get to Dazai without going through Chuuya first.

Which, ahhh, just thinking about it makes Mina all excited! That's the sort of thing you see in TV shows, the ones where the love interest doesn't care if they get hurt as long as the protagonist is safe.

Thinking about that makes her remember the time Chuuya fought most of the class on his own. Dazai had been so sure he would win, oh, and the way he cheered for Chuuya!

Don't even get Mina started on the amused but fond glances, the subtle ways they work together without saying anything.

Chuuya had said it best himself; their relationship is one beyond a regular friendship. It's deeper and more intense, something that is hard to describe to an outsider.

Mina wants to help them get together; she wants to see them all sappy and romantic together because that's what a good friend does!

-

The first step in Mina's master plan is to do some research. While she does have some experience with romance, both personally and getting other people together, it doesn't hurt to look into a few things to make sure her knowledge is up to date.

Over the span of three days, Mina watched about twenty romance dramas of various genres. Some were the classic, simple type; the protagonists meet and fall in love, and everything is great. Some featured love triangles because, Mina acknowledges, there might be someone back in Yokohama keeping Dazai and Chuuya from getting

together!

She also watched quite a few mafia romance dramas just to get a feel for what it might have been like for those two before they came to UA.

Had they actually been in a relationship, but then, just before they could escape the mafia to live happily ever after, the big bad boss pulled out some blackmail? Or maybe they had been on opposite sides of the law and fell in love, which, after a difficult relationship, led one of them to give up their morals and join the mafia? Perhaps one of them, the one already in the Mafia, was such a hulking, dark, and mysterious guy that the other was just immediately swooned and left everything behind to join the Mafia.

…

Ok, so maybe Mina got a little too into those mafia dramas. She knows it's very unlikely any of that actually happened, but still, it's fun to think about.

Chuuya and Dazai are still so mysterious; sometimes, Mina can't help but come up with crazy scenarios featuring the two of them. She's only heard a few stories here and there about their lives back in Yokohama, mainly the various ways Dazai has pranked Chuuya, so anything could be possible.

Anyway, armed with her new expertise, Mina moved onto step two of her plan.

Recruitment.

Sure, the other girls had said they would help, but Mina needs more trustworthy and dedicated troops. People like Yaoyorozu and Tsu, while nice and willing to help, just don't have the same drive as Mina when it comes to these things. They would likely object to anything that would actually set the two of them up, such as creating situations where the two of them are alone and in close proximity.

Mina gets it; a rookie matchmaker might push too far and end up making everyone uncomfortable. It's a very delicate balance between pushing two people together but not pushing them past their personal boundaries.

It's very fortunate, then, that Mina is a pro at matchmaking. Being able to pick up on other people's emotions so well means she can

usually tell the moment someone starts getting uncomfortable, thus meaning she knows when to back off.

Her more responsible classmates might not understand that, though, so Mina must recruit some like-minded people to back her up.

Her second in command was an easy choice, and as she had expected, Hagakure had been all too willing to agree. Together, the two of them worked to craft the perfect list of people to join their mission.

They had also made a list of people who should not, under any circumstances, find out about the mission. The very first names they had written on this list were Kaminari and Todoroki.

Now, it's rather obvious why Mina doesn't want Kaminari on the team. As enthusiastic as he is, her friend happens to be a huge idiot. Kaminari might slip up and reveal Mina's grand plan, thus ruining all her hard work.

Todoroki had been a big no because, despite his earnest efforts to get closer to Dazai and Chuuya, the guy is too socially awkward, which is far from ideal when working on such an important mission. Being able to gather information without anyone noticing is going to be vital to the early stages of the plan; Mina can't risk Todoroki being too obvious with his questions.

(Aizawa-sensei had been a hard one to place. On one hand, he would probably scold Mina for interfering in something that has nothing to do with her. On the other hand, Mina is putting so much effort and planning into this that she is sure Aizawa-sensei would be proud of it.)

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After all her loyal troops had been recruited, Mina launched the next step of her plan.

Before anything else can go ahead, Mina must find out how aware Dazai and Chuuya are about their feelings for each other.

Her research has shown that in many cases, people don't realise their feelings until it's too late, such as when their crush gets with someone else or is in danger.

If it turns out one of them is aware of their feelings, then she'll go with plan A, which is to play the part of the encouraging friend. She'll pull aside whichever one is emotionally aware and hype them up until

they decide to confess.

If neither of them is aware, which admittedly, Mina is hoping is the case, she'll have to go with plan B. In this plan, she and her troops will work together to create situations where Dazai and Chuuya will have no choice but to acknowledge their feelings for each other!

Originally, she planned to ask Chuuya if he wanted to come hang out with her after school so she could get some information. She has a new dating game, one that would hopefully give her chances to ask Chuuya about his type and if he has any crushes.

That plan was quickly cancelled when Dazai and Chuuya got back to the dorms that day.

Dazai, slouched onto Chuuya's back like usual, was whining loudly about being left behind. In front of the pair was Aizawa-sensei, his hands casually tucked into his pockets.

What really caught Mina's attention, though, was Chuuya. Each time Dazai complained, Chuuya fired back some insult or another, something that shouldn't be a surprise at this point.

The softer tone of voice, the way Chuuya seems to actually be leaning back into Dazai's chest, is something new.

Maybe it wouldn't be a big deal for other people; maybe they would just assume Chuuya is too tired to deal with Dazai's nonsense today.

Mina isn't other people, though. To her, the way Chuuya teases back but doesn't tell Dazai to stop, the way he doesn't bother to move away from Dazai even after someone comes over to talk to him, and the way his hand absentmindedly finds Dazai's behind his back…

Well, in her eyes, it's a pretty big sign not to commence her plan. As much as she may want to, especially with this new evidence before her, it just wouldn't feel right.

-

Fortunately, it only takes a day for Chuuya to get back to usual.

Mina had been keeping an eye on the pair all throughout the day, both because she wanted to see if Chuuya felt better and because she wanted to see all the cute little moments between the two.

In the morning, just after Mina stumbled into class a few minutes before the bell went, she spotted Dazai sitting on Chuuya's desk chatting about something she couldn't quite hear. Chuuya's head was turned to face the window, but she noticed with glee that his hand was tightly holding onto Dazai's arm.

Well, she had been happy about it until Uraraka told her how Dazai made a joke about jumping out the window, which had caused Chuuya to roll his eyes before roughly grabbing onto him.

(Mina had been pleased to hear how a few of her classmates had either asked if Dazai was ok or had gotten up to stand by the windows, just in case.)

During practical heroics, All Might put everyone into groups to practise search and rescue techniques.

Mina, since her group was scheduled to be last when doing the rescue work, had picked a nice spot high up so she could watch everyone else. Some of her classmates had complained that she was too high; how the hell were they supposed to reach her?

Mina had argued back that there isn't a limit to these things; an injured civilian could be anywhere, after all! Limiting herself to being on the ground would be detrimental to her classmate's growth as Pro Heroes!

All Might had agreed with her, which wasn't surprising since the wording she used was heavily inspired by Aizawa-sensei.

Anyway, when Chuuya's group was doing rescue work, she watched as he used his Ability to easily traverse the training area and rescue people.

Mina has known for a while that Chuuya's Ability is powerful, the sort of thing that seems impossible to beat. Unlike Uraraka's Quirk, which is far from perfect, Chuuya seems to be able to do everything with his. With just a touch, he can control the gravity of an object; he can make it lighter or heavier, or he can make it fly around like a bullet with just a single thought.

It's cool to watch but really intimidating to be up against, Mina would know.

But, watching him work like this, it occurs to her that his Ability isn't inherently crazy strong.

Ok, well, maybe it is but! The point Mina is trying to make is this: Chuuya is just as good at rescue training as he is at fighting.

His Ability allows him to get around the training grounds quickly, which could save precious time in an actual rescue situation. One moment, he's helping Tsu get back to her feet; the next, he's pulling Kaminari down from a tree.

Pulling is the wrong word, actually. What Chuuya really does is use his Ability to create a floating rock to carefully carry Kaminari out of the tree.

All Might had warned them about moving people who might be injured without properly accessing them, but that doesn't seem to be a problem with Chuuya's method. He simply breaks up the ground below the person and then floats it and them off to the recovery area.

Honestly, Mina feels a little embarrassed that it didn't occur to her sooner that Chuuya could use his Ability like that.

Thankfully, her embarrassment quickly takes a back seat when she notices Chuuya going to 'save' Dazai, who is lying dramatically in the middle of the road, his legs 'trapped' under some rubble.

Mina watches as Chuuya walks up to Dazai and just stands there for a moment. She can't hear their conversation from this height, but she is sure Dazai must be complaining about Chuuya not saving him sooner.

After a few minutes, in which Mina entertains herself by imagining what is being said down there. Chuuya loudly sighs before moving over to the rubble on Dazai's legs.

His Ability shouldn't work, though. Not since Dazai is in contact with the—

Without any hesitation, Chuuya crouches down and just picks up the rubble, just like that. Isn't that stuff supposed to be really heavy??? Just how strong is Chuuya that he could still pick it up without the assistance of his Ability?

Chuuya deposits the rubble to the side and, after a back and forth with Dazai, picks up his bandaged friend in the same manner as he had done with the rubble. It's not quite bridal style, which Mina would have *loved* to see, but it's good enough to make her short circuit.

-

Things finally come to a head when, after classes, 1A gets together for a study session.

Mina watches as Dazai flops down on top of Chuuya, a usual state of affairs these days. Unlike yesterday, when Chuuya had been unwilling to step away from his friend, today, Chuuya yells and pushes Dazai to the floor.

While the others laugh, Mina turns her attention to Hagakure.

Across the table, Hagakure tilts her body to the left; in return, Mina blinks twice in quick succession.

It's time to formally start Mina's master plan!

Despite her excitement, Mina makes sure to bide her time. Jumping into things too quickly could lead to irreparable mistakes being made, such as one of the more 'responsible' (Or, as Mina likes to think, boring) members of the class catching on and putting a stop to her plan.

It takes some time, in which Mina has to suffer through actually studying before she sees the perfect opportunity.

Yaoyorozu, not fully clued into the plan, pulls up a picture of Midnight's debut costume as an example of… something. Mina wasn't quite listening, but whatever.

The point is, when Yaoyorozu passes around the picture of Midnight's debut costume and begins explaining how it caused a controversy that led to Midnight having to create a new one, Mina notices as Chuuya's face scrunches thoughtfully.

Wasting no time, Mina calls out to him in what she hopes is a casual tone of voice, "What's up, Chuuya?"

Chuuya glances up at her, then to the picture of Midnight's debut costume, before speaking, "So, do you guys get to design your own costumes or what?"

Mina nods, "Yep! Pros get complete freedom to design their own costumes and support weapons." Which is something Mina is *so* excited about. Right now, as a first-year, she has some limitations regarding what support items she can actually have.

Her original costume design, the one she had sent in before school had

started, had quite a few things changed for 'school safety' or whatever the teachers had said. Honestly speaking, Mina had been too despaired over her acid bombs getting rejected to properly listen.

But, anyway, once Mina is a fully fledged Pro, things will be different! She'll have the freedom to use her acid creations as much as she likes, and just to top things off, she already has someone interested in making them for her.

During the sports festival, Mina caught sight of Hatsume Mei and just knew she would be all for Mina's acid creations.

Mina was, naturally, right about that. Hatsume had been ecstatic to look over her ideas and almost immediately started pulling things together to make one of Mina's 'Not-so-fun-time-acid-explosions' (the name is a work in progress).

Unfortunately, Power Loader, the one in charge of the support course first-years, had been quick to step in and shut things down. That had been disappointing, but before Power Loader could stop her, Hatsume had promised to think about Mina's inventions and make them as soon as she graduated.

So, yeah, Mina is really excited to debut now!

"Just before school started, we had to submit our costume design forms, and then the support course made them for us," Yaoyorozu adds, a soft smile on her face.

From across the room, Jirou coughs in a way that sounds far too fake, "Although *some* of them didn't listen that well…"

Mina winces; she knows exactly what Jirou is talking about.

The support course, talented as they are, do have a bad habit of changing things on the fly. Most of the time, it isn't that big a deal, something like changing the shape of a clasp, adding extra padding, or even removing aspects that are 'insanely dangerous for teenagers to use.' Stuff that is altered for genuine reasons, like safety or efficiency, is understandable.

Some people draw the short straw, though, which was the case for Uraraka.

Mina remembers how mad she'd been when Uraraka had first mentioned what her costume was meant to be like that whichever

idiot was in charge of making her costume made it a lot more form-fitting than she wanted.

Uraraka didn't want to say anything about it, even though Aizawa-sensei told the whole class to go to the support course workshop if they ever wanted anything changed or added.

If it were Mina, she would have gone down there the first chance she got to bring up her concerns.

And sure, maybe it's not that big a deal, especially with how Uraraka acts way more comfortably in her costume these days, but that doesn't matter. That first week or so when she was so obviously uncomfortable is reason enough for Mina to go down there and tell someone off herself.

She hasn't yet, though, mainly because Uraraka has been so against the idea.

Mina watches as Chuuya looks confused, follows Jirou's eyeline to Uraraka, and then frowns.

From what Mina knows about Chuuya and his badass mentor and older sister, he would probably be next in line behind Mina to talk to the support course.

Uraraka looks up from her work and blushes, clearly not expecting to be the centre of attention. "Oh! It's nothing really…" She trails off with an awkward smile, "My costume's just a little tighter than I wanted, but I'm used to it now!"

Chuuya's frown deepens, and somewhat surprisingly, Dazai even glances up from his (Kaminari's) handheld gaming console. Mina can't tell what his face is saying—she never really can—but she gets the feeling he's also annoyed at the support course. That's what she likes to think, anyway.

For precisely a second, Mina revels in the idea of those two going down and giving that support course idiot a good talking to because, let's be honest, it would be really great to see.

Pretty much everyone outside of 1A is still terrified of Dazai and Chuuya, so if they were to go down there, all they would have to do is glare, and Mina is almost certain the problem would be solved.

The more responsible part of Mina then takes over and demands that

she change the topic as soon as possible.

Uraraka, despite her soft but awkward smile, is clearly not a fan of this topic of conversation. Mina can just tell, and so, like the amazing friend she is, she needs to move the conversation along.

Mina, hopefully without looking too obvious, turns to look Chuuya directly in the eye, "So, Chuuya! How about you guys?"

For a second, she isn't sure it'll work, but after one last look at Uraraka, Chuuya turns his attention to Mina with a confused expression, "What?"

"Did you design your costumes?" Mina asks. Which, while yes, she came up with this question on the fly as a topic changer, that doesn't mean she isn't interested! Chuuya and Dazai's costumes are really stylish, the perfect mafia criminal look really.

Chuuya rolls his eyes, "We wear uniforms, not costumes. Everyone in the Port Mafia is expected to wear black suits; the higher in command you are, the more customisation you can have."

"Ohh, that's super super interesting!" Mina says, which is the truth, so it's not like she's lying or anything. It just so happens that she also had an epiphany on how to progress the plan and, by repeating 'super' twice, signalled to her agents what to do next.

Hagakure, in a tone of voice that is perfectly smug and teasing, calls out, "And here I thought you guys wanted to match with each other."

Mina grins and does her best not to look suspicious. What a perfect response by her second in command!

Now, all they have to do is wait to see how Dazai and Chuuya will react.

Will they act all flustered? If they do, or if just one does, then Mina can be confident that they are aware of their feelings.

Maybe, instead of being flustered, one of them will get a look of longing. Who knows, maybe under all that teasing, Dazai longs for an excuse to match with Chuuya and let the world know who he likes.

Oh, oh! Maybe they-

"Who would ever want to match with a little doggy?"

Dazai's sharp voice cuts through her thoughts, much like a canon hitting and sinking an enemy ship.

Chuuya's face scrunches up in anger, "Bastard! I've told you to stop calling me that!" He leans his weight onto Dazai, which, in other circumstances, would be great evidence for Mina's theory that they like each other.

Unfortunately, Chuuya very much looks like he is trying to crush Dazai to death, and so, with a heavy heart, Mina is forced to reject this as evidence.

Despite being crushed, Dazai still manages to stick a tongue out before teasing Chuuya further, "Sounds like a you problem to me~"

It only takes a second for Chuuya to wrestle Dazai off the seat and onto the floor; his body hits the ground with a thud that goes straight to Mina's heart.

Ok, looking back, Mina thinks her plan was a bit too generic. She'll need to make a new one, one that takes into account Dazai and Chuuya's… Weird flirting/bullying thing they have going on.

-

Shinsou likes to think he has a great poker face, the type that makes people wonder if he hates them or not.

He likes to think that, but when Todoroki and Yaoyorozu bump into each other, he can't help but crack a smile.

He had seen it coming miles away, but—and maybe he shouldn't have—he stayed quiet to see how things would pan out.

Shinsou had slipped in just before the study session had ended, when Yaoyorozu was looking a little dazed and Kaminari confused. That isn't at all unusual; in fact, that's how the study session usually tends to end. Someone gets confused and asks a complicated question, one that leaves Yaoyorozu fumbling to find the answer in her many, many notes.

Personally, Shinsou has never bothered to stick around for the study sessions. He still studies; he's got to work hard to stay in the Hero course, after all, but he finds it easier to work by himself.

He made sure to catch the end of this one, though.

This morning, he had managed to hunt down Aizawa-sensei and talk with the man, which had been nerve-wracking as always. Really, you would think after months of training with the man, Shinsou would be over his Hero worship, but nope. It's still very much there and, much to his embarrassment, probably won't ever leave.

Whatever, the point is that Aizawa-sensei agreed to Shinsou's plan, so now all he has to do is talk to Dazai and Nakahara.

That's why he slipped into the end of the study session, so he could hope to catch the pair after it finished.

That's why he noticed both Todoroki and Yaoyorozu getting up, clearly with the intent to go over and speak with Dazai and Nakahara.

He saw them, both not looking where they were going, and thought, 'Well, let's see where this goes.'

They bump into each other, nothing dramatic, and Shinsou finds it funnier than he probably should.

During the collision, Yaoyorozu dropped a few papers, and Todoroki, ever the gentleman, was quick to start helping her pick them up.

Seeing this as the perfect opportunity, Shinsou slips forward and just about manages to catch up to Dazai and Nakahara before anyone can beat him to it.

"Hey, I want to talk with you both."

Dazai turns to look at Shinsou, and it really doesn't take a genius to pick up on what he's thinking.

If Shinsou had to guess, he would say Dazai is wondering why the hell Shinsou, of all people, is talking to him right now.

Shinsou sighs, "Yeah, I know, but we made that promise to be better classmates and everything, so here I am."

Dazai and Nakahara share a look—one Shinsou doesn't have such an easy time reading.

A second passes, and Shinsou mentally prepares himself for the humiliation of being rejected before he can actually say anything.

Surprisingly, Nakahara shrugs before gesturing for Shinsou to follow the pair into the kitchen. There's some irony in that; Shinsou is about

to try and make amends where those two first pissed him off.

"Well?" Nakahara asks, not caring for Shinsou's internal poetics.

It's now or never, Shinsou supposes.

(For a brief moment, Shinsou considers picking the 'never' option. It's not too late for that, right?)

With a sigh, Shinsou begins, "Neither of you trust me because of my Quirk, which, I'll be honest, pisses me off, even if I understand why. Being mad each time you don't answer me won't help anything, though, so I've come up with a plan."

"Oh ho, now I'm interested," Dazai places a finger to his chin as he hums, "Let me guess… You want me to use No Longer Human when you ask questions, right?"

Shinsou delights in being able to shoot that down, "Nope." Honestly speaking, that had been a possibility Shinsou was considering at first. He eventually threw the idea out for two reasons. One, Dazai would probably get sick of doing it pretty quickly, and two, Shinsou has heard how off-putting it is to experience No Longer Human.

Call him selfish, but Shinsou would rather avoid that for as long as possible.

Dazai is good at controlling his facial expressions, so despite his idea being wrong, he doesn't look all that affected. Nakahara, on the other hand, looks just confused enough that Shinsou feels satisfied.

He should probably explain his real idea, but as it happens, he can't help but drag things out a little.

"Originally," Shinsou starts, "I didn't pass the Hero course entrance exams."

"You didn't?!" Chuuya exclaims, his face perfectly reflecting the shocked tone in his voice.

Which, huh, Shinsou didn't expect that response. Sure, when he explains about the exam and the inherent unfairness of it, people usually pity him, but, like, acting that shocked?

Shinsou is unable to stop himself from huffing, "You sound surprised."

The shocked expression melts off Chuuya's face and settles into

something more normal, "Tch, even if I don't like your Quirk, I can see how it's useful."

Shinsou can't tell if that was meant to be a compliment or insult, or maybe a mix of the two. There's no time to get caught up on it, though; he'll just have to roll with it.

"Yeah, well, the entrance exam is geared towards physical Quirks, so I had no chance," Shinsou shrugs and hopes the bitterness in his voice isn't too obvious, "Fortunately, Aizawa-sensei took me aside and helped train me. I was able to get into class 1A after doing well at the sports festival."

Shinsou remembers that conversation like it happened five minutes ago.

The first day at UA had been disappointing, from when Shinsou woke up to when the last bell rang.

He had to get up that morning knowing he was heading to his dream school, the one he had wished to attend for *years*, but he would be nowhere near the Hero course.

It stung when he walked past the kids chatting about being taught by All Might, chatting about how hard the entrance exam was despite the fact they passed in the end.

It stung when he went to orientation, and class 1A wasn't there. Instead, they were off doing some Hero course shit that Shinsou would die to join.

It stung when he learnt that Erasurehead, his all-time favourite Hero, was in charge of the class Shinsou never had a hope of getting into.

Then, when classes ended and Shinsou started dragging his way out of school, Aizawa-sensei pulled him aside.

He noticed Shinsou's Quirk in the entrance exam; he knew how biased the exams were and wanted to help. Aizawa-sensei invited Shinsou to train with him; he offered his help so that Shinsou could make his way up into the Hero course.

"A very touching story indeed."

Shinsou pushes the memories from his mind at that; there's time to be nostalgic later.

With a breath, Shinsou settles his nerves and sets his determination. It's now; he'll ask now and waste no more time. "I still have one-on-one training with Aizawa-sensei. I figured if you both came, then we could, like, bond or whatever. If I have any questions, then Aizawa-sensei can just erase my Quirk before you answer, so you don't have to worry that I'll use it."

The words come out faster than he had wanted, which makes Shinsou cringe. It wasn't much faster than he usually speaks, but still…

Across from him, Dazai raises an eyebrow.

Shinsou mentally prays he doesn't comment on the word vomit that just happened.

A tense, at least to Shinsou, second passes before Dazai speaks, "You don't sound too enthusiastic about it."

Shinsou shrugs, grateful for the conversation to keep moving, "I'm a pessimist at heart; what can I say."

Nakahara smirks at that, which makes Shinsou feel like he won a gold star or something.

Shinsou only feels better when Nakahara nods, "You know what? Sure, lead the way."

God, Shinsou is *so* good at this 'making friends and building trust' thing.

Despite his worries, Nakahara (and Dazai, by extension) have agreed to his plan. Not only that, but Shinsou already asked Aizawa-sensei to train today in preparation for this.

As Shinsou leads the pair out of the kitchen and through the common area, he can't help the smug feeling when he notices Todoroki and Yaoyorozu.

Clearly, Yaoyorozu and Todoroki had separate plans for hanging out with Dazai and Nakahara today, plans that Shinsou has absolutely trampled over.

Oh well, Shinsou thinks, that's not his problem.

-

The walk to the training grounds is quiet and not the comfortable kind

Shinsou usually revels in.

This quiet is awkward because Shinsou gets the distinct impression he's meant to say something, but try as he might, he can't think of anything to say.

He did just have a successful conversation with those two, but that was a prepared conversation with an objective. This is just… small talk, which Shinsou sucks at no matter who he speaks to.

For a second, he imagines himself just saying something, anything, to get the ball rolling. Maybe he could make a joke or tell a story from his childhood, although that might not be the best idea. Shinsou isn't sure a story of him being bullied would help break the tension.

That second passes and Shinsou quickly decides that he's been brave enough for today. Maybe tomorrow he can try again, baby steps, you know?

So yeah, the rest of the journey passes in silence. Shinsou keeps his head forward and tries his best to ignore the feeling of eyes on his back.

Fortunately, Aizawa-sensei is already waiting when they arrive at the training grounds. Sure, the man might not be the most social per se, but Aizawa-sensei has a better chance of starting a casual conversation than Shinsou does.

In the end, though, it's Dazai who starts the conversation. Shinsou is only a little salty about that; couldn't he have done that five minutes ago during the silent walk here?

"So," Dazai starts, "What exactly are we doing here?"

Aizawa-sensei glances over at Shinsou, perhaps gauging if he wants to answer instead, before speaking, "Shinsou's endurance is still subpar, so we are mainly working on improving that."

It's the truth, but ouch.

"You didn't have to be so blunt about it…" Shinsou grumbles.

Aizawa-sensei gives him a look that clearly says, 'When aren't I blunt?' before turning back to Dazai and Nakahara, "I also teach him some hand-to-hand stuff along with the capture weapon."

That seems to catch Nakahara's attention, "I've been wondering about that, actually. I haven't seen anything like it back home. Is that type of weapon common over here?"

Aizawa-sensei shakes his head, "Not really. I came up with this myself when I was your age; I taught myself how to use it, too."

Shinsou allows himself just a single moment of fanboying because, man, his teacher is so cool. How many Pros can create a whole new weapon type as a teenager and master it without any help?

Back at the start of Shinsou's training, Aizawa-sensei had caught him admiring observing the capture weapon. It was then that he asked if Shinsou would be interested in learning; the answer to that was a very enthusiastic yes.

Dazai hums and, after a moment, asks, "Say, Sensei, will you teach me the capture weapon, too?"

Shinsou can't quite tell if he's teasing or not. It would be in line with Dazai's personality to make some sort of joke, although Shinsou isn't sure what the punchline would be, but, at the same time, the capture weapon is cool enough to make anyone want to learn it so…

Aizawa-sensei, without hesitation, nods, "Sure, if you want to learn."

Now, someone else might get jealous hearing that. There is only one user of the capture weapon in the world, and now he wants to take on another student. That's a textbook case for jealousy to grow, the type that ends with a big fight between the students.

Shinsou, however, feels happy.

While his classmates might be sympathetic when Shinsou complains, they can never truly understand how hard it is to learn the capture weapon.

Now Shinsou will have someone to share that pain, how wonderful. Maybe, if things go well, this will be the thing to bring the two of them closer.

Both metaphorically and physically. Shinsou is almost certain they'll end up tied together with the capture tape at some point, either by their own hand or by Aizawa-sensei's.

Shinsou is, rudely, might he add, dragged out of his daydreams of

Dazai tangled in the capture tape by a loud huff.

Looking over, Shinsou watches as Dazai crosses his arms, "Why are you looking at me like that, Chibi??"

A quick glance confirms that Nakahara is, in fact, giving Dazai a look of amused disbelief. With a raised eyebrow, Nakahara quickly replies, "For some reason, the idea of you and a long piece of strong fabric doesn't sound good in my mind."

It doesn't…?

Oh, right.

Dazai rolls his eye before poking Nakahara in the chest hard enough to make a loud 'thump', "That's because you always jump to the worst case scenarios, try being a bit more optimistic."

Personally, Shinsou thinks it's not exactly a 'worst-case scenario.' From what he knows, Dazai trying to hang himself with the capture weapon would be more of a 'most likely scenario'.

It seems he isn't the only one to think like that, either.

Aizawa-sensei, with a look Shinsou privately refers to as his 'disappointed dad look,' shakes his head, "Dazai…"

What a lethal attack. Personally, Shinsou would never be able to recover from that. (Which is only 60% a joke; disappointing Aizawa is one of his biggest fears.)

Dazai's head snaps around to face Aizawa-sensei, "Senseiiii, not you too!"

Aizawa-sensei doesn't say anything, instead choosing to let his facial expression do the talking.

Shinsou glances between the two, Aizawa-sensei with his disappointed look and Dazai with his defiant look, and wonders who he should place his bets on.

Aizawa-sensei, he decides quickly. Sorry, Dazai, but Shinsou has to be loyal to his favourite teacher and Hero.

It takes about three seconds of continuous eye contact before Dazai huffs and throws his hands up with a dramatic flourish; it seems Shinsou was right to bet on Aizawa-sensei after all.

Interestingly, when Dazai's hands come back down, one of them slips behind his back just ever so slightly. If Shinsou hadn't been looking, or if he hadn't been stood there, then he likely wouldn't have noticed.

He does notice, though, and he has a hunch as to why Dazai decided to sneak his hand behind his back.

Dazai, unaware of Shinsou's thoughts, huffs, "Ugh, fine, I promise not to try and off myself with it!"

Shinsou watches that hidden hand carefully as Dazai speaks and, just as Dazai says 'promise', he is able to confirm his little theory.

Shinsou just can't help himself from chiming in, "His fingers are crossed."

Aizawa-sensei nods in his direction, which makes Shinsou feel good, before looking back to Dazai, "I'll start teaching you it tomorrow after we've had a conversation about this. I'll be telling Nedzu too."

Dazai jerks back, almost like he's been shot. It feels far too dramatic for the situation, but then again, Dazai is the type to get dramatic over small things.

With a huff, Dazai whirls around to face Shinsou. His hand, once carefully curled to hide his crossed fingers, is now clenched into a fist. "Just so you know, that did not help with your whole friendship is magic plan," Dazai says with a glare.

It's hard to tell if Dazai is genuinely upset with Shinsou, which would be a huge mess up on Shinsou's part, or just being dramatic again. It would be embarrassing to ask, though, right? Like, 'Wait, time out, do you dislike me right now? More than usual, that is.'

Fortunately, Shinsou catches sight of something that makes him think Dazai isn't actually mad or, if he is, not mad enough to ruin any progress class 1A have made with befriending him.

Reassured, Shinsou grins, "Not with you, maybe." In an exaggerated movement, Shinsou looks over Dazai's shoulder to see Nakahara smirking.

Naturally, Dazai is quick to turn and even quicker to get offended, "Chibi!!! You're supposed to be on my side!"

Nakahara shrugs, the smile still on his face.

Well, hopefully, this is a sign Nakahara is warming up to Shinsou.

"Alright, alright, let's get on with it," Aizawa-sensei says, although Shinsou is sure he can hear a hint of amusement in his voice, "Shinsou, start on your usual warm-ups."

And there goes any happiness Shinsou had.

Don't get him wrong, he's beyond happy and honoured to work with Aizawa-sensei like this, it's just… So much effort. The warm-ups alone feel like a full workout, never mind all the stuff after that Shinsou has to do.

Shinsou sighs but diligently starts stretching, if he tries to drag things out then Aizawa-sensei will double the warm ups, a fact Shinsou knows from experience.

As Shinsou leans down to begin stretching out his legs, Dazai takes it upon himself to speak up next, "What about us, Sensei? What great wisdom will you depart on us?"

Shinsou can't help but grin at that,

"Dazai, go join Shinsou. The warm-ups he does help build the necessary muscles for using the capture weapon, so if you're serious about learning, get to it."

Ah, so the sharing of pain will start already.

"Ugh, fine, fine." Dazai sighs before dropping down to the floor beside Shinsou. Interestingly, he doesn't actually start stretching. Instead, he sighs and then just… falls down.

"And me?" Nakahara asks, either unaware or uncaring about Dazai's antics.

Shinsou looks between Aizawa-sensei and Nakahara, then to Dazai, and tries to decide if he should say anything. Dazai's just lying on the ground, not bothering to do any of the stretches Shinsou is currently doing.

He should say something, maybe encourage Dazai to give it his best try…

Who is Shinsou kidding? He'd never do that.

If Aizawa-sensei isn't saying anything about it, then it's fine…

probably.

Instead of saying anything about Dazai, Aizawa-sensei hums a little before speaking, "Without your Ability, how acrobatic are you?"

Shinsou, glad for something else to think about, glances over to find Nakahara's face scrunched up. Had… Had he never thought about this before?

Shinsou can't help the huff of laughter; shouldn't Nakahara know this? Aizawa-sensei had asked Shinsou the same question when their training started, and without hesitation, Shinsou had answered, 'Not at all.'

Then again, Aizawa-sensei did specify 'without your Ability.' Nakahara has probably never had to do flips off buildings without his Ability, which would explain why he looks like a kid being asked about rocket science.

For some reason, Shinsou gets the urge to look over at Dazai, who is still lying unmoving on the floor.

Dazai meets Shinsou's eyes and, after a second of consideration, gives a pointed look in Nakahara's direction.

Shinsou nods, which earns him something resembling a smile from Dazai. It's not an actual smile, and definitely not a real one at that, but it's better than nothing. It's also way better than Dazai still holding a grudge from earlier, so silver linings and all that.

Although now he's thinking about it, it's funny that insulting one earns him points with the other. Part of Shinsou wants to push this little theory. If he called Nakahara 'Chibi,' how much would Dazai warm up to him?

That could have the negative effect of making Nakahara dislike him, though, so maybe it's best he doesn't experiment.

Nakahara still hasn't answered and, in Shinsou's opinion, probably won't any time soon. Maybe he's really struggling to figure out the answer, or maybe he just doesn't want to admit he's not that acrobatic without his Ability while Dazai is around.

Whatever the reason, Aizawa-sensei must realise that he won't be getting an answer as he points over to a tree, one that sits at the edge of the training grounds, "You see that tree over there?"

Ah, yes, *that* tree. Even without looking, Shinsou knows just the one Aizawa-sensei is pointing at.

Nakahara, unknowing of the torture he's about to endure, glances over before nodding, "Yeah?"

"I can climb that, without my capture weapon, in one minute thirty. Go see if you can beat me," Aizawa-sensei says.

The thing about that tree is that it's big, like, absolutely huge. When Aizawa-sensei first instructed Shinsou to climb it, back when they had only just started training together, Shinsou had been convinced it would take all day.

It didn't, but it did take an embarrassing amount of time. Shinsou doesn't like to talk about his first attempt climbing that tree, mainly because he can do *so* much better now.

If he's being cautious about falling, then it takes about fifteen minutes, a significant improvement on his first attempt.

If he doesn't worry about falling, then he can climb the thing in just over eight minutes. Of course, that does increase the risk of his falling, which either invalidates his attempt or adds on even more time, depending on how bad the fall is.

Nakahara might have a better time at it, though; he probably has more experience with this sort of thing.

Is it bad to hope that Nakahara doesn't beat Shinsou's personal best?

Realistically, Shinsou knows it's bound to happen. Still, if Nakahara could wait until, like, his third attempt, that would be great.

Shinsou glances over at Dazai and briefly wonders if he'll have to climb the tree, too. If he does, then Shinsou's personal best will be safe; he's sure of it.

Dazai looks up at Shinsou and, for a startling moment, Shinsou feels the need to apologise to him.

… Dazai can't read minds, right?

Shinsou very deliberately drags his attention away and, just in case, apologises to Dazai in his head. It's unlikely he can read minds, but Shinsou would rather be safe than sorry.

Nakahara seems to have taken the tree challenge in stride if the way he's already across the training grounds and quickly approaching the tree is anything to go off.

Aizawa-sensei watches for a moment before glancing down at the students stretching on the ground.

Well, student. Dazai is still lying there, doing nothing.

Shinsou thinks, for a moment, that Aizawa-sensei will say something about Dazai doing nothing.

Aizawa-sensei instead gives Shinsou a pointed look, the very look he gives Shinsou whenever he chickens out of doing something.

Ah.

So Aizawa-sensei had noticed Dazai doing nothing. He had noticed and expected Shinsou to say something, probably ask a question since that is the point of this whole thing.

Ughh, that means Shinsou has to do it now. He had been hoping to ease into the whole 'Aizawa-sensei will erase my Quirk when I ask questions' thing, but it seems like there's no time for that now.

"Are you," Shinsou starts, his eyes flicking to Aizawa-sensei to make sure his Quirk is actually activated, "Are you going to start warm-ups?"

Dazai hums, his eye quickly glancing over to Aizawa-sensei.

For a second, Shinsou is convinced he'll be ignored, which would suck big time. Sure, he gets that Dazai is probably still apprehensive or whatever, but each time he gets ignored because of his Quirk stings more and more.

The whole point of this is to build trust so that Dazai and Nakahara can actually answer Shinsou's questions without fear of his Quirk activating.

For now, they'll rely on Aizawa-sensei's Quirk. Then, once those two have gotten to know Shinsou and trust him, Shinsou will be able to ask all the questions he wants without being ignored.

He just has to deal with it now.

Or not because, just as Shinsou is accepting he won't be getting an

answer, Dazai looks back over at Nakahara and actually speaks.

Like, answers Shinsou's question.

"Later, I'm watching Chuuya right now! I want to see it if he falls." Dazai answers, his tone so relaxed that Shinsou feels a little stupid for thinking he wouldn't respond.

From across the training grounds, Chuuya's voice echoes out, "Fuck you!"

"Nakahara, language," Aizawa-sensei sighs, "Dazai, you can do warm-ups and watch Nakahara at the same time."

Dazai groans but does, in fact, lean down to match Shinsou's current stretch, "Ugh, fine."

Ok, so apparently, Shinsou is the only one who felt that Dazai responding to his question was noteworthy. Good to know.

For about five minutes, Shinsou works through his warm-up, Dazai lazily copying him while watching Nakahara climb the tree.

It's interesting to watch Nakahara climb, actually. At some points, he seems so confident and natural at it, then at others, seemingly for no reason, he looks like Shinsou did during his first attempt.

At one point, near the middle of the tree, he starts climbing a certain set of branches that Shinsou is very familiar with. You see, those branches look very stable and perfect to climb on, in reality they buckle under any amount of weight.

Many of Shinsou's climbing attempts have been foiled by that set of branches, and at the risk of sounding mean, he's glad Nakahara is about to fall into the same trap.

Like clockwork, Nakahara grabs one of the branches and heaves himself up—only for the entire thing to bend down and force Nakahara to fall down a few branches.

Compared to Dazai's laughter and insults, Shinsou thinks his smirk is quite the respectful reaction.

Aizawa-sensei, on the other hand, is responsible and yells out some instructions for avoiding that section of branches. After making sure Nakahara isn't about to fall out of the tree entirely, Aizawa-sensei

turns to face Dazai and sighs, "Dazai, you're not doing warm-ups again."

Shinsou, on the other hand, is still moving through his warm-ups without hesitation. After training with Aizawa-sensei for so long, it's second nature to keep going no matter what else is happening around him.

(Something Aizawa-sensei had drilled into him by having Shinsou warm up and practise with Present Mic chattering in his ear the whole time. After surviving that, there isn't much that can distract Shinsou.)

"Hmm?" Dazai hums, almost like he hadn't noticed it either, "Oops, say, Sensei, why'd you decide to help Shinsou like this? I thought you didn't have favourite students?"

It's a very obvious attempt to change the topic, which, to Shinsou's amusement, actually works.

Aizawa-sensei shakes his head, "I don't have favourites. I wanted to help Shinsou because I knew he could make it to the Hero course and…"

Dazai leans in, his singular eye comically wide with curiosity, "And? Sensei, don't hold out on me here."

Aizawa-sensei looks back at Nakahara, either out of worry or as a way to avoid eye contact, "… Because he reminded me of myself."

Which, yeah, Shinsou is so totally chill hearing that. It's not as if being like his all-time favourite Pro has been a dream of his for, like, a decade or anything. Nope, not at all.

Shinsou is so chill about it that he misses the next minute of conversation, which is a normal, chill thing to do. Totally.

He comes back to the conversation when Dazai scoffs, "Shinsou here told me how he bombed the entrance exam, and now you're telling me you did, too?"

Ok, Shinsou is pretty sure he didn't say it like that—

"I did," Aizawa-sensei responds, not at all trying to defend Shinsou's honour.

Scrambling, Shinsou tries to figure out what the two of them are

talking about. Something about the entrance exam, Shinsou failing it, Aizawa-sensei failing it too…

Dazai looks between Aizawa-sensei and Shinsou with an incredulous look, "So if you didn't fight to be in the hero course, then what? You'd just be some random guy?"

Oh, so that's what they're talking about; that makes sense.

Aizawa-sensei nods, "A civilian, yes."

For a second Dazai closes his eye and doesn't say anything, then, without warning, he sighs so deeply that Shinsou feels a little worried.

Dazai opens his eye again and just shakes his head, "I thought you were all stupid, but this is a new low…"

"You thought we were stupid?" Shinsou blurts out, and fortunately, Aizawa-sensei is quick enough to activate his Quirk in time.

Which, yeah, maybe Shinsou shouldn't be surprised Dazai thinks… UA is stupid? Or maybe Pro Hero society as a whole; it could honestly be either.

Anyway, it totally makes sense for him to think that, given where he's from. Shinsou is sure if he lived in an isolated city his entire life, he'd think the outside world is full of morons. Still, it's shocking to hear Dazai just say it. It's even more shocking because Dazai sounded authentic, in a way, not like his usual mocking and annoying tone.

Dazai waves his hand roughly in Shinsou's direction, "Obviously. Everything you do over here is inefficient and stupidly rigid. I can think of *so* many ways to improve things, and that's just here at UA."

"Well, you could always take it up with Nedzu," Aizawa-sensei interjects, which is met with stony silence.

Which, Shinsou can admit, is really funny. Dazai has a problem with how efficient Hero society is, but it's not his problem to fix, so whatever, right?

"Anyway, Sensei, if you ever need work, I know a lot of people who would hire you," Dazai says, effectively ignoring Aizawa-sensei's suggestion. It takes a moment for his words to catch up with Shinsou, though, in which time Dazai glances over at him and adds on, "You too, mind washing is very useful."

Now, maybe Shinsou is wrong here, but did Dazai just offer to let him join the Port Mafia? Or, like, get into organised crime in Yokohama, at the very least.

"Uh, thanks?" Shinsou dumbly responds, because how the hell is he meant to respond?

Dazai grins, but before he can say whatever teasing Shinsou could just feel coming, his eye snaps over to where Chuuya is climbing the tree.

A moment later, Shinsou hears the snapping of branches and yelling.

When Shinsou braves a look, entirely worried that Nakahara has broken branches that are needed to get to the top, he finds the boy sitting on two of the larger branches with almost a nest of broken branches around him.

Dazai laughs loudly, likely an intentional move so Nakahara can hear him, "Ha! Maybe I should call you 'little birdy' from now on!"

Cue the enraged yells from Nakahara that Shinsou can only just make out. If he had to guess, then Nakahara yelled out some swears, various fish, and a plethora of insults.

After Nakahara finishes yelling and, with a bit of hard work, gets himself free of branches, Dazai turns his attention back to Aizawa-sensei and Shinsou.

After checking that Nakahara is alright, Aizawa-sensei continues where the prior conversation left off, "I appreciate the offer, Dazai, but I prefer the work I'm doing right now."

"Oh yeah?" Dazai starts, "What's so good about being a pro? Sounds like too much work to me~"

Now, if Shinsou were closer to Dazai, he would say, 'I'm pretty sure being in the Mafia is also a lot of work.' He's not, though, so Shinsou keeps his mouth shut.

He's not sure when one becomes close enough for Mafia-related jokes, actually. What are the chances he could find the answer online?

Aizawa-sensei shrugs, "It is a lot of work, but it's worth it, in my opinion."

Maybe it's Aizawa-sensei's tone of voice, or maybe just the atmosphere

that was built, but Shinsou can't help but ask a question of his own, "Hey, Aizawa-sensei? Why'd you want to be a Pro anyway?"

Every Pro, or Pro in training, has their own motivation for getting into this profession. Sure, some only want to be Pros for the money or fame, others just go along with the childhood dream everyone has.

Aizawa-sensei doesn't seem the type to be like that, though, and so, yeah, Shinsou can't help but be curious.

"To protect the weak; to be on the side that saves people," Aizawa-sensei responds, his voice clear of any hesitation.

Shinsou feels the need to just sit and take that in, to repeat it until he has it memorised. Aizawa-sensei sounded so sure of himself, so certain that his motivation for saving people is the right one and is just.

Unfortunately, Shinsou doesn't get to take it in for much longer as Nakahara starts yelling again. Either he's fallen again or he's at the top of the tree, Shinsou honestly can't tell which.

-

After training, Shinsou is so dead on his feet that he is almost tempted to ask Aizawa-sensei to carry him back to the dorms. He doesn't because that would be embarrassing, but it's a near thing.

Behind him, Dazai and Nakahara chatter on about… something.

After Nakahara finished climbing the tree, with a time of just over fifteen minutes (Scarily close to Shinsou's 'trying not to fall' time, which was terrible to find out), Aizawa-sensei had been quick to set them off on various training exercises.

Dazai and Nakahara don't seem that affected, which is rude considering how tired Shinsou is right now.

Shinsou tries his best to tune into the conversation on the off chance someone asks him something.

"Ugh, Chibi! The long-tailed rosefinch is such an obvious choice; you'd be a fool to go with that."

Are they… talking about birds?

"I didn't say that's my favourite! Just that I noticed some recently!"

Shinsou is pretty sure they're talking about birds. Which is surprising, he thinks, or maybe it's not. Maybe the Port Mafia makes sure all its members are bird watchers. Who knows? Shinsou certainly doesn't.

"What's your favourite bird, Sensei?"

Oh, now they're getting everyone involved with the birds.

"Owls."

Is Shinsou gonna be asked next? Uh, quick, what's his favourite bird?

"You don't say~"

Crows? That's a solid choice, right? Or, uh, maybe magpies? God, Shinsou is too tired to think about birds right now.

"Owls are a pretty good choice. After you've gotten used to them, anyway."

What other birds exist? Ducks? Do they count? Or, huh, swans? Geese?

"Sensei, I'd believe, but I didn't think of you as an owl person, Chibi."

Chickens?? Penguins?? Mayb—Wait, neither of those can fly… Do birds have to fly? Does being without flight change what a bird is? Does it make it too different to be seen as the same as other birds?

"Yeah, well, they've been growing on me recently."

Shinsou…. Shinsou's too tired for this.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh! I missed you all! It's been way too long since I last updated (about a week more than usual but shhhh). I hope this 9.6k chapter makes up for it haha!!

I know a lot of people were excited for Mina to try and set skk up, so I hope that you enjoyed her first attempt! We'll definitely be seeing more of Mina and her match making, so I hope you can look forward to it!

As for Shinsou, a lot of you had good guesses for what his plan would be last chapter! I have actually been planning for skk, Shinsou, and Aizawa to do training sessions for a while. I have

some evil little schemes and such that need this as the set up, not to mention that it's prime bonding time!

I think it's important to have the 1A kids try different things to befriend skk since not everyone thinks the same you know? Their situations are different too. Skk are cautious of Shinsou's quirk so he can't just go up and talk to them like Midoriya would.

I want to make this fic realistic in a way, or maybe the right word is believable? Anyway, there are certain members of 1A that can't just be lumped in with the rest, they need special little bits to help bridge that gap between them and skk.

Shinsou is an example of that with his special bit being training with Aizawa. Todoroki is one too, speaking to his mother was the special bit that helped change his views. There is someone else too, but I feel like I messed up their… Journey? That's not the right word but you get it. I'm looking into ways to fix it though! I had a great idea of what their special bit could be, now I just have to work on leading up to it! (I'm sure who can guess who it is haha, it feels really obvious to me)

I also have to make sure to keep Shinsou and Todoroki at a believable level of openness/friendship… I keep making things difficult for myself, huh?

I hope people like my little writing tangents, I sure like explaining my thought process!

(Also I very nearly made Shinsou use British slang in this one because it just fit so well... You're lucky I was talked out of it 😒)

Oh and the bird talk… Maybe I shouldn't do this, but I just can't help myself… I will confirm that skk were talking in code in that scene… What they were talking about though, is for you guys to theorise about ^-^ (https://www.inaturalist.org/check_lists/9195-Birds-of-Japan?page=1 bird website I used for references, although only one piece of my research made it into the chapter in the end 😒)

But wait, there's more! Another misc oneshot has been written for you all! If you're into Dadzawa then I think you'll really like this one!

One last thing, and I'm sure this will break your hearts so be prepared 3 Just like this chapter was a little late to the monthly

updates thing, expect the same for chapter 30! I'm working on a few things right now (mostly related to this fic if I'm honest) soooo it might not be out as quick as usual. I want to clarify I am not loosing motivation to write this fic, nor am I putting it on hiatus or anything. I just might need a little extra time for my evil schemes ;)

Okk, I think that's all….

As always, thank you for reading!!

Chapter 30: The exams begin

Chapter Summary

A bad feeling settles in Chuuya's stomach, one that usually appears when Dazai creates insane plans.

There is only one person left, one person who Chuuya and Dazai could end up having to fight against, and that person is—

Chapter Notes

CW: Nothing I think! Let me know if anything needs to be added here!

Thank you to AnxiouslyShipping and Echo78 for beta reading <333 You two are the best 🫶

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If Aizawa had to pick one thing he hates the most, the thing he thinks is stupid and unneeded, then it would have to be early morning meetings.

Now, Aizawa can admit he's a touch biased. Being a teacher means he hardly gets any spare time for himself, due to the never-ending homework to be marked or lessons to be planned. It doesn't help that he's an underground Pro either, most of his patrols run until the early hours of the morning.

He gets so little sleep at night anyway; waking up early for a meeting just digs into that limited time even more. Why can't meetings just take place after school hours? Or, here's an idea: why can't the whole thing be summarised into an email?

Unfortunately, Nedzu likes to see people suffer, so Aizawa has never quite managed to convince him to move the early morning meetings.

Hence why Aizawa, despite being dead tired, is sat in the slowly filling meeting room. His co-workers all look happy and awake; clearly, they had gotten enough sleep last night to be getting up early for this meeting.

There is an exception to that, though.

Hizashi, who usually greets the day by bursting into song, is rather subdued today. He's not completely silent, a feat that likely isn't possible, but his responses and jokes aren't as bright as they were a few days ago.

Naturally, Aizawa knows the reason behind it. Or, well, knows part of the reason.

Two days ago, after Aizawa had already dropped the boys off with Nedzu and Hizashi, he received a worrying call from Hizashi.

Now, one might assume that a man such as Hizashi would fly into a chaotic panic when things go wrong. That isn't the case, though. For more minor things, like a spider or burnt food, Hizashi can and will wake up a whole street with his shouts. For serious matters, however, Hizashi tends to get quiet; that cheery disposition drops, and his eyes focus.

Some people tend to be caught off guard by this, but to Aizawa, it only makes sense. No matter how Hizashi acts, he is still a Pro Hero. If he couldn't keep a level head, he never would have graduated from UA.

So, Aizawa received a call from Hizashi without his usual dramatic greeting and immediately knew something had happened.

Hizashi wouldn't tell him much—something Aizawa respected—but, apparently, he had messed up with Nakahara somehow and the kid had run off.

Before Hizashi could even ask, Aizawa was already setting aside his work and heading off to find Nakahara. Yes, he had to find the kid due to the safety precautions Nedzu had put in place, but he also wanted to make sure he was alright.

He didn't know what had upset Nakahara, nor did he know how upset he actually was. Still, Aizawa wanted to be there for him in case Nakahara needed anything, be it a silent companion or some advice.

Nakahara did seem tense when Aizawa first found him, but fortunately, he relaxed quite a bit by the time they left to get Dazai.

Aizawa had then relayed that to Hizashi, who looked as if a huge weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

Now, looking at Hizashi, it seems the weight of anxiety has been

replaced with a weight of guilt.

So, when Aizawa notices the perfect opportunity, he leans over. "You need to talk to him." His voice is low, perfectly hidden behind the loud discussions from the other teachers.

Hizashi sighs, his own voice dropping low to match Aizawa's, "I know, I just… I messed up, Shouta. I'm supposed to be here to help Nakahara, but now I've done the opposite."

Aizawa raises an eyebrow.

"I'm still going to apologise," Hizashi rushes to explain, "I just don't want it to happen again."

Aizawa nods. He's honestly not surprised to hear this. Hizashi has always been a good man, always making sure to apologise to people properly and doing his best not to hurt them again. In a situation like this, where he has no idea what might upset Nakahara next, avoiding making any further mistakes is nearly impossible.

Add to that, Hizashi is supposed to actually help the kid through stuff like this, to strike the balance between being encouraging and pushing too much, and things are much harder.

Aizawa nudges Hizashi's arm, "Nakahara is a good kid; smart and empathetic. He'll likely know you didn't mean to upset him, so try to stop worrying so much."

It takes a minute, one that Aizawa patiently sits quietly through, before Hizashi sighs, a soft smile on his face, "Yeah, you're right. Thanks, Shouta."

Aizawa is almost tempted to smile back, but as it typically happens, Nemuri's sly voice ends the moment, "Alright, love birds, it's time for the meeting! Make kissy eyes at each other later."

Aizawa rolls his eyes. Beside him, Hizashi laughs, the sound steadily returning to its usual volume.

Before Nemuri can say anything more, Nedzu proudly walks into the room. Aizawa mentally thanks him; he really didn't want to deal with her teasing right now.

Nedzu, after getting settled at the head of the table, claps his paws together, "Alright, let's get this meeting started!"

Aizawa takes that as his cue to take over. "You should all remember the changed structure for this year's exam. Today I'll fill you in on who you'll be fighting."

In the last early morning meeting that Aizawa wished he could have slept through, Nedzu had broken the news about the new final exam structure. Instead of fighting robots, as was the usual setup, students would be expected to go against a teacher in teams of two.

Aizawa's co-workers had been sceptical about it, which was understandable in a way. Sure, the kids are talented, but they're a long way from being able to take down an actual Pro Hero. Even the kids like Todoroki and Bakugou have areas that were in need of improvement.

Moving on from the robots is necessary, though. These days, the students need more in order to be able to protect themselves. If the League of Villains attacks again, which Aizawa hopes they won't, having experience fighting against Pros will be a huge benefit.

Besides, it's not like they expect the kids to take down the teachers at full strength. Students will have to work together to either place handcuffs on the Pro or escape from the training grounds; the smart ones will take note of when they're outclassed and run for the exit. And, in an attempt to give the students some advantage, the Pros will be wearing wrist and ankle cuffs to slow them down by a significant amount.

All in all, it will be hard, there is no doubt about that, but Aizawa has faith in his class. If they work together and don't rush in without thinking, then they can win. He's sure of it.

"First, Todoroki," Aizawa starts. "He's doing quite well, generally speaking, but relies too much on brute force. Yaoyorozu is an all-rounder, but still needs to work on making spur-of-the-moment decisions and applying them. Therefore, I'll erase their Quirks and take advantage of their weaknesses."

Aizawa hears Hizashi laugh beside him, which he easily ignores. He's likely thinking, 'What a Shouta thing to say!', which, while being true, doesn't mean Aizawa wants to hear it.

Not right now anyway.

Aizawa glances at him with what he hopes is a properly scolding look before continuing, "Next, for Midoriya and Bakugou, I'm leaving them

to you, All Might. In this case, I didn't pair the two of them up based on ability or class work; I went with relationships."

Bakugou and Midoriya, two of his biggest headaches, both come from the same middle school. Yet, instead of the two being friends, they have one of the worst relationships Aizawa has seen in a while.

If the two of them can't sort things out, then Aizawa will be forced to take further action. They both have the talent and dedication to be Pros, sure, but not being able to get along with each other would just put their co-workers or civilians in danger.

He knows Bakugou is the instigator in most cases, but he also knows that Midoriya never seems to step back from the challenge. Hopefully, Bakugou's desire to win will overcome his grudge against Midoriya, and the pair will be able to work together for this exam.

If his desire to win doesn't take over, then well…

"I know you have a soft spot for Midoriya. Please ensure that they learn something," Aizawa says.

All Might nods, although Aizawa gets the feeling he isn't all that happy about the arrangement. That's too bad, though; he doesn't get a say in this. As Class 1A's homeroom teacher, he was given complete control to decide who would fight whom; no amount of complaining would change his decisions now.

Aizawa glances down at this list, intent on calling out the next pair, when Nemuri speaks up.

"What about your favourite little troublemakers?" she teases, "Who should expect to fight them?"

Aizawa sighs, "I don't have favourites." How many times will he have to say this? Picking favourites is stupid; whoever gets picked will end up with a big ego. That's not to mention the other kids that will feel pushed aside and unliked.

Nemuri rolls her eyes, "Right, but still, I'm dying to know who those two will be up against!"

It seems she isn't the only one, if the expressions of everyone else are anything to go by. Everyone, minus Nedzu, who already knows, looks at Aizawa with such expectant gazes.

Admittedly, it had been a hard decision to make. Fighting against the Pros is meant to be a challenging, but not impossible, task for the students. Nakahara and Dazai are very talented, so whoever they fight has to be able to keep pace and actually push the pair to work harder.

He had contemplated putting himself or All Might down as their opponent. Nakahara being without his Ability would push him to come up with alternative ways to win. The kid is smart, Aizawa knows it, so he doesn't doubt he'd be able to win regardless of if he had his Ability or not, but it still would have given him a little challenge.

All Might would have been the best if he wanted to challenge Dazai specifically. The kid is a mastermind at making plans, an excellent marksman, and well-versed in close-quarters fighting. That being said, All Might's sheer strength and speed would be difficult to overcome.

Unfortunately, both of those plans had fallen through.

Dazai wouldn't be affected by Aizawa's Quirk, which, even if he did tie the kid up with his capture tape, would basically give him free rein of the place. Aizawa is confident that the second he turned his back, the kid would slip out of the capture tape and run off to cause some chaos, something he's far too talented at doing.

Meanwhile, Nakahara would likely be able to use his Ability to keep up with All Might or, if that failed, keep him away from Dazai. There wouldn't be much of a fight or challenge there, thus making the whole point of the exam pointless.

It seems that when those two work together, one person's weakness complements the other's strength perfectly.

In the end, it was Nedzu who suggested the match up. He had reasoned that there was only really one way to make this exam challenging for both of them, but not impossible, and only one way to make it balanced for everyone who took part.

Dazai, Nakahara, and an extra 'variable' to spice things up.

At first, Aizawa hadn't been a fan of the idea. While he is all for throwing new things at his students, this one felt like a recipe for disaster. He could roughly imagine how Dazai and Nakahara would act, but that extra 'variable' could lead to actual problems.

Nedzu had urged him to consider it, however, so Aizawa made note of it while he was observing the students.

It had taken a few days, but much to Nedzu's glee, Aizawa eventually came around to the idea.

While it may not be the most ideal match up, it will get everyone involved to think more and, with any luck, take a step outside of their comfort zone.

It might not end well, per se, but as long as no one dies, it should be fine.

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Chuuya sighs, the door to Yamada's office still closed in front of him.

He was meant to go in a few minutes ago, but well, he doesn't particularly want to. After everything that happened in the last session, he can't help but cringe at the idea of seeing the man again.

He'll go in there, and Yamada will look all worried, his face far too kind and guilty. He'll want to apologise then and, because Chuuya did just seemingly freak out over nothing, want to know what had actually upset Chuuya.

Frankly, Chuuya can't be bothered with it right now. Final exams are soon, as in, the paper exams start tomorrow, and he feels oddly stressed about it.

Well, not stressed but… Chuuya wants to do well, alright? Bakugou had already thrown down that challenge about the physical exam, but —and Dazai would laugh if he heard this—Chuuya also wants to do well on the paper exams.

So, yeah, he's been studying with 1A each time their little study groups happen. Dazai comes too, although he tends to be more of a hindrance than anything. Despite that, Chuuya just knows that bastard will get perfect grades on all the exams.

Earlier, when Aizawa began leading them to Nedzu and Yamada, Chuuya had considered going along with Dazai for the day. Sure, it would be the coward's move, but whatever.

He, obviously, didn't do that. In the end, he knew it would be stupid to do, as Yamada would read into it and think he had found some sort of hidden weakness or something. Or maybe he'd pity Chuuya for whatever backstory he's probably made up.

(He also rejected the idea because, when he mentioned it to Dazai, that idiot said, "Perfect! We're playing chess blindfolded today, probably a metaphor for trust or whatever, I usually don't listen to that part though.")

Chuuya looks down at the door and, after a second longer of delaying, decides he just needs to get it over with.

Without any fanfare, Chuuya opens the door and steps inside, his feet already bringing him to his usual chair.

Yamada jolts, perhaps not expecting him to enter at all, before a smile appears on his face, "Nakahara! Good to see you." He's clearly trying to replicate his usual tone of voice, but with all the tension and awkwardness, it falls short.

Chuuya nods, his eyes trailing away from Yamada and instead around the office. By now, he's used to the place, he knows which desk drawers squeak when they open and the story behind the chips in the furniture. He knows that student homework is kept in the top left shelf of the cabinet, he knows that Yamada's teaching references are shoved under his desk in a dangerous pile, he knows that the pictures on his desk are of his 'super awesome and amazing husband' (although he hasn't actually seen the pictures yet).

And, as of last session, he knows that Yamada keeps study books in his office for any students who need help. He knows that Yamada makes his own books, ones that are easier to understand and target the specific information students need to know.

Yamada clears his throat, Chuuya looks back at him just as he begins to speak, "Nakahara, I want to apologise for last time. What I said upset you and I'm so sorry."

Chuuya shrugs. "Yeah, it's whatever."

Yamada frowns a bit at that. "It's not 'whatever', you don't have to dismiss when you get upset."

Chuuya doesn't respond to that; all his possible responses would just make this conversation longer.

A few seconds pass before Yamada speaks, clearly realising that Chuuya has no intention of responding. "There's a lot I don't know about you, so I'm sure there will be times in the future where I'll say the wrong thing again, where I'll bring something up that upsets you.

If that happens, give me some sort of sign, anything really, and I'll shut right up."

Chuuya nods, intent on getting this conversation over with as fast as possible. If there is a next time, Chuuya will have better control over his emotions and not make it so damn obvious.

Which, now Chuuya's thinking about it, why did he get so upset? Sure, he never likes it when people ask about the numbers or call him inhuman, but usually, he's able to play it off better.

What's different between then and now?

Well, the big one is the location. Being at UA has put Chuuya on edge, although not so much recently. With how everyone fell over themselves to apologise after Dazai's attempt, he has confidence that none of them would try anything, except Bakugou. His temper is too unpredictable.

Maybe it's the people, then? Or, Chuuya supposes, the person in particular who asked.

What is it about Yamada that made Chuuya freak out so much? What is it that made him get so worked up over something that he should have been able to brush off, or at least pretend not to care about, until later?

Across from him, and unknowing of Chuuya's thoughts, Yamada smiles, "You've told me a lot about how you met Dazai, how about I tell you a story this time instead?"

That catches Chuuya's attention, he pushes his previous thoughts to the side of his mind before humming, "A story about what?"

Yamada's smile turns into a teasing grin. "About how I met your Aizawa-sensei, it's quite the story."

It's not necessary information, but… But dammit, Chuuya can't help but be interested. Yamada and Aizawa are complete opposites, from their personalities to their clothes to, well, everything. Despite all that, though, they're clearly close friends.

Yamada must notice Chuuya's interest as he leans in, almost like he's telling some important secret, "You see, we met about fifteen years ago at UA's sports festival. I was in the Hero course, not to brag, and Aizawa was—"

"Gen Ed, right?" Chuuya asks, his mind recalling what Dazai had filled him in on after the joint training session yesterday. Apparently, Chuuya's reaction to learning Aizawa was close to not becoming a pro hero was rather similar to Dazai's, although with more swearing.

Yamada tilts his head, "He told you?"

"In a way," Chuuya shrugs. "Whoever decided to put him in Gen Ed was an idiot; his Quirk is perfect for hero work." Usually, Chuuya wouldn't be bothered about the fate of pro heroes. The fewer there are, the less Chuuya has to hear about them after all.

For Aizawa, though… It just bothers him that such a useful Quirk could be tossed aside; the same goes for Shinsou. In Yokohama, Abilities like theirs would be treasured and fought over.

Yamada laughs. "You sound just like Aizawa. He said the same thing when Shinsou failed the Hero course entrance exam."

Chuuya always had a hunch Aizawa was the only one in this place with sense. It seems he was right.

With one final laugh, Yamada continues his story, "So, we both made it to the final one vs one fights. I was pretty confident I'd win; not many people can do much against my Quirk, after all. Then, in the finals, I'm up against this random kid from Gen Ed."

Chuuya's eyebrows furrow, "You weren't paying attention to the other fights?"

Yamada sheepishly grins, "I was but… Aizawa held off on using his Quirk until absolutely necessary; he wanted the element of surprise. Back then, well, I kinda dismissed his fights as boring and stopped paying attention…"

Chuuya doesn't say anything, instead letting the disappointment on his face speak for him. Who just dismisses a possible opponent because they seem boring?

"I know, I know!" Yamada exclaims, "Anyway, we both made it to the final round, and I had assumed it would be an easy win, just yell at this kid and take first place, you know? Imagine my surprise when my Quirk just didn't work!"

Chuuya can't help but laugh. He's seen enough people caught off guard by No Longer Human to know how Yamada must have acted.

Yamada is quick to continue, "It gets worse! I was so caught off guard that Aizawa got up close and knocked me right out of bounds, somehow breaking my nose and giving me a concussion at the same time."

"And somehow you became friends after that?" Chuuya asks, not even bothering to hide the amusement in his voice.

Yamada nods, "Of course! The second Aizawa transferred, I decided I *had* to be his friend. It only took about two months of pestering before he gave in!"

Chuuya laughs again, his mind already drawing parallels between this and how he and Dazai met. Somehow, in both stories, it's the one who got beaten around that wanted to be friends. If Yamada was anything like Dazai back then, well, Chuuya can't help but feel bad for Aizawa.

"Ah! Let me tell you about one of the only times Aizawa was late for school," Yamada says, a teasing grin on his face once again.

The story sounds boring, but based on Yamada's expression, Chuuya gets the feeling it isn't as simple as Aizawa oversleeping.

So, without hesitation, Chuuya leans back in his chair as Yamada begins speaking.

As the story goes on, as Chuuya smiles and laughs, he finds himself forgetting exactly what he was thinking earlier. Yamada's storytelling draws Chuuya in, making him feel at ease in the man's cosy office.

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"This is for you, Dazai. I expect it back before the end of the session." Aizawa holds out a bundle of white fabric, specifically one of his old capture weapons.

Dazai, clearly not having forgotten about his request yesterday, grins and grabs the capture weapon.

In truth, there is still part of Aizawa that feels apprehensive about giving Dazai the capture weapon. Of course, he'll keep a close eye on the boy and take it back at the end of each session, but still.

Even with his worries, Aizawa knows it's best not to coddle Dazai, which is part of the reason why he decided to teach Dazai the capture weapon anyway. He has to have some level of trust in Dazai, even if

that seems a little unrealistic.

With a sigh, Aizawa pushes those thoughts from his head. "Shinsou, Nakahara, do some warm-ups, then go work together to climb the tree."

Shinsou nods then, seemingly needing a second to actually understand what Aizawa said, tilts his head in confusion, "Together?"

Casually, Aizawa nods, "If you can't work with others, you'll have no chance in real fights."

Which, for the record, is the truth. As a Pro, you'll never know when you have to team up with other people. Being adaptable and easy to work with is vital in those situations, something that Aizawa intends to drill into his students soon.

No one seems to have any objections, so without further comment, both Nakahara and Shinsou head off to the tree.

Shinsou does, however, shoot Aizawa a pleading look. The kid is still unsure about being on his own with Nakahara and Dazai, mainly due to their distrust of his Quirk.

Aizawa makes a mental note to keep an ear on the pair, just in case Shinsou needs to ask any questions while they're working.

Most of his attention, however, will be directed to Dazai.

"So," Dazai starts, "How do you even use this thing?" He holds the capture weapon up, his inexperience evident, even now.

Aizawa reaches up to his own capture weapon, expertly digging out the two ends, "Have you ever seen those Western films? The ones with cowboys and lassos?"

Dazai seems to think for a second before nodding, a grin coming to his face. "Sensei, you didn't tell me you were a cowboy!"

It isn't the worst comparison Aizawa has ever received. "Using the capture weapon is similar to those lassos, except you have a lot more to work with."

For the next twenty or so minutes, Aizawa carefully goes over the basics of the capture weapon. The very first step is learning how to hold it properly. Doing it incorrectly could lead to rope burn or a

broken wrist.

The next step is learning how to throw it. Maneuvering the fabric to loop around something without getting yourself tangled up in the process, something that took Aizawa a good few months to be consistent at.

There are, of course, more things you can do with the capture weapon than just wrap someone up. Aizawa is personally fond of dragging his opponents closer, that way he can erase their Quirks and turn it into a fist fight. He also uses the capture weapon to travel between buildings and help keep his balance, but all those techniques might be too advanced for Dazai at the moment.

Although, as Aizawa watches him throw out the capture weapon again and again, it might not be long until he has to teach Dazai those techniques. The kid is a prodigy with it, which shouldn't be that surprising given how intelligent he is.

He lets Dazai continue for ten minutes more, making sure to correct his posture and grip when necessary. He also makes sure to check on his other two students, who, fortunately, seem to be getting along.

They've made it a decent way up the tree by now, so far that Aizawa almost feels bad for calling them back down before they reach the top.

Almost.

"Shinsou, Nakahara, come back over here," He calls out, not paying any attention to the groans and complaints that follow.

Nakahara is the first to get back, his face weary as he watches Dazai continue throwing out the capture weapon. For a second, Aizawa worries that Nakahara notices something Aizawa didn't, that he had been ignorant again, but those worries are soothed when Dazai shoots Nakahara a teasing grin.

It's likely that Nakahara is concerned that Dazai will attempt to use the capture weapon on him, something that Aizawa can easily see happening.

Fortunately for Nakahara, Shinsou soon arrives. For a moment, he looks a little lost, but with an encouraging look from Aizawa, he heads off to speak with Dazai.

His voice is quiet, so Aizawa can't quite hear what he's saying, but

given how Shinsou holds up his own capture weapon, he can make an educated guess.

Beside him, Nakahara quietly watches the duo.

Aizawa glances down at him, "Nakahara, are you interested in learning the capture weapon too?" He hadn't thought to ask yesterday, but if Nakahara is interested, then he should have another old capture weapon stuffed away somewhere.

Nakahara shrugs, "It doesn't seem like my style."

"That's fair, although…" Aizawa trails off, an idea coming to mind. "I feel like Shinsou needs some moving-target practise. Do you want to help out?"

Nakahara seems to consider this for a moment, his eyes flicking between Dazai and Shinsou, "Will Dazai be part of this?"

Aizawa is experienced enough to know what that question means, still, he nods, "He will."

As expected, Chuuya grins, "Then yeah, I'll help out."

Another teacher might warn Chuuya not to be too cruel to Dazai. Aizawa isn't another teacher, though. As long as no one gets hurt, then having a bit of tension will be good. It gives training a sense of realism.

"Alright, you two, listen up," Aizawa calls out, "Shinsou, you're getting better with the capture weapon, but you need more practise with moving targets. Dazai, you've picked it up quickly, but the same goes for you."

Shinsou nods, his hands already grasping at his capture weapon. Aizawa can't help but feel proud at that; he's constantly had to drill it into Shinsou to be prepared at all times. Now the kid is finally getting the hang of being ready to defend himself no matter the situation, something that will help him hugely once he debuts.

"Moving target practise?" Dazai asks, although his eye is already flicking over to Nakahara. Aizawa isn't surprised that he's figured it out already.

For Shinsou's sake, Aizawa begins to explain. "Nakahara will be the target. You need to stop him from getting near you by using the

capture weapon. If he touches you, then you have to do five push-ups. If you successfully use the capture weapon, then he has to do five push-ups. Understand?"

Both boys nod, although Shinsou seems more apprehensive about it.

Aizawa, wasting no time, calls out, "Go."

Just like that, Nakahara jumps forward in Shinsou's direction.

Shinsou, due to already having his capture weapon at the ready, is able to throw out a couple of loops. Unfortunately, his aim is just off enough that Nakahara is able to slip right through.

Just before Nakahara is able to make contact, however, a white loop of capture tape wraps around his waist.

Shinsou takes this opportunity to jump out of range, something that Aizawa mentally praises him for.

Nakahara, meanwhile, whips his head around to find Dazai's grinning face at the other end of the capture weapon, "What the hell!"

Dazai releases the capture weapon, "Sensei never said we couldn't work together, and anyway, don't you owe us five push-ups?"

Nakahara, for a moment, looks like he's going to pounce on Dazai anyway before huffing. In one quick movement, he drops to the ground and starts his push-ups.

"Thanks for the save," Shinsou calls out.

Dazai absentmindedly nods, clearly still paying attention to Nakahara.

Nakahara, who has already finished his push-ups and is jumping back up to his feet, glares at Dazai before rushing towards him.

Aizawa watches as Dazai throws out his capture weapon, the instructor part of him noting how he didn't throw enough to actually reach Nakahara. The Pro part of him, however, takes note of how Dazai leans to the side and, when Nakahara's vision is blocked with the capture weapon, runs off.

It's a smart plan. Nakahara had expected the capture weapon to make contact, so he had already lent backward a bit. Which, while not a lot, gives Dazai a head start in this chase.

Dazai runs, the grin on his face getting wider with each step.

Nakahara rushes after him. "Bastard!"

Aizawa watches for a moment, not bothering to push back the amusement he's feeling, before looking over at Shinsou. Admittedly, he had expected the boy to be standing, waiting for Nakahara to come to him. That's a problem many first-year students have; they tend to act passively and wait for the battle to come to them. In a real fight, a Hero should never waste even a second of time.

When he looks over, however, Aizawa is pleased to find Shinsou on the move. On the move… To Aizawa?

Shinsou, moving quietly like Aizawa had taught him, runs up to Aizawa with a grin. One finger comes to his mouth, a clear indicator for Aizawa to play along.

Without waiting for an answer, Shinsou crouches down and starts laying out some of his capture weapon out around Aizawa's foot. He then pushes some dirt around, just enough to hide the stark white of the capture weapon from view.

Aizawa holds back a grin, so that's what Shinsou's up to.

With a nod in his teacher's direction, Shinsou begins walking back, each step leaning down to lay some capture weapon on the ground and cover it up.

Once a decent distance away, Shinsou arranges himself so his leg hides the piece of capture weapon leading down to the floor.

Across the field, Dazai yells something at Nakahara before making a mad dash over to Aizawa. It seems that, despite doing his best to dodge Nakahara, Dazai had still noticed the trap set up by Shinsou.

It's tight, but Dazai just about manages to get behind Aizawa before Nakahara can grab him.

Dazai, his head peaking out from behind Aizawa, is quick to defend himself. "Sensei never said we couldn't hide behind him!"

Despite his teasing tone, Aizawa can clearly hear his laboured breath. It seems Dazai isn't finding this as easy as he let on.

Nakahara, never one to be beaten, wastes no time in running around

Aizawa to get to Dazai.

At the same time, Dazai runs to the side, making sure to step over the trap set by Shinsou.

Nakahara, not realising anything, steps right on the capture weapon and, with a tug from Shinsou, falls right to the ground.

There is a moment of silence, then Dazai laughs. "Ha! I can't believe you fell for that!"

Nakahara looks around, understanding dawning on him as his eyes follow the capture weapon from his feet up to Shinsou's hands. "How did you even decide on a trap? Neither of you spoke to each other."

Shinsou, a distinctly pleased look on his face, shrugs, "Dazai helped me, so I wanted to return the favour. I figured he would pick up on any trap I set anyway."

"Don't forget your push-ups, Chibi!" Dazai teases.

Nakahara grumbles but does, in fact, start doing his push-ups. Dazai grins before rushing off, Shinsou not far behind him. So far, those two are doing well, but Aizawa thinks it likely won't last long. As Nakahara adapts to the nature of the exercise, it'll be harder to trick him or catch him off guard.

Aizawa glances down at Nakahara, his thoughts coming to a stop when he notices the boy rubbing one of his wrists.

"Is something wrong?" He asks, although he has a hunch of what the problem is.

Nakahara glances up before continuing his push-ups, "These cuffs are annoying. Is there any way I could take them off?"

It's as Aizawa thought then. The cuffs were designed to be comfortable to wear, but Aizawa acknowledges that it must be annoying to wear them all the time.

The more Aizawa thinks about it, though, the less he sees the reason to have Nakahara continue wearing them. "You're supposed to keep them on for student safety, but… You haven't given us any reason to worry, so I'll speak with Nedzu about it."

That seems to catch Nakahara off guard, "Wait, really?"

Aizawa nods, "Like I said, you haven't given us any reason to think you'll hurt the students. It's only fair we take away restrictions in return."

Aizawa can see as the words register in Nakahara's mind and feels a little bad that he hadn't thought about this sooner. It's alright, though; he'll speak with Nedzu about it after the upcoming exams. If Aizawa can't see a problem with it, then Nedzu shouldn't either.

"Hmm, that reminds me of something…" Dazai starts, his face pulled together in fake confusion.

Aizawa sighs, ready for whatever insult is sure to set off Nakahara.

He thought he was ready, but when Shinsou is the one to speak, he finds himself taken aback for a moment.

"Like giving a pet treats for being good."

There is silence for a moment, during which Shinsou's face flushes. He hadn't meant to say that then or, at the very least, hadn't meant to say it so loud.

Dazai turns to him, a stunned but amused expression on his face, "Maybe we can be friends after all."

That seems to snap Nakahara back to reality, "You!!" He jumps up and, without a second of hesitation, rushes forward.

Shinsou stumbles back, clearly not expecting Nakahara to move so quickly.

Beside him, Dazai laughs, "Come on, Shinsou; let's hear some more!"

Aizawa watches, a fond feeling in his chest, as Nakahara chases around the other two boys. Intermittently, Dazai calls out his own insults and encourages Shinsou to come up with his own, to varying levels of success.

As Aizawa expected, it doesn't take long for Nakahara to catch up to Dazai and Shinsou. Within moments, both of them have been tapped, a grin on Nakahara's face as he instructs them to start their push-ups.

-

"The time is 9:00 a.m. You may begin."

Yaoyorozu wastes no time in flipping open her exam paper, her nerves settling down as she reads over the questions.

Even though she knows she shouldn't get excited just yet, she can't help it. These questions are all ones she prepared for. If the exam continues like this, she should breeze through it easily.

Part of her does worry for her classmates; she would hate for any of them to miss out on the summer camp. Hopefully, the study group she's been doing will have helped everyone to pass their paper exams.

-

Mina shuffles through her papers, a desperate action since she needs to leave for class soon.

Yesterday, on the first day of the paper exams, she had done well enough. There were tricky parts, don't get her wrong, but overall, she feels like she nailed it.

The problem now, however, is that she heard Yaoyorozu and Todoroki talking earlier this morning about the exams. More specifically, talking about what should be on today's set of exams.

Mina had listened, mostly feeling good about herself as she had studied all those topics, before disaster struck.

Yaoyorozu mentioned a topic that Mina had not studied for at all, in any way.

So, yeah, here Mina is trying to at least glance over her notes on the topic before the exam. It's better than nothing, right?

That's her plan anyway, until she pulls out the paper that the notes should be on…

And finds her notes on how to get Dazai and Chuuya together.

"Mina! If we don't leave now, we're gonna be late!"

The papers drop from her hands… is this some sort of messed up karma?

-

Dazai sighs, boredom seeping deep into his body. He had thought Chuuya would stop attending those study sessions once the exams

started, that maybe he could drag Chuuya off to do something actually interesting.

Alas, two days of the paper exams are done, and Chuuya is still sitting and going over notes with Yaoyorozu.

There's no point in messing around with people's notes either. Now, they all keep spares tucked away so Dazai doesn't mess them up. It's annoying; each day, Dazai is forced to sit through hours of school, then hours of studying, and yet he's denied the one thing that brings him joy?

With a huff, which is rudely ignored by Chuuya, Dazai stands and begins making his way over to the kitchen. He doesn't actually need anything in there, but with some luck, he might find something entertaining to do.

Todoroki is the only one in the kitchen, something Dazai quickly decides is a good thing. Out of all the students in 1A, Todoroki is one of the few Dazai tolerates.

The rest of the class either fall into the categories of being too loud and lacking any charm to be funny, or too annoyingly nice. Sure, it's fun to mess with them all, but even Dazai can get tired of it.

Todoroki is quiet and takes things at face value, which means Dazai can get away with teasing that Chuuya would never fall for. His sheer awkwardness keeps him from acting too friendly, something that his more social classmates should try to embody more.

"Oh, hello," Todoroki greets, most of his attention still on whatever he's cooking.

Dazai nods in greeting, his mind pulling together vague ideas of how to mess with him, when he notices the papers stacked on the counter. That on its own wouldn't be that weird; perhaps Todoroki meant to join the study session after eating.

No, what stood out was the title proudly displayed at the top of the page.

All of Dazai's previous plans for teasing fly out the window. With a grin, he takes a seat at the island counter. "So, Midoriya is All Might's secret love child?"

The wooden spoon in Todoroki's hand drops, and when he turns

around, his face is distinctly pleased. "You think so too?"

Dazai nods. "Oh, absolutely. What gave it away for you?"

Todoroki, ever so diligent, turns back to the oven just long enough to turn the heat off. Then, with a determined expression, he takes a seat beside Dazai, "I first got suspicious when I noticed All Might watching our Quirk Apprehension test…"

-

Sometimes, Kaminari thinks that constantly overusing his Quirk has given him actual brain damage.

It's the last day of the paper exams and he's screwed, he just knows it. All that studying he did, all those nights spent staying up to do practise papers, all of it for nothing!

He swears, like on his life, that he knew the answer to question seven a second ago. He knows, for a fact, that he studied this topic, so why the hell can't he remember the answer?!

Kaminari does his best not to groan, lest Aizawa-sensei come and rip his paper up. Which, now he's thinking about it, who the hell rips up test papers? Sure, it's against the rules to speak in exams, but isn't that too far?

Internally, Kaminari sighs. Goodbye, summer camp…

-

When Chuuya arrives at the site for the physical exam, all it takes is one look for things to click in his head. He knew the robots thing was a fake-out, that much was obvious, but this, really?

He looks at Yamada, who looks away in the most suspicious manner possible, before sighing. When Chuuya had asked, the man had done a terrible job of changing the subject; he really shouldn't be surprised at how he was acting right now.

Around him, class 1A's chatter comes to a stop when they take note of just who is standing in front of them, which is to say, when they notice that nine pro heroes are standing in front of the training grounds. Even an idiot should be able to realise that nine is far too many for a simple battle against robots.

Aizawa, without explaining anything, speaks, "Now then, let's begin the last test. Remember, it's possible to fail this final. If you want to go to camp, then don't make any stupid mistakes."

Jirou, a slightly confused look on her face, speaks up, "Uh, why are all the teachers here?"

"I expect many of you have gathered information on this exam." Aizawa glances around the class. "You think you have some idea of what you'll be faced with."

Kaminari claps his hands, "We're fightin' those big ol' metal robots!"

Beside him, Mina nods and begins to grin, "Fireworks! S'mores! Here we come, camp!"

Chuuya sighs. Had they really not picked up on what's really happening here?

With a quick glance, Chuuya is disappointed to see that a majority of the class seems to think the same as Kaminari and Mina. Really, shouldn't they know better by now?

"Actually, this year's tests," Chuuya bristles at the voice, his eyes snapping over to the teachers just in time to see Nedzu pop out of Aizawa's capture tape, "Will be completely different for various reasons!"

"Principal Nedzu?!"

Chuuya, for once, feels just as shocked as class 1A. Having the principal here makes sense, sure, but why the hell was he in Aizawa's capture tape? Does he… Does he do that often? Like, does he just hide away during classes to make sure students are behaving?

From Chuuya's right, Yaoyorozu gasps. "You're changing things?"

Nedzu nods, his expression unapologetic as he slides down Aizawa's side, "The tests now have a new focus. There will be Hero work, of course, but also teamwork and combat between actual people! So what does that mean for you?"

With a grin that actually sends shivers down Chuuya's spine, Nedzu continues, "You students will be working together in pairs, and your opponents will be one of our esteemed UA teachers! Isn't that fabulous?"

There is a beat of silence, then—

"We're... fighting the teachers?!"

Of course, Chuuya already figured out what was up the second he saw the teacher line up. Dazai probably figured it out too, if the grin on his face is anything to go by.

Aizawa gives the class a look, one that immediately settles them into silence, before speaking, "Additionally, your partners and opponents have already been chosen. They were determined at my discretion based on various factors, including fighting style, grades, and interpersonal relationships."

Chuuya's likely to be paired up with Dazai. The real question is who will they be up against? If these fights are meant to actually be challenging, then there aren't many pros they could go up against.

Maybe Yamada or Midnight?

A grin takes over Aizawa's face as he lifts his capture weapon up. "First, Yaoyorozu and Todoroki are a team against me."

Yaoyorozu visibly tenses up at that, which Chuuya doesn't blame her for. Aizawa is a formidable opponent, especially when he's your teacher and knows everything about you and your Quirk.

Todoroki doesn't seem bothered, though, so there's that. Maybe his laid back attitude will balance out Yaoyorozu's anxieties.

Aizawa drops his capture weapon, his eyes flicking over the class, "Then we have Midoriya paired with Bakugou. Their opponent is…"

Chuuya has about half a second to think about how disastrous that duo will be before something, no, *someone,* falls out of the sky.

All Might, because, of course, it's him, is quick to shout, "I am here… to fight!"

Midoriya and Bakugou seem to freeze, shock written on their faces as they realise just who they'll be up against in this final exam.

Dazai huffs a laugh, his voice soft enough for only the surrounding people to hear, "He's not *that* hard to fight."

Mentally, Chuuya agrees. Back when the pros invaded Yokohama for that fight, All Might hadn't actually done that much. Maybe if he had

landed an actual punch on Chuuya, then things would be different. Instead, he just punched into the air and seemed to hope that would do the job.

All Might chuckles. "You're going to have to work together, boys, if you want to win."

Next to him, Nedzu nods before pulling out a set of handcuffs from who knows where, "To complete the exam, you'll have thirty minutes! In order to win, you must put these handcuffs on your teacher or have at least one team member escape from the combat stage."

A loose plan is already beginning to form in Chuuya's head, just basic ideas on how to get the handcuffs where they need to be. He'll have to wait and see which teacher they'll be up against, then he'll have to see if Dazai has any plans of his own.

Kaminari makes a sound of understanding, "So we either have to capture the teacher or run away. It's basically like combat training."

Chuuya looks over at him in time to see Mina tilt her head in confusion, "Yeah, but is it really ok to just run?"

Chuuya understands her confusion. No one wants to just turn tail and run mid-fight. It happens sometimes, though, when the odds are too difficult to overcome or someone is in danger. Knowing when to run and regroup is just as important as being able to hold your ground.

Yamada, still not looking in Chuuya's direction, nods. "Yep! Although it's gonna be different from that combat training y'all went through earlier. After all, you're up against people waaaaaay better than you!

"Better, really? Wait, aren't you just the announcer?" Jirou asks, her voice so deadpan that Chuuya, for a second, actually believes her.

Chuuya can't help but laugh when Yamada's face scrunches up in shock, "Hey, watch your mouth, girl, have some respect!" The stupid tone of voice he decides to speak in only makes Chuuya laugh more.

It takes a second, but Chuuya is able to calm down and refocus on what the teachers are saying.

Thirteen, or so Chuuya assumes, speaks up, "This time your exam will be very similar to a real battle. As strange as it is, please think of us as Villains!"

Beside them, Snipe nods, "Assumin' you come across your enemy, if y'all think you can win against them, then fight. However…"

Aizawa then cleanly takes over. "In instances where you're outmatched, it would be smarter to run away and find help." His eyes turn sharp as he looks around the group. "Todoroki, Iida, Midoriya, I'm sure the three of *you* understand."

Chuuya is only given a second to wonder on the implications of that before All Might, with no shame at all, dramatically points his arms in the air.

"That's right! It's a test of your decision making skills!" One arm comes down and reaches behind his back. "But with these rules, you're probably thinking your only choice is to flee. That's why the support course made these super clever accessories for us!"

All Might whips out a set of wristbands, the yellow metal matching well with his outfit, "These babies will add about half our body weights to our physiques. It's not much, but they will eat up our stamina and make it harder to move around!"

The other teachers pull out their own wristbands and, in quick succession, start locking them into place. A few grimace once they have everything set in place, clearly not expecting them to weigh so much.

Part of Chuuya is curious how it would feel to fight with those on, maybe he should ask about getting some?

All Might continues, "We had a contest to come up with these designs, and young Hatsume ended up winning it!"

That seems to mean something to the rest of the class, Chuuya mentally makes a note to ask who Hatsume is later. At this point, he knows the names of the entire class, plus a couple from 1B, so this 'Hatsume' person must be from another course. Support course, maybe? All Might did say Hatsume came up with the designs, so it's a possibility.

Before anything further can be said, Bakugou loudly scoffs, "You think we need a handicap to win against you? Think again."

It's somewhat amusing to see Midoriya's panicked expression at that; clearly, he thinks they need the handicap. Chuuya privately agrees with him. There's a reason All Might is the number one hero of Japan.

Bakugou and Midoriya are strong, yes, but not strong enough to take down All Might, not yet anyway.

Still, there is part of Chuuya that wishes them good luck.

Aizawa, expertly ignoring Bakugou, speaks, "With the exception of one, all of your fights will take place concurrently. You'll get some time to strategise before the fight, so use it wisely."

All but one? Chuuya can feel his eyebrows furrow as he attempts to figure out the logic behind that one. Why would they separate just one exam?

Aizawa glances over at Chuuya with a knowing look in his eye, one that makes Chuuya feel like an idiot. Right, he and Dazai need proper supervision or whatever.

Nedzu claps, easily bringing everyone's attention to him. "And now, let's announce the rest of the teams and the teachers they'll be fighting!"

Admittedly, Chuuya zones off a little as the match ups are announced. There's no need for him to know who everyone is fighting, not when he has his own exam to worry about.

Part of him does pay attention, though, just to see which teachers he won't be up against. While he's sure he could beat them all, there are a few that would be more trouble than the others.

As the names are announced, though, all the teachers who would be worth fighting are grouped off with other students.

Slowly, Chuuya feels doubt creep in. He has to be missing something here, right? These exams are meant to be a challenge, or so Chuuya thinks, so why does it look like he and Dazai will be paired with a teacher they can easily beat?

Chuuya glances around. Most of the class has already split off into their pairs to talk about strategy. The teachers seemed to have taken a step back when their names were called, leaving…

Absolutely no one from the original lineup.

Chuuya hears Dazai huff, somehow full of disbelief, and knows that he's figured out what the hell is going on. Part of Chuuya wants to turn and demand that Dazai tell him, he really can't stand being the

only one left out of the loop.

But, before he can do that, Aizawa's eyes drift over in their direction, "As I said, the final exam will take place after the others, or at least after I'm finished. The match up for this exam will be…"

Chuuya takes one last look around, his eyes trying to find any hint of who he'll be fighting. There aren't any pros left, and the entirety of class 1A has already split off into pairs, so—

No, not the entirety. There is one person, one person who is standing off to the side, looking just as confused as Chuuya feels.

A bad feeling settles in Chuuya's stomach, one that usually appears when Dazai creates insane plans.

There is only one person left, one person who Chuuya and Dazai could end up having to fight against, and that person is—

"Dazai and Shinsou vs Nakahara."

Chuuya feels his thoughts come to a stop; the only thing he can think about is the feeling of shock coursing through him.

The hell???

Chapter End Notes

:D

Chapter 31: Final exams

Chapter Summary

> *He was willing to follow that stupid plan because he was trying to be nice; he thought that it would be an actual plan, not just an excuse to mess around.*

Chapter Notes

> CW: Canon typical violence! Let me know if I should add anything here!!
>
> Thank you very much to AnxiouslyShipping and Echo78 for beta reading and calming my nerves about this chapter <3333 You're both the best <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yaoyorozu places a hand on her chest, a weak attempt to try and calm her nerves.

At first, when she thought the exam would be fighting robots, she wasn't that stressed. She knows how to make a variety of weapons, most of which would be perfect for piercing through metal and wires.

When Nedzu had announced who they would really be fighting, she felt the stress creep in. Then, when Aizawa-sensei grinned in her direction and said that he would be her opponent…

Beside her, Todoroki stands quietly.

Todoroki must have a plan, she reassures herself, something that will ensure their victory. She'll be a good teammate, one that listens and follows the plan perfectly and—

"You're the top of the class, which means you aren't an idiot. You can either cling to my every instruction or use your knowledge on how to fight, how to plan ahead, and just combine those together and do it in the moment."

The moment Dazai's words come back to her, Yaoyorozu feels a strange sense of calm settle over her.

She did well during the cops and robbers fight, right? While her acting might have been subpar, and that's not to mention how she fell for Shinsou's trick, her idea to duplicate the briefcase had helped them win. If she's being truthful, the vague pieces of a plan have been floating around her head since Aizawa-sensei was announced to be her opponent.

Part of her wants to keep quiet—to go along with whatever plan Todoroki has without question. A different part of her knows that she will not get any better if she never leaves her comfort zone. She has to put herself out there, create plans that fail, and then make new ones.

With that in mind, she allows herself one more moment of uncertainty before taking a deep breath.

"Hey, Todoroki? I have some ideas on how to beat Aizawa-sensei."

-

Jirou holds out her hand, a tiny ant crawling around on her palm. Koda, unable to help himself, jumps back in fright. Bugs… Bugs are just far too scary, too creepy, and gross to be near.

He wants nothing to do with them; that's why he rejects Jirou's plan to use the bugs to win.

He rejects it, then finds himself freezing when a memory comes to mind.

"Y-your Quirk is animal control, and you're scared of spiders?"

Koda remembers how embarrassed he felt back then when Dazai had laughed at him and the others had to come to his defence. Looking back, Dazai was right, wasn't he?

Jirou said it herself: the only way to win is to use the bugs…

Koda made it into UA; he's on track to be a real Pro Hero. A Hero wouldn't be held back by bugs, not when he has a teammate to protect.

-

Shinsou, for all the pretence of being laid back and unbothered, had put a lot of time and effort into preparing for this final exam. As in skipping sleep to make sure he understands and can remember everything.

Sure, he's in the Hero course now, but who knows when that could end. It isn't unheard of for Hero course students to be moved down to general studies or, worse, *expelled* if they aren't doing well enough. Shinsou worked so hard to get into the Hero course; he can't let a set of exams ruin things.

So, yeah, he studied hard until he was mostly confident he'd pass all the written exams.

The physical exams, on the other hand…

When Shinsou heard he would be expected to fight robots, he felt so helpless and anxious. The last time he had to fight robots was the entrance exam, which was one of the worst moments of Shinsou's life, if he's being honest.

He had known from the very start his Quirk would be useless in that exam, the robots wouldn't be affected, and Shinsou wouldn't feel very heroic using it on the other kids in the exam. Still, he had held out some hope that he might be able to do… Something, anything, to get some points and pass the exam.

It had only taken a few minutes for Shinsou to realise he was being stupid; it only took a few minutes for him to realise his dream of being a Pro Hero was dying at his feet, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Things are different now, sure, but that didn't help to settle Shinsou's nerves. Each time he imagined going up against those stupid robots, it felt like all the training he'd done with Aizawa-sensei just disappeared from his mind. He felt helpless, again.

That's why, unlike his classmates, Shinsou had been happy to hear he'd be fighting one of the teachers. Fighting an actual human being means he can use his Quirk rather than just rely on his subpar hand-to-hand and meagre knowledge of the capture weapon.

But, you see, Shinsou has never had good luck.

Instead of literally anyone else—and really, Shinsou would have been good with *anyone* else—he had to be up against Nakahara.

Nakahara, the kid who took down the entire class without breaking a sweat.

Maybe if things had been different, if Shinsou had invited Nakahara and Dazai to train sooner, he might have felt even a tad bit more confident going into this match. As it stands, he's only had two training sessions with those two, far too few to know much about Nakahara.

Besides, the whole point of the training sessions was to become friends, to build trust that Shinsou wouldn't use his Quirk out of the blue. In the two sessions they've had so far, Shinsou has spent more time trying to be friendly (while meeting Aizawa-sensei's expectations) than analysing Nakahara's fighting style.

The only upside is the fact that Dazai is on Shinsou's team, which helps alleviate the looming sense of doom Shinsou is currently feeling.

Dazai and Nakahara have worked together for… However long it's been, that means Dazai *has* to know a weakness or two, right? Surely, he'll be able to share some insight that will keep Shinsou from failing this exam.

That's the motto Shinsou repeats in his head while waiting for their match, anyway.

It makes sense why they had to wait; having Aizawa-sensei on standby is probably one of the conditions for Nakahara even getting to use his Ability at UA, but it's still annoying. Everyone else got to start their exams right away, which means they weren't sitting around stewing in anxiety like Shinsou is.

What makes things worse, which Shinsou didn't think was possible, is the utter lack of conversation between Dazai and Nakahara.

When the match-up was first announced, they both had a lot to say, complaints that quickly turned to taunts. But, since then, things have been quiet, save for the odd teasing. There's a tension in the air, one that makes Shinsou even more anxious.

Shinsou doesn't like being stuck in the middle of this, both metaphorically and physically.

For whatever reason, Dazai and Nakahara had chosen to stand on either side of Shinsou rather than next to each other like usual. Boxed in like this, it would be far too awkward to try and escape, something that Shinsou can't deal with right now.

So, for the better part of thirty minutes, Shinsou stood trapped between both Dazai and Nakahara with a steadily growing sense of doubt and dread in his stomach.

Every so often, he'd spy on his classmates, the ones who had already finished their exams and were heading back to get changed. Some, such as Tsu and Tokoyami, walked with their heads up and smiles on their faces. Shinsou felt glad for them, although he would be lying if he weren't a little jealous. How much longer does he have to wait for his own exam to start?

Others, such as Mina and Kaminari, weren't so lucky. The pair had tried to put on a brave face, but with the tears still streaming down their cheeks, it was obvious how their exam had gone.

After what must have been the longest wait of Shinsou's life, Todoroki and Yaoyorozu finally appeared, with Aizawa-sensei following close behind.

Unsurprisingly, both Todoroki and Aizawa-sensei's faces gave away nothing about the exam. What did stand out, though, was the lack of reaction on Yaoyorozu's face.

Which… doesn't feel like a good sign, if Shinsou is being honest.

Before he can think about it any further, particularly wondering how he's meant to comfort the two of them, Nakahara speaks up, "So? How'd it go?"

Yaoyorozu glances over at Todoroki, her face remaining still for just a second before pulling into a grin, "We passed!"

Todoroki nods, his face thawing from the usual expression just a tad.

Shinsou sighs in relief, "Congrats."

Beside him, Nakahara grins, "I'm glad! You'll have to tell us about it after our exam."

"Yes!" Dazai cuts in, his voice weirdly excited. "I wanna know how bad you beat Aizawa-sensei; was it embarrassing for him?"

Ah, now the excitement makes sense.

Shinsou glances up to see Aizawa-sensei shaking his head, a tired but indulgent expression on his face. The gesture, and especially the expression, is a pretty common sight being part of 1A.

Yaoyorozu smiles, "I don't think it was embarrassing, but… We did use his capture weapon against him."

Shinsou can't help but feel impressed by that. Has anyone ever managed to turn Aizawa-sensei's capture weapon against him? It seems like an impossible task to Shinsou, the sort of thing that you joke about but can never actually pull it off.

Yaoyorozu and Todoroki did, though.

"Alright," Aizawa says, his voice distinctly tired, "Let's get this next exam going."

Shinsou perks up at that, finally he can get this exam over with. The sooner the better, that way he can go back to the dorms and lie in his bed for the rest of the afternoon. Which, now that he's thinking about it, he'd do it regardless of whether he passed this exam or not.

Yaoyorozu and Todoroki leave, both offering their support and promising to speak with them later. Shinsou offers a weak smile back.

Fortunately, it only takes a few minutes to arrive at the training grounds. The building is tall and oval-shaped, it's walls made of a continuous white brick. From what Shinsou can see, there aren't any windows either.

"Nakahara, come with me," Aizawa-sensei says as he begins walking, "You two stay here until you hear the start of the exam announced."

Shinsou nods and, once Aizawa-sensei and Nakahara are inside the building, quickly says, "So, I'm guessing you have a plan." Obviously, they couldn't discuss plans before due to Nakahara being right there; now they should have a few minutes before the exam starts.

Dazai nods, "Yep~"

Shinsou is quiet for a second, hoping that Dazai will take the hint to explain his plan. Which, now that Shinsou is thinking about it, is a stupid thing to do. Dazai is the king of ignoring things like this, obviously he's not going to explain without being specifically asked.

With a sigh, Shinsou asks, "And are you going to tell me what the plan is?"

Dazai doesn't respond, instead shooting Shinsou a loaded look…

It takes a moment for it to click.

"I want to know what the plan is, so you know, I can help." Shinsou rephrases, internally cringing at how rude he sounds. Seriously, it's hard to be polite and avoid asking questions sometimes.

Dazai hums before turning away, "You don't need to worry about that. Just follow behind me and keep quiet, okay?"

Which, Shinsou can admit, stings a little. Sure, he planned to rely on Dazai during this exam, but not to this extent. As surprising as it is, Shinsou actually wants to do something other than follow Dazai like a dog.

This is Shinsou's exam, too, after all.

Maybe he should say something, then? In the past, he never would have—too self-conscious and passive—but things are different now. If he wants to keep his spot in the Hero course, then he needs to be pushy sometimes, even when he really doesn't want to.

Besides… he had gotten on well enough with Dazai during the two training sessions, right? They aren't friends or anything yet, but they shared a few jokes and exasperated looks, which has to count for something.

If Shinsou can just lay out his reasoning, then maybe Dazai will listen.

"Look," Shinsou starts, "I know I don't have much to offer, but you can't do this on your own. If we work as a team-"

Dazai glances at him, his eye full of disregard, "Our little training session was fun and all, but that doesn't mean we're all buddy-buddy. I have a plan and you aren't needed for it, understand?"

The snappish tone of his voice feels weirdly foreign, almost reminding Shinsou of when Dazai and Nakahara first joined UA. Back then, though, Dazai still sounded… Nicer?

It's hard to describe, but back then, it felt like when Dazai was being harsh or just straight-up mean, there was a hint of amusement to it.

He was either teasing them or upsetting them and finding joy in it. There have only been a few times when his voice felt… flat. Like there wasn't anything to infer about it.

The way he spoke just then, flat and uncaring, makes it feel like there isn't any room for argument. Shinsou *will* follow Dazai's plan and that's it. Nothing else to discuss.

Shinsou bites his tongue: the lack of consideration from the other boy is upsetting in a way he wishes it wasn't. It's not like Shinsou expected Dazai to be super kind to him after only two training sessions, but, like he said, it felt like things were alright between them. Without the concern of Shinsou's Quirk, they were able to talk and make a few jokes.

Maybe Shinsou's being a hypocrite about this… After all, he was planning on asking Dazai for his advice and just going along with it. Then again, he had imagined getting to play a role in the plan. Being pushed to the side, not even worth a mention, is the part that gets to him.

Has Shinsou not proven himself enough? Does Dazai think he's incapable? That all he can do is—

No, Shinsou takes a deep breath to cut off those thoughts. For whatever reason, Dazai doesn't want him to help, so Shinsou can either get upset about it now or try his best to help anyway once the exam starts.

Besides, Shinsou knew it would be difficult to build any trust with those two, let alone enough to stop them worrying about his Quirk. Maybe Shinsou had just misjudged how Dazai was acting in the training sessions, or, the more likely option, Dazai wasn't being entirely truthful with his actions.

"Fine," Shinsou finally says. He'll go along with Dazai's plan for the most part, but rest assured, he won't be happy about it.

-

When the exam starts, a mere few minutes after Dazai's refusal to let Shinsou help, it doesn't actually *feel* like the important exam that Shinsou has been preparing for.

In a way, it feels like any other mock battle. Any moment now, he'll hear Aizawa-sensei or All Might on the comms; they'll be scolding

Shinsou for just standing around (Aizawa-sensei) or encouraging him to do his best (All Might).

Then, without warning, a voice echoes down the halls.

"Oi, shitty Dazai, Shinsou! If you come out now, I won't beat you around so much!"

Now, getting threats yelled at him is pretty normal, but having threats yelled at him by Nakahara? Yeah, that's new. That's when things start feeling real, when the importance of the exam weighs down on him.

Shinsou glances at Dazai. How is he going to react to Nakahara's yelling?

Dazai seems to watch him for a second before grinning. "If you're scared, I'm sure we can find a corner for you to hide in."

Shinsou scoffs, "As if."

Not only would that be a blow to his pride, but he's also sure the exams are being graded on participation. At least, by following Dazai around, he can do something, even if it is just to act as a witness for whatever Dazai has planned.

"We all know who's gonna win, so save us all the time and come out!"

Dazai sighs, one filled with the soft amusement Shinsou has already got used to, before moving down the nearest hallway. He sets off without warning, his faster-than-normal pace leaving Shinsou scrambling to catch up.

Jeez, he couldn't have warned Shinsou at the very least?

Shinsou sighs and does his best to push those thoughts out of his head, instead turning his attention to the walls around him. This particular training ground isn't one Shinsou's familiar with, which was likely an intentional choice on Aizawa-sensei's part.

From what he can see so far, the entire place is built out of the same off-white brick. Some parts, mainly the corners, seem to be crumbling away into chunks on the ground. It's a bit of a tripping hazard if Shinsou's being honest, especially since Dazai doesn't seem to care where he's going, which, in turn, forces Shinsou down the same path.

There are hallways upon hallways, new ones sprouting off old ones

every few meters. Shinsou notices doorways, too, ones that seem to lead to small, closed-off rooms. There aren't any doors, and, from what he could tell, there isn't anything in the rooms either.

The setup of this place bothers him, almost like he's in a horror game, waiting for a jump scare. It doesn't help that, every few minutes, he hears the echoing sound of what Shinsou assumes to be Nakahara leaping around with his Ability. It's like a constant reminder that, yes, there is a reason to be on edge.

Shinsou feels his hands drift up to his capture weapon, glad for the comforting weight of the item even if he's not the best at using it yet. He's got his Persona Chords on too, although it's doubtful he'll actually get to use it.

Dazai himself is dressed in his usual Mafia get up, seemingly deciding not to bring his capture weapon in for the exam. It's a little confusing considering how good he is with it but Shinsou tries not to question it, it's not like he would get an answer even if he asked.

At some point, Dazai stops and crouches down, again without warning, so Shinsou takes it upon himself to stand guard. Which doesn't actually entail doing much, not with Nakahara still nowhere to be seen.

Shinsou glances back, trying to figure out what Dazai is up to without having to ask, or well, imply through a statement.

It's a little hard to see with this angle, but after a moment of observation, Shinsou can swear that Dazai is building a tower of rocks. For a split second, the second after the idea pops into Shinsou's head, he's so taken aback that he can't think. Dazai knows how important this exam is, right? Now isn't the time for rock towers!

Dazai looks up, perhaps feeling Shinsou's gaze on his back. The movement gives Shinsou just enough space to see that, yes, Dazai is building a rock tower. Without explaining anything, Dazai stands up, idly throwing a rock up and down in his hand, before walking off.

Shinsou follows behind, making sure not to knock the rock tower on his way past. Hell, if he knows why Dazai built it, but there has to be some reason behind it, a reason that would probably end up ruined if the tower got knocked down. He's just hoping it's a legit reason, or that Dazai can make a convincing enough lie up about why he had to.

Dazai leads Shinsou down the hallway, casually taking a left after

walking for a few minutes. He hums a little before nodding, then, before Shinsou can catch on, steps back around the corner and pulls back an arm, quickly launching a rock towards the tower he had just created.

The pile of rocks, precariously balanced as they were, tumble down to the ground easily.

Dazai nods once again before walking back around the corner, this time walking further down the hallway.

Shinsou follows him, obviously, but is incredibly confused while doing it, for a few reasons, actually. The big one is, obviously, why Dazai bothered to stack up a bunch of rocks if he was just going to knock them down again. There is something else that's bothering him, though….

"… Why didn't— you didn't use your gun," Shinsou says, only just managing to avoid making it a question.

Dazai glances over at Shinsou, either weary of his Quirk or not expecting to be asked that of all things. Instead of answering, Dazai turns and continues walking—no, running—down the hallway, his hand beckoning Shinsou to follow.

Shinsou does, slightly annoyed at being ignored and having to run again.

Yeah, he hates running and wants to be a Pro Hero. Those two things can coexist. Whatever Aizawa-sensei has to say on the topic is irrelevant.

Dazai stops without warning, his back naturally slipping up against the wall.

Shinsou stumbles a little, which he blames on the lack of warning, before doing the same.

"It would make too much noise," Dazai whispers, and, for a second, Shinsou forgets that he (sort of) asked a question. "Chibi would realise where we really are immediately."

Shinsou feels his face scrunch up at that. Nakahara would figure it out? But how—

As if scripted, a thump rings out from nearby, quickly followed by

more yelling, "I know you're here, bastard! Just come out and fight me!"

Without warning, Dazai shoots forward, which leaves Shinsou to rush after him.

They turn a corner, which reveals a large, open space in the middle of the training grounds. From here, Shinsou can see the various other floors and the many, many hallways leading deeper in.

Dazai, after glancing down a few hallways that they pass, ducks into one.

Part of Shinsou wants to ask what he was looking for because, as far as he knows, Dazai has never been here before either. Maybe Dazai realised something Shinsou missed? Like some secret pattern to the hallways or hidden signs to the exit, the type of thing everyone else wouldn't bother looking twice at.

Once again, Shinsou can hear the echoes of Nakahara trying to find them. He tries to gauge whether the sounds are getting closer or not, but to his despair, he can't quite tell.

For a few minutes, they continue making their way through the never-ending maze of hallways. Although maybe a maze isn't quite the right word. A maze typically has a bunch of dead ends, places where the path disappears, and you're forced to turn back. This place, however, seems to go on forever.

The more Shinsou thinks about it, the more disturbed he feels. Hasn't he seen something like this online before? A type of space that doesn't feel real, like you're trapped in forever-repeating hallways. Those types of places don't really exist, but if they did, Shinsou would guarantee this training ground is one of them. Hell, he'd put money on Principal Nedzu intentionally creating a space like that for the fun of it.

In front of him, Dazai walks, his steps confident. Had Dazai figured out the never-ending aspect of this place sooner? Maybe that's why he didn't hesitate to head down different hallways; in the end, it'll all lead to the exit anyway.

Or maybe Dazai's just that confident. He's confident he can find the exit no matter what, confident he can handle anything Nakahara throws his way.

Shinsou wonders what it must be like to have that confidence.

Dazai glances into a doorway before stopping. "Bingo."

Shinsou can't help but take a step closer, his head leaning forward to look through that same doorway. Instead of finding a small, empty room, like with all the other doorways, Shinsou finds a large staircase set right in the centre of the room.

Dimly, Shinsou realises why Dazai had been looking into each doorway they had passed. When the two of them walked along the open path, there were a good few floors above and below them. It only makes sense that there would be a way to get up them.

While neither of them knows where the exit gate is—at least Shinsou doesn't anyway—it's as good a guess as any to assume it's on the top floor.

Dazai glances at him, his eye void of any noticeable emotion, before gesturing, "Follow me."

Surprisingly, Dazai does not lead them up the staircase. Instead, he walks down the hallway and into one of the small rooms nearby.

"Stay here," Dazai instructs, not even sparing a glance to see if Shinsou listened or not.

Shinsou does listen, but whatever. He doesn't leave the room, but he does lean his head outside the doorway, just enough to see what exactly Dazai is up to. Call it his small act of rebellion against Dazai's control.

Dazai, after leaning down and picking up another small rock, ducks into the stairwell he had just been checking out. A moment later, the sound of a rock continuously hitting the ground rings out. Shinsou guesses Dazai must have thrown that rock down the stairs for some reason.

Before he can blink, Shinsou finds himself being shoved aside by Dazai. The other teen wastes no time before tucking himself right up against the wall, perfectly hidden if anyone were to look in through the doorway.

Shinsou is about to complain because, *ow,* that hurt his shoulder, but stops short when he hears the familiar sound of Nakahara's approach.

He can't quite tell what's going on; the sounds in this place echo like crazy. He can't look either, not unless he wants to risk Nakahara noticing him.

Still, Shinsou makes an effort to listen and try to figure out what Nakahara is doing and, more importantly, where he is.

He hears the sound of Nakahara get closer, too close for comfort, before the sound seems to soften. It's not entirely gone, but not as close as before.

Dazai moves, which jerks Shinsou into doing the same. God, after this, he'll make sure to never work with Dazai again, not if this lack of communication is a common thing with him.

He does his best to continue listening as they run towards the stairwell, this time going all the way into the room and up the stairs. They make it up about two floors before the sound of Nakahara swearing echoes from below them, and, ah, that's where he went.

Dazai rushes forward, easily running into the new floor and hiding away down one of the identical hallways.

Shinsou, as always, follows suit. Although if he were being honest, there was something bothering him.

Sure, he can see the strategic reasons for Dazai's actions so far, but Shinsou struggles to believe that Dazai actually cares about this exam.

Which… Now that Shinsou's putting it into words, it seems rather obvious. Of course Dazai doesn't care, not only does he get to go to the training camp no matter what, he also has zero interest in being a Hero. It doesn't matter to him if he fails every exam because, realistically, UA isn't going to kick him out over something like that.

All of this messing around with rocks is just… It's just for fun, just a way to tease Nakahara. If Dazai wanted, if he cared about this exam as much as Shinsou does, then he probably could have gotten to the exit gate by now. Hell, he probably could have taken Nakahara head-on and figured out some way to beat him.

"Our little training session was fun and all, but that doesn't mean we're all buddy-buddy. I have a plan and you aren't needed for it, understand?"

Right, he has a plan. A plan to fuck around and have some fun, because it doesn't matter what happens to Dazai. A plan that doesn't require Shinsou, you know, the one actual person in this exam who *needs* to do well and pass.

Shinsou attempts to settle himself, he remembers Aizawa-sensei's words about being logical and not jumping to conclusions.

"You're only doing this to annoy him," Shinsou says, his voice as flat as he can manage at the moment.

"Guilty as charged!" Dazai smiles, which only serves to get on Shinsou's nerves more, "Tch, no need to look so worried. We're still going to win by the end, so your grade is safe."

Somehow, Shinsou isn't all that comforted by that. Maybe, and here's a crazy idea, maybe Shinsou wanted to actually *do* something in this exam.

Earlier, he was willing to set aside his pride to follow Dazai's plan because, at the time, Shinsou figured that the plan would be somewhat decent. He was willing to follow that stupid plan because he was trying to be nice; he thought that it would be an actual plan, not just an excuse to mess around.

The smile on Dazai's face drops, replaced with a look of boredom. "Fine, how about this? You go to the finish line while I bother Chuuya some more. Just before the exam ends, you can cross it and secure us a win."

Shinsou takes a deep breath. "I want to take this exam seriously; it's important to me." Sure, sitting by the exit gate would be better than being a silent observer of Dazai's tricks, but not by much.

Dazai rolls his eyes, "Don't be such a spoilsport~"

Right, because caring about his grade makes him a spoil sport.

"I'm not, I just want-"

"Look," Dazai cuts him off, his voice cold and hard. "You'd never be able to beat Chuuya anyway. Chuuya won't respond to your questions, and his ability will never lose to your capture weapon. You can barely use the thing. So, just leave it all to me."

Shinsou *knows* he has no chance against Nakahara—that's the most obvious statement of the century! That doesn't mean he just wants to give up, though! He wants to actually *try* and then learn from the experience.

Without noticing, Shinsou's voice jumps up a level, "I know I can't use it well, but that doesn't mean I can't try! I want to get better, not just trail after you while you torment Nakahara."

Dazai scoffs, his face reminding Shinsou of all the people who would shoot down his dream of being a Pro. He was too weak, they would say, his Quirk too Villainous.

And now, despite being in class 1A and on his way to being a Hero, Shinsou finds himself facing the same sentiment once again.

Things are different now, he isn't the same kid who would nod along with whatever people said just so they'd leave him alone.

He's Shinsou Hitoshi of class 1A, a student of UA and the mentee of *the* Erasurehead.

Shinsou opens his mouth, intent on fighting back a bit more.

Then, a blur of black and orange leaps around the corner, and Shinsou feels his heart jump in his chest.

Instantly, Shinsou's hands fly up to his capture weapon. If he can just slow Nakahara down a little, then—

Nakahara dodges, his movements so precise that it looks stupid next to Shinsou's fumbles.

Nakahara is closing in, there isn't time to pull the capture weapon, and Shinsou's Quirk isn't going to work. He'll have to fight hand to hand then, which sucks because Nakahara will most certainly win.

Still, Shinsou puts his hands up just in time to block a blow to his face. He stumbles back a few steps, his mind reeling at just how much that hurt.

He goes to move, to try and maybe get out of the way, but finds his stomach lit up in pain as Nakahara lands a kick right at the centre of it.

This time, without the block, Shinsou is hit back much farther. So far,

in fact, that he ends up tumbling into one of the small rooms.

He jumps up, doing his best to ignore the aching in both his arms and stomach (and his shoulder, from when Dazai had shoved him), but it's too late.

Before Shinsou can even register what's going on, Nakahara has blocked the doorway with chunks of rock, likely taken from the surrounding walls.

Nakahara's voice is muffled when he speaks, "Just stay here until time is up, yeah?"

Shinsou immediately slams up against the rocks, which only serves to make his shoulder hurt more. The rocks aren't coming loose; somehow, Nakahara had laced them together like a puzzle in order to keep them from falling.

Well, a puzzle that happens to be missing a piece. It's tight, but Shinsou is just about able to slip a finger between two smaller rocks.

With a bit of effort, the two rocks fall apart, creating a small gap through to the other side.

Through that small gap, Shinsou can see Dazai and Nakahara jumping around, both of them trying to get the upper hand on the other.

Nakahara leaps forward, only to stutter to a stop when a rock is launched at his face— No, not his face, it's too high. If not his face, though, then what?…

Nakahara's hat goes flying to the ground, Dazai's rock landing perfectly on top like a decoration.

"Hey- You bastard!" Nakahara yells.

Dazai grins before turning and sprinting faster than Shinsou has ever seen him move, which, as it turns out, is the right move, as Nakahara is quick to run after him.

They run, and yell a lot, and then…

And then Shinsou is alone.

For a moment, a split second after he realises he has been left in the dust, Shinsou contemplates just sitting down and waiting out the rest of the exam. He's stuck in this room and, like everyone thought, he

has no chance of beating Nakahara on his own anyway.

He thinks that for a moment, but then his previous anger and annoyance at Dazai come back, and Shinsou decides he *will* get out of this room, even if only to be spiteful.

Alright, the first thing he needs to do is find a way out.

The most obvious way is knocking down the rocks and leaving through the doorway, but that does have a few problems. Most notably, Shinsou isn't sure he'll actually be able to knock down the rocks. He gives it a go, slips his hand in the opening he made, and tucks with all his strength and—

Yep, nothing.

Even if he had been able to break down the rocks, the noise alone would have alerted both Dazai and Nakahara to his escape. What's the point of getting out if he immediately gets captured again?

Dazai won't come back for him, so there is no use wishing he would.

So… What else can Shinsou do?

Shinsou takes a deep breath and thinks back to the many training sessions he's had with Aizawa-sensei. The first thing to do in any situation is to take stock of your surroundings and note anything that could be useful.

There's the blocked doorway, a few loose rocks here and there, and…

Shinsou grins. There, on the ceiling, is a vent.

If he uses the capture weapon, then maybe he could get out through that vent. It'll be hard; his control of the capture weapon and upper body strength are still pretty terrible, but it's not impossible.

If Shinsou gets out through that vent —and that's a huge 'if'—he might just be able to win this exam. Both Nakahara and Dazai will assume he's still stuck in this random room; they won't be expecting to see Shinsou at all.

Now, though, Shinsou has a chance to prove himself. He doesn't need Dazai's permission to participate in his own exam, he doesn't need to follow along a plan made by someone else.

Shinsou *will* get out of here, then he'll show Dazai that he's actually

someone worth being on the same team with.

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To put it simply, Dazai is not very happy with the current state of affairs. More accurately, he's not happy with one thing in particular.

He already knew they wouldn't be fighting robots; Nedzu had all but confirmed that, but Dazai still hadn't definitely proven what they would be fighting. Of course, fighting the teachers was one of his leading theories, although Dazai muses that it turns out that was wrong anyway.

If he and Chuuya had been set up against a teacher, then Dazai would have found the whole thing fun, especially depending on which teacher it was.

If he and Chuuya had been split, it would have been a bit annoying, but nothing they couldn't deal with.

If he and Chuuya had been pitted against each other, that would have been another fun experience. Dazai would get to mess around and taunt Chuuya, or get a good fight out of it.

All it took was one little detail, one variable added in, that turned Dazai's mood upside down.

Of course, out of everyone in the entire class, he just had to be teamed with Shinsou and against that Slug.

While there isn't any proof that Shinsou's Quirk would actually trigger Corruption, both Dazai and Chuuya would rather not risk it. In a place like this, there is no telling what may happen should Corruption be activated.

Would the HPSC come along and snatch Chuuya away for good this time? Would Aizawa and Yamada turn their backs on Chuuya, deciding that he's too dangerous and uncontrollable?

Dazai has plans upon plans on how to get out of UA if needed, how to get out without Chuuya's help in case he's too hurt to do anything. There are various Port Mafia grunts undercover around the Musutafu area just waiting to get the signal to cause some chaos—enough chaos that Dazai and Chuuya would be able to slip off back to Yokohama.

He has all these plans, but he would still prefer to avoid anything

happening at all.

That's why he wasn't all that keen on working with Shinsou, especially since he knows just how dedicated the kid is to being a Hero.

At the start of the exam, Dazai had told Shinsou to just be quiet and follow him and, if he was being perfectly real, had expected to be told to shove it. Shinsou had relented, although Dazai could tell he wasn't happy about it.

For a while, things were going fine. Dazai was taunting Chuuya, and Shinsou wasn't as big of a risk as he could have been.

Then, just because Shinsou was too stupid to understand why drawing Chuuya's attention elsewhere was needed, things crashed down.

The only good thing that came out of all that was Shinsou getting locked away in that room. At least now Dazai doesn't have to worry about keeping an eye on him.

Dazai sighs. It's about time he ended this exam. Messing with Chuuya was fun—it always is—but Dazai is over it now—well, over it in this setting. He could never get sick of annoying Chuuya.

Dazai takes a right turn. He's already made his way up to the top floor, where he had assumed the exit gate would be. Now, all he has to do is find the thing and walk through. Oh, maybe he could wait until exactly 29:59 minutes have passed of the exam? That might be fun.

He continues walking, his mind mentally going over just how long he had been messing with Chuuya.

The sound of rocks echoing makes it to his ears. Dazai dismisses it.

The sound of Chuuya yelling is next. Dazai brushes it off. His Dog is such a brute.

The sound of a voice, his own voice to be exact, is the final piece to this puzzle, and Dazai does not ignore it.

"You're falling for that trick again?"

A chill shoots down Dazai's spine. It doesn't take a genius to figure out what just happened. Shinsou, somehow, got out of that room and used Dazai's own tricks to bait Chuuya into responding.

This is exactly what he didn't want to happen.

Dazai whips his head around, mentally begging for Chuuya not to fall into such a trap-

"Oh, shut the hell-"

Things fall eerily silent, a hallmark of Shinsou's Quirk activating. For a moment, time seems to stand still.

Dazai isn't by any means religious, and yet he finds himself praying in that moment. He isn't sure to which god exactly, maybe Arahabaki, but the only thing on his mind is this:

'Please don't let Corruption happen, not here, not now.'

Cackles echo down the hall, ones that prove that no god ever listens to Dazai anyway.

Dazai sprints back down the hall, his mind conjuring various plans on how to get to Chuuya, how to make sure he's okay, how to get both him and Chuuya out of UA before any of the pros get in the way.

He runs around a corner, the hallways taking him out to the central part of the training grounds.

As soon as Dazai catches a glimpse of Chuuya, his breath falls short. This always happens; when he watches Corruption take hold, he finds his mind empty for once. Words could never properly begin to describe the sight that is Corruption, the sight that is Chuuya acting without any restraints.

But this time, things are different. This time, words come to him as easily as panic does.

This is not a Chuuya who has placed his trust in Dazai, who has risked his life, his soul, his *everything,* knowing that Dazai will be there to bring him back. This is not a Chuuya who decided to lose himself for the greater good, who has been hurt again and again and again, and yet, like an idiot, willingly hurts himself to save others.

This is a Chuuya who has been stripped of control, a Chuuya who most certainly, most definitely, did *not* want to become this now. He did not want to gain such strength and power at the cost of his health, he did not want the world outside of Yokohama to know about this cursed talent of his.

Knowing all this, the sight of Chuuya bathed in red and laughing like mad suddenly becomes the ugliest thing in the world.

Dazai hates it. He hates looking at it.

He hates it because he knows that Chuuya, trapped inside his own body, must hate it too.

Dazai manages to pull his eyes away from Chuuya just long enough to catch sight of Shinsou, the idiot who couldn't just stay put and listen to instructions. He wants to go over there and hit him, to grab his head and force him to see what he's done by not listening: the exam was almost over, they were almost in the clear, but no.

Chuuya cackles, the sound almost as abrasive as the sound of bricks smashing against each other.

It's by sheer luck that Dazai is still looking at Shinsou when it appears, when a chunk of brick goes flying off in Shinsou's direction.

For a second, Dazai considers looking away, he considers letting Shinsou get punished for what he's done.

Then, the knowledge of how Chuuya would react, knowing he had hurt Shinsou, possibly even killed him, forces him to move.

Fortunately, Dazai is able to slam his body into Shinsou's just before the rock makes contact. Shinsou groans below him, but Dazai pays it no mind. Instead, he leaps back to his feet and rushes to the railing.

Chuuya is crouched on a floating piece of rock, just a bit lower than the floor Dazai is on. Various other pieces of rock are floating around, some being shot out at invisible enemies.

Dazai hears yelling, his eyes glance over at the same time that Chuuya's head turns.

Aizawa has run into the training grounds, his eyes glowing red and capture tape already in his hands. He's on a much lower floor, although with his acrobatic skills, it wouldn't take long to reach Chuuya.

Fuck, things just keep getting worse.

For a brief second, Dazai considers using Aizawa as bait. He considers leaving Aizawa to take the brunt of Corruption's power while Dazai

finds a better way to get to Chuuya.

He knows he can't do that, though.

Chuuya, for whatever reason, actually likes the guy. The other day, when they had left the first training sessions with Shinsou, Chuuya had said it plainly for anyone to hear.

Owls, Aizawa's code name, have been growing on him lately. Chuuya has started to bond with and like these fools at UA. While part of him wanted to scold Chuuya for it, wanted to remind Chuuya that they would be returning to the Port Mafia once the mission was complete, he ultimately let it slide. He knew this would happen; after all, Chuuya is the biggest bleeding heart alive.

If Dazai uses Aizawa as bait and he gets hurt, or worse, killed, Chuuya will be upset.

Dazai tells himself he's just saving himself the trouble later on as he takes a running jump onto the railing.

Dazai tells himself that hearing Chuuya cry about it later on would be too annoying, as he pushes off the railing and shoots towards Chuuya.

Dazai tells himself that this is just the easiest option, that using Aizawa or Shinsou as bait is too much effort, as he slams into Chuuya's floating body and wraps his arms around Chuuya as tightly as he can.

Dazai tells himself that it doesn't hurt *that* much as he and Chuuya go flying, as they crash onto one of the lower floors and Dazai feels his shoulder pop out of place.

Chuuya, still tucked in Dazai's arms, hisses in pain. Dazai does his best to support Chuuya's head because, fuck, that fall was hard. If Chuuya has a head injury from it, then he needs to stay as still as possible.

The sound of footsteps tears Dazai back to reality, right, he's not out of the woods yet.

Somehow, he needs to get both himself and Chuuya out of here. There are a few plans that could work. He just needs to move before—

Aizawa skids around the corner, his Quirk no longer activated.

Dazai, on instinct alone, raises the paintball gun in his hand and levels

it at Aizawa's head. He knows it isn't a real gun, but with his aim, Dazai could easily shoot the man in both eyes before he gets any closer.

With Aizawa unable to see, that capture weapon will be useless, thus giving Dazai the perfect opportunity to slip by if needed.

(Dazai forces his arm to stop shaking; if he had a second, he could pop his shoulder back in place, but no, Aizawa just had to come right away.)

Shinsou isn't a concern either. He's probably still sitting twiddling his thumbs, like all of this wasn't his fault. Even if he does try something, which Dazai seriously doubts, he'll be easy to take down.

Dazai feels his face slip into an expression he hasn't worn in a while, not since they left Yokohama and the Port Mafia. Back home, people had the annoying habit of questioning him; well, they always did at first. After enough violence, after the rumours spread, people started to get the message.

The Demon Prodigy was never meant to make an appearance at UA, but this seems as good a time as any. With his Chuuya hurt and incapacitated, with Chuuya in real danger, there's no reason to act all soft.

Aizawa's face hardens, but interestingly, his hands stay by his side rather than reaching for his capture weapon.

Dazai doesn't think he needs to speak, not when his intention is so very clear. If Aizawa takes another step, then Dazai will shoot. He will not hesitate to blind the man if needed.

For a few seconds, there is silence; for a few seconds, no one moves as the tensions rise.

Then Chuuya's hands tighten from where they're grabbing Dazai's shirt, a weak attempt compared to how much strength Chuuya usually has. It's still enough to draw Dazai's attention, to snap his mind into action.

Aizawa isn't moving, which, while good news for Dazai, doesn't make sense. Dazai has heard about what happened at the USJ—how Aizawa put his own life on the line to take down the villains.

So, why isn't he doing anything? Doesn't he know how dangerous

Chuuya was just a moment ago? Isn't it protocol to take down threats to UA students?

Even with the threat of the paintball gun, it just doesn't make sense. Aizawa is a capable man, he wouldn't get scared off by a few paintballs to the eyes.

His face is pulled taut with what Dazai identifies as concern, and yet, despite it all, he stands perfectly still. He doesn't twitch, not even with the intention to move. No unconscious movements give away his plans.

It doesn't make sense, it's frustrating because Dazai doesn't understand why he isn't—

"So, from now on, I don't care what Nedzu or the HPSC say. Making sure you two have someone you can rely on, someone who is in your corner, will be my priority."

Aizawa looks so worried, and yet he's not moving. He's waiting for Dazai to move first. He's… He's here to help, but not close enough that Dazai feels out of control. He's allowing Dazai to make the first move. He's obeying the silent command given by the gun. He's keeping his distance until Dazai lets him closer.

So many things fly through his head, insults, plans, and ideas, and Dazai does his best to parse through them and find the best thing to do in this situation.

Doesn't he know it's stupid to let his guard down? Even if he was genuine about being better, isn't this too much?

Chuuya's hurt; he needs medical attention. How can Dazai get that as soon as possible?

Nedzu's watching—he's always watching. Has he figured them out? Is the plan in danger?

Dazai, in a technique he's mastered by now, shoves all the thoughts in his head into a corner so he can focus. His top priority right now is Chuuya, he needs to make sure he gets some medical attention and isn't at risk of being taken away. Everything else can wait until later.

Aizawa is still waiting, he looks worried and ready to jump into action at any second, ready to listen to any order given by Dazai.

Aizawa wants to help; he's a fool who hasn't raised his weapon on them even now. He wants to help… And Chuuya trusts him, likes him, even.

Chuuya trusts Aizawa, at least a tiny bit more than before, so Dazai will, too. He'll put his faith in this 'Hero' just long enough to get Chuuya in a better state. He'll take advantage of this misplaced trust from Aizawa to make sure Chuuya gets out of here.

Dazai takes a deep breath, lowers the gun, and locks eyes with Aizawa. "You and Recovery Girl, no one else."

Aizawa nods, his face set in grim determination, before rushing off.

-

Shinsou has many regrets in his life. For a long time, he was too anxious about other people calling him a Villain to do anything. He'd hide away, miss out on opportunities and experiences to make things easier for others.

Thinking back on the things that always upset him, he feels a sense of regret for not standing up for himself sooner.

Now, as his chest heaves and his mind tries to catch up with whatever the hell just happened, he feels regret over something he chose to do, rather than something he chose not to.

It's new, and yet the bone-deep feeling of shame, the weight in his chest that refuses to leave, is all too familiar.

Shinsou has a lot of regrets, and this one? This one will forever be his biggest regret.

Chapter End Notes

> Ahhhh! Ok, the moment you were all waiting for!!! I'd like to say something kinda important, so please read this bit! When I posted last chapter a lot of people were theorising about if corruption would happen, which was great! I did see people talking about how it wouldn't work or how Dazai wouldn't let it happen or whatever. I kinda got a bit worried about that, but I realised that this is my fanfic and I don't need to justify why I have certain

things happen, my reason is because I want it to! Fortunately, you all are literally the best ever and I've never had trouble with mean comments, but still, if you have any criticisms about corruption happening I do not want to hear them!

Now that's out of the way, how are we all feeling?? I bet you're surprised to see an update so soon! With last week's cliff hanger I didn't want to make you wait too long haha. I mentioned on chapter 29 it would take a little longer to update, that's because I was working on two chapters at the same time ^-^

I've had this planned out for a longggg time, when Dazai hears corruption activate has been written for a good few months! Sometimes I get the urge to write scenes that won't happen for agessss.

I am actually really nervous while I write this AN, as I was posting last chapter to >-< Usually I don't get nervous posting chapters but these are big ones, so it's a little scarier. I was texting some friends earlier and my hands were shaking juuuust enough that I kept making typos haha.

Oh, I couldn't say it last week but wwt officially passed 200k words!!! It's so insane to think about really, I've never written anything this long before! I remember thinking 200k would be the max word count haha, how foolish of me. I know when wwt hit 100k I posted a misc oneshot to celebrate, but unfortunately I don't have anything for you all this time 3 I have something good planned for the two year anniversary (wild) coming up, so look forward to that!

(Also to the discord server members who thought I couldn't write this chapter and keep it under 10k, this chapter is 8.7k 😱 Get wrecked)

In slightly worse news, I'm sure you guys have seen the stuff about AI sites scrapping ao3. Wwt wasn't part of it, thankfully, but it's probably only a matter of time. I was really torn about making this fic user only, I know there are so many wonderful guests that read it and I would hate if they couldn't continue reading. That being said, my friend made a really good point about it that convinced me. I'm really proud of how much I've written for this fic, and while the early chapters aren't the best there are some scenes that I still really love. I don't want my hard work being used for AI, something I am very against as a whole.

For that reason, I will be making wwt and the misc oneshots user only at the end of the month. Hopefully that's enough time for guests to make accounts if they are able to, or reread/download it (which you can do, just please don't put it into AI sites to finish it, that's really insulting!)

Hmmm, I think that's all I want to say? I don't wanna leave this AN on a bad note though... Recently I started watching Naruto and I'm really enjoying it!! I'm sure it's no surprise that I've started thinking of a bnha crossover for it... I really have no self control haha.

Well, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter!! I'll be eagerly waiting for comments/opinions haha <3

Chapter 32: Back in Recovery Girl's infirmary

Chapter Summary

Does he let them continue their charade, or throw them out while he has the chance?

Chapter Notes

CW: Nothing I think? Let me know if anything should be added!

As always, a big thank you to AnxiouslyShipping and Echo78 for beta reading <333 I also want to thank kqhysteria for helping me with a couple scenes <333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The second after Aizawa has left his line of sight, Dazai carefully lowers Chuuya down and off his lap, instead placing his partner flat on the ground.

He takes the chance to slip his shoulder back in place, barely blinking at the residual pain. While he usually wouldn't he hindered by such a thing, he doesn't want to handicap himself when the situation is already so disadvantageous.

He normally wouldn't just lay Chuuya on the ground when a quick escape might be necessary, but he knows that Recovery Girl would have insisted on it anyway.

Aizawa isn't back yet, which gives Dazai a few precious moments to comb through everything that happened and construct a few new plans.

Recovery Girl should be able to help Chuuya, if not with her Quirk, then with her medical knowledge. He'll keep a close eye on the situation; if it seems like Chuuya is in danger, then he'll overpower her and make a run for it.

He'd like to take advantage of Recovery Girl as much as possible, but if Nedzu or some other pro poses a risk, he won't stick around. Doctors are a dime a dozen, even more so when you have the money needed to keep them quiet after treatment.

Aizawa would be a pain to fight, but his sentimentality will work in

Dazai's favour. As long as Dazai's attacks are in self defence—or at least look like it—then Aizawa will likely pull his own punches. Still, he's smart, with years of experience fighting Villains under his belt, so Dazai will have to be careful.

Resounding footsteps echo, Dazai's only warning before Aizawa and Recovery Girl round the corner. Aizawa slows for a moment, his eyes locking onto Dazai's own. Beside him, Recovery Girl does the same, although her body seems ready to spring forward at a moment's notice.

Dazai looks over to Recovery Girl, taking note of the small robots with a stretcher between them following close behind, before inclining his head. They both take that as permission, although Aizawa moves with a distinct cautious feel.

While Recovery Girl wastes no time getting next to Chuuya, Aizawa positions himself just a few steps away from Chuuya's head. It's a smart position; he can keep an eye on both Dazai and Recovery Girl, and interfere if needed.

Aizawa won't do anything, though, not unless Dazai lunges at Recovery Girl in a mad craze.

Across from him, Recovery Girl begins to check over Chuuya's body. She takes a cursory look before asking, "His injuries?" Her voice is stern, leaving no room for nonsense.

For a moment, Dazai debates just how much he should tell her. Chuuya is vulnerable right now, so revealing the exact injuries seems idiotic. Then again, Dazai has already committed to getting Recovery Girl's help. Lying about Chuuya's injuries would be even stupider, at this point—how can she heal Chuuya if she doesn't know what to heal?

"Internal bleeding, possibly a head injury from the impact," Dazai explains, his voice easily staying level and flat. Even if he's decided to trust Aizawa—and Recovery Girl, he supposes—that doesn't mean he can stand down just yet. Sure, Aizawa wants to help, but who knows what Nedzu will say?

As Recovery Girl begins assessing Chuuya, Dazai keeps careful track of where her hands move and what she does with them. Every movement is accounted for, from the places she checks his pulse to the involuntary twitch in her fingers.

When Dazai had first joined Mori, the man had made it abundantly clear what underestimating a doctor could lead to. In emergencies, people tend to defer to anyone with authority; they blindly place their trust in anyone who appears confident.

A doctor—or anyone with medical experience—can so easily send their patients to a painful death without anyone being the wiser.

Fortunately (for her), Recovery Girl follows the usual expectations of someone administering first aid perfectly. Her hands move with precision and clear expertise, unlikely to try anything. Still, Dazai's attention doesn't waver.

She hasn't used her Quirk, not yet, anyway. Part of Dazai wonders if this is standard procedure, that she always does a physical check before using it, or if she's realised that Chuuya is in no state to take the brunt of her Quirk.

He remembers his first day at UA, where Recovery Girl had healed Chuuya and explained her Quirk to them. Healing in exchange for energy, it only seems simple to assume that healing someone who is already exhausted will only lead to further problems.

Recovery Girl is a smart woman; she likely knows not to mess with Chuuya in that aspect right now.

Still, to be sure, Dazai asks, "You won't use your Quirk?"

Recovery Girl briefly looks up before she goes back to work. "My Quirk heals at the expense of energy; it's always far more risky with unconscious patients."

Dazai doesn't bother nodding.

A moment later, Recovery Girl motions for the robots to come closer. "This place isn't suitable, we'll need to move him so I can take a closer look and keep an eye on his vitals. Once he's rested for a while, I'll begin to slowly heal any damage with my Quirk." She gestures for Dazai and Aizawa to take hold of Chuuya, a motion that leaves Dazai a tad annoyed.

Chuuya isn't so heavy that Dazai can't lift him, no matter how much muscle the mini-brute has.

Aizawa is already moving closer to help. He asks, "Will he be alright waiting that long?"

Recovery Girl sends him a sharp glance—one that, if the situation were different, Dazai would tease the man about. "He won't be going without medical attention. I will assess and treat him using traditional medical practices until I'm able to use my Quirk. I'll need to make sure that internal bleeding stops and check on that possible head injury once he wakes up."

Despite himself, Aizawa winces before quickly bowing in her direction. His attention then fixes on Chuuya.

He crouches down, at which point Dazai moves down to grab Chuuya's legs.

Recovery Girl, after taking a step back to allow the robots to get closer, speaks up: "Keep his head as still as possible."

Aizawa nods, his hands steady as he slips one under Chuuya's head. "Ready?"

Dazai resists the urge to shrug, "Sure."

In no time at all, Chuuya is carefully settled onto the stretcher. Aizawa, after gently moving his hand from under Chuuya's head, takes a step back. He turns to face Dazai, a question clearly sitting on the tip of his tongue.

Part of Dazai, the part that isn't running risk calculations and making plans, attempts to guess what the man might say. Does he want to ask about Corruption? That would go against his own promise not to snoop, though, which seems out of character for him at this point.

Recovery Girl, perhaps unknowing or simply uncaring, does not wait for the man to ask his question. Instead, she turns on her heel and begins leading the robots down the hallway.

Dazai glances at Aizawa before moving to follow her. While he can admit to being curious, he has no time to sit around for a Q&A.

He needs to stay by Chuuya's side, if not to protect him, then to make sure the Chibi doesn't freak out when he wakes up.

Aizawa follows close behind, although, after a few steps, he clears his throat. "Dazai, I need to check on Shinsou. I'll be right behind you."

Dazai glances back at him. For some reason, he gets the feeling that Aizawa's earlier question has been left unsaid. Still, he nods before

turning his attention back to Chuuya and Recovery Girl.

While he's curious as to what Aizawa wanted to ask, now isn't the time to think about it. The aftermath of Corruption has the potential to affect a great deal of things, and Dazai needs to be prepared for each and every outcome.

-

Shinsou numbly takes notice when Aizawa-sensei appears, his mind not quite focusing on his teacher like it usually would. He wants to; wants to turn and greet his teacher with the respect he's owed, but he just can't muster up the energy to do so.

He's so damn tired, despite not actually doing that much during the exam.

When Aizawa-sensei crouches down beside him, unspeaking, Shinsou makes the focused effort to say something.

"Sensei?" Shinsou asks, taking more effort than he would have liked. It's a fight to not let his mind drift back to what just happened, to replay his own hand in it all.

Aizawa-sensei watches him for a moment, his critical gaze usually something that would send Shinsou into mild panic. "Shinsou, are you alright? Do you need to see Recovery Girl?"

Shinsou shakes his head, "No, I… I'm fine."

He should have been hurt, though, should have been hit with a projectile had it not been for Dazai.

Dazai, who had tackled Shinsou to safety despite what had just happened, despite what he'd done to Nakahara.

Why would he do that? Dazai and Nakahara have proven time and time again that the only people they trust are each other. That they aren't afraid to be mean or violent if threatened. Maybe if it were the other way around, if Nakahara had pushed Shinsou to the side, then he could make some sense of it. But Dazai? No, it just doesn't track.

"What happened wasn't your fault," Aizawa-sensei says, effectively pulling Shinsou out of his thoughts.

Shinsou, without quite realising it, shakes his head. It was his fault;

none of this would have happened if he hadn't used his Quirk.

"Shinsou—"

"It *was.* Nakahara avoided talking to me for a reason, and I just…" Shinsou trails off, his mind unhelpfully supplying memories of exactly what happened, exactly how Shinsou messed up.

Aizawa-sensei watches him, thankfully not looking at Shinsou with disappointment or anger. If he had, then Shinsou… Well, it's hard to imagine feeling worse about this than he currently does, and yet Shinsou knows he would have managed it.

"If you had known what would happen," Aizawa-sensei starts, "would you have still used your Quirk?"

"No!" Shinsou is quick to answer, slightly offended at the question. Aizawa-sensei knows about the struggles with his Quirk, so why would he ask something like this?

Unless… Unless Aizawa-sensei isn't sure about it anymore—isn't sure about *him.*

Instead of being shocked, or anything that would confirm Shinsou's thoughts, Aizawa-sensei nods. "Exactly. You didn't know. You thought nothing bad would happen. Yes, Nakahara still ended up getting hurt, and you'll need to apologise, but the blame isn't entirely on you."

Aizawa-sensei wouldn't lie about something like this—he's seen the man scold Bakugou for being reckless enough times—but it's still hard to believe. Sure, he didn't know, but… But he should have thought about it more, should have considered how his Quirk might affect Abilities.

It seems so obvious now in hindsight, the idea that his Quirk might work differently on people with Abilities. Next to nothing is known about Abilities, there's no way to know just how entwined they are with their wielder. The fact that Dazai and Nakahara were always cautious around Shinsou proves that they knew something about this. Hell, they probably had people back in Yokohama try to do the same thing.

It would have been nice to know, sure, but Shinsou really can't imagine those two telling anyone about what could happen when Ability users get brainwashed. Not willingly.

Aizawa-sensei stands, perhaps deciding not to push Shinsou on the matter, "I'll walk you back to the dorms. Come on."

Shinsou dutifully stands up, but shakes his head before Aizawa-sensei could begin moving, "No, Sensei. It's alright, just… What should I tell the class?"

Whatever happened to Nakahara seemed serious, especially since Recovery Girl had to intervene. Aizawa-sensei should be with those two, not with Shinsou, walking him back to the dorms.

Aizawa-sensei thinks for a moment. "Tell them that Dazai and Nakahara went overboard. If they press for more, tell them to come find me, alright?"

-

When Shinsou arrives at the dorms, any chance of slinking up to his room unnoticed is killed immediately.

Kaminari waves, his earlier upset at failing his own exam gone. "Shinsou! How'd your exam go?"

With that, the others turn to look at him with smiles on their faces as they welcome him back.

"Oh, wait, where's Dazai and Chuuya?" Uraraka asks, unknowingly asking the very question Shinsou was dreading.

Still, with practised movements—a habit formed by years of lying and pretending to not to be hurt by jokes—Shinsou raises a hand to rub his neck. "Hah, about that…"

-

Chuuya doesn't dream; that is a fact he has long since come to terms with.

He doesn't dream, but sometimes, he wakes up with the dregs of emotion pulling at him—just little pieces here and there, hangovers from before he went to sleep.

If he goes to bed mad, then he'll wake up irritated. If he's happy, then he'll feel optimistic the next day; at least until something comes along to put him in a bad mood.

When Chuuya comes to—his eyes stubbornly closed in a failed

attempt to fall asleep again—it takes only a moment for him to recall what happened. There, in the recesses of his mind, is the dark, sinking feeling that always follows after Corruption.

With that, it only takes a second before his memories come flooding in.

Dazai, being a bastard and teasing him the entire exam.

Chuuya, being stupid and letting his guard down.

Shinsou, taking advantage of an opening.

With the memories comes a second wave of emotions, ones that Chuuya does his best to push to the side in a desperate attempt to stay level-headed.

Below his superficial layer of calm sits the dread as he acknowledges what happened, that there's no going back from this. The staff at UA know about Corruption now. Surely they won't just turn the other cheek with something like this. If not to covet the power themselves, they'll do it to keep the students safe.

There's also the confusion of it all; the irritation in how his memories fade away the moment Corruption is activated. What happened while he was in that state? What happened afterwards? Dazai is under orders from the Boss to take him to somewhere safe after Corruption, but would he be able to do so right in the heart of UA?

There's the anger; the fury at Shinsou for taking the choice out of Chuuya's hand. When Chuuya uses Corruption, *he* is the one who makes that decision, the one who puts aside any discomfort to get the job done. Shinsou took away that choice, something he had no right to do.

(There's the fear; the anxiety of being a passenger in his own body, of how easy it would be for Shinsou to do it again.)

Even so, there's no point in freaking out—even if his body is *oh so willing* to do it. As Chuuya pushes those emotions back to where they came from, he reminds himself of what he knows to be the truth and what needs to happen next.

The truth is this: in the final exam, Shinsou used his Quirk and, without realising it, forced Corruption to activate. Given that Chuuya is evidently alive now, feeling a surprising lack of pain, it's certain

that Dazai managed to get to him and use No Longer Human.

What needs to happen next is as follows: Chuuya needs to figure out where he is and where Dazai is. Everything else, such as making a plan and escaping UA, can come later.

With that in mind, Chuuya finally opens his eyes. It takes a moment for them to focus and adjust to the light, then a moment longer to recognise and react to Dazai's face being just centimetres away from his own.

With a grimace, Chuuya turns his head to the side, intent on looking away from the bastard. As it turns out, though, turning his head is pointless. For whatever reason, Dazai is lying in bed right next to him.

"Why the hell are you laying next to me?" Chuuya asks, grateful that, at the very least, Dazai wasn't tucked under the covers too.

Chuuya refuses to be relieved to see Dazai, even if he was just thinking that he would need to get back to the fishy bastard as soon as possible.

A quick glance around the room tells him he's in Recovery Girl's infirmary, likely in the exact same bed that Dazai once occupied. In terms of places he's woken up in after Corruption, it's far from being the worst. It would also explain how, well, *good* Chuuya feels. Typically, after Corruption, Chuuya is in a far worse state.

The fact that he's here, though, and not some abandoned house halfway back to Yokohama, means that Dazai was either unable to get out of UA or thought it wasn't necessary.

Chuuya hopes it's the latter. Although he doesn't cross off the possibility of needing to jump up and fight his way out.

Dazai watches him for a moment, not even bothering to pull up some cheery mask or another. "It's more romantic like this, don't you think?"

Chuuya doesn't.

(He doesn't, but Chuuya hates waking up to sterile white rooms, hates the split second when he forgets where he actually is. Seeing Dazai's stupid face, and so close to his own, settled those nerves before they appeared.)

Thankfully, Dazai takes his silence as an answer and leans back. Not

like that actually gives Chuuya much room to move, though.

For a moment, neither of them speaks. Chuuya partially hopes that Dazai will speak without needing prompting. Sure, Chuuya's feeling far better than his usual post-Corruption state, but that doesn't mean he's perfectly fine. Honestly, the second he gets some information out of Dazai, he'll be going back to sleep.

Dazai's still watching him, his one eye stubbornly staring at one of Chuuya's shoulders. A quick roll of his shoulder tells him that he didn't get injured there, which means Dazai's staring, plus his lack of speaking, is for some other reason.

With a sigh, Chuuya asks, "Hm, and you're gonna sit there all day?"

Dazai's eye flicks up to Chuuya's face, the action smooth enough that Chuuya doubts he was actually distracted earlier. "Don't bother, I already checked for cameras and mics."

Chuuya fights back the urge to scoff, "There aren't any?" Back when Dazai landed himself in Recovery Girl's care, Chuuya had done a sweep of the room to make sure there weren't any cameras to worry about. There weren't, but who knows if that has changed? Dazai could have told him sooner, although Chuuya really shouldn't be surprised that he didn't.

Dazai waves his hand, "There are probably a few in Recovery Girl's office, and a camera watching her door, but none in here. Probably for patient confidentiality or something."

Good to know, Chuuya's too tired to be speaking in code right now.

"Alright, so why the hell are we still at UA?" Chuuya asks, hoping that Dazai won't beat around the bush with his answer.

It seems luck isn't on his side as Dazai sighs, "Because dragging you out half-dead was too much work." His tone is teasing, although not quite matching his usual one. There's something serious in it, a sliver of truth buried beneath the surface.

"Be serious."

"I am," Dazai responds, his tone easily dropping the teasing edge. "After I nullified Corruption, Aizawa came running. He was all worried and desperate to help, not a threat. I decided getting you partially healed would be better in the long run."

Chuuya takes a moment to digest the information. He's not happy about still being at UA, not when they know about Corruption now, but he can see the merit behind Dazai's actions. Even if Chuuya had only used Corruption for a few seconds, the damage done would have been accelerated the second Dazai tried to fight his way out of UA.

Usually, back in Yokohama, the enemy is either completely taken out by Corruption, or there's a backup squad to provide cover.

Although that does raise an interesting question, from what Chuuya remembers, Corruption got activated while Chuuya was moving between places. Which, in the context of the training grounds they were using, meant he was in the air using his Ability to hover in the cut out section.

"Yeah, sure, but how'd you nullify Corruption anyway?" Chuuya asks, the bad feeling that he associates with Dazai already rearing its head.

Dazai looks away, which is incriminating enough. "I jumped."

Not the first time Chuuya had heard those words, and yet they were the most shocking. "What?!"

Dazai sighs, for all intents, looking like he's being pestered for no reason, "You heard me, stupid Chuuya. I ran and dove to catch you, which hurt by the way."

"I'm the stupid one?!" Chuuya fires back, disbelief evident in his voice. Usually, he can put up with Dazai's insults, but this… Dazai has no place throwing out accusations of idiocy right now.

"Duh," Dazai responds without missing a beat.

"You—" Chuuya starts, only to stop and take a breath to settle himself, "*I* can be healed with Quirks and whatever else, *you* can't."

As long as Chuuya doesn't die, then he can always be healed, it doesn't matter how hurt he gets. Sure, back home, they don't have anyone on the same level as Recovery Girl, but that doesn't mean the Port Mafia is without healers. From what Chuuya's heard, when Mori became boss, he made it a point to recruit anyone with a healing Ability, something that is evident when you look at the quantity of the Port Mafia's healers.

Dazai, on the other hand, can't cheat injuries by using a powerful Quirk or Ability. If he gets hurt, then he just has to suck it up and go

about his day, waiting for weeks for a broken bone to heal when Chuuya can get it fixed in a day or so.

It's unrealistic to think that Dazai shouldn't get hurt at all, but Chuuya is confident that there was a better way to nullify Corruption than to just… Jump and hope for the best.

What if Dazai had missed? Or if Chuuya had dodged? Dazai would be injured without anything to show for it, placed in a position where he'd likely have to hurt himself further to get to Chuuya.

Really, when had his partner gotten so stupid with his plans?

Dazai, uncaring to Chuuya's opinion, scoffs, "Oh, sure, next time I'll be more careful and leave you to get all your organs crushed."

Yeah, Chuuya wants to say, *please do!*

Instead, he repeats his earlier point, "Which can be healed, unlike whatever happens to you."

Dazai looks at him, his eye sharpening for just a moment before it flicks away.

Chuuya knows that look, he knows it like the back of his hand. Dazai has something to say, something that he thinks will bring him triumph in this little argument.

"No, what were you gonna say? Tell me." Chuuya demands, because he's not some baby who can't take an insult. Dazai knows this, having been one to give him many of those insults, taunts, and harsh truths himself, so there's no reason for him to keep quiet.

It seems that whatever held Dazai back from speaking wasn't that serious, given how he huffs before turning his attention to Chuuya, "Do the maths, Chuuya. I wasn't the only one there."

It takes a second for that to process, which is swiftly followed by a deep feeling of dread.

Shinsou was there, Aizawa too, apparently.

Dazai, taking Chuuya's silence as an answer, continues, "Yeah, exactly. Sure, I could have waited for a better moment, but I figured you'd appreciate me keeping Aizawa and Shinsou out of the line of fire."

Which… Yeah. He does appreciate it, actually.

Corruption is the single state where Chuuya isn't in control of himself, where his thoughts and wants are pushed aside for something else. Ordinarily, he would never turn his Ability on an ally, not unless given a damn good reason.

When Corruption is activated, he doesn't have that choice. Everyone is an enemy to be taken down, to be destroyed.

Back in the Port Mafia, that part of Corruption was treated as an unfortunate side effect. The Boss had always been understanding about it, saying that collateral is to be expected when using such a power. Dazai barely cares about anyone, himself included, so a few lives lost here and there meant nothing to him.

But to Chuuya, it was deeper than that. These were his allies, the people who placed their trust in him. How could he betray that and hurt them?

And sure, it's not like he'd consider anyone at UA his ally, but… But he'll admit that Aizawa is growing on him, his steady presence slowly becoming something Chuuya expects to be there. If he had to, if it came down to sparing Aizawa or seeing one of his true allies get hurt, then he'd do it. He'd *have* to do it.

But in this situation, Aizawa hadn't done anything wrong. Hell, Chuuya is confident the only reason he happened to be there was to make sure Chuuya was alright. He didn't deserve to be hurt or worse because of it.

And he didn't, Chuuya reassures himself. Aizawa is fine.

Aizawa is fine because Dazai pulled off a stupid plan to prevent anything from happening to him, and… And Chuuya is suddenly hit with the urge to know why. Dazai said he got hurt, an egregious crime for someone who hates pain like him.

(Chuuya knows, and yet he still wants to hear it.)

"You said you got hurt," Chuuya says, his question unspoken and yet still heard. Dazai is hardly an idiot, despite how much Chuuya calls him one. He knows what Chuuya is really asking, yet he doesn't answer.

Instead, he pushes his side into Chuuya's with just enough pressure that it's impossible to ignore.

It's not a real answer, and yet it feels like one. It feels like a simple statement, a reminder that Dazai is there, that Dazai is his partner just as Chuuya is his.

Maybe, if Chuuya pushed, then Dazai would scoff and say he wanted to avoid Chuuya's complaints after the fact. That he knew Chuuya would get upset over it and simply didn't want to deal with it.

Chuuya won't push.

For now, he leans ever so slightly into Dazai's side and makes the effort to clear his thoughts up.

While he isn't happy Dazai got hurt, it doesn't seem like it was anything serious. Aizawa was fine too, and Shinsou…

Right. Shinsou.

Somehow, Chuuya had forgotten about the very one who caused all this.

"Fuck, how did I fall for Shinsou's Quirk?" Chuuya sighs, his previous annoyance rising once again at the thought. He'd known for a while now that Shinsou's Quirk could be dangerous for him, which is why he'd made sure never to respond to the kid. Now that's all gone out the window.

"We underestimated his physical strength," Dazai responds. "That, or you messed up your little rock wall."

Chuuya is quick to fire back, "I didn't mess it up." And he knows he didn't; creating a rock wall like that is child's play by now. So, unless Shinsou is some secret bodybuilder, he must have found some other way out of that room.

Which is annoying. Chuuya had been pleased with himself when he managed to take Shinsou out of the fight without actually hurting him.

"Then we were careless. We're getting too complacent here," Dazai says, a notion Chuuya agrees with. It's far too easy to just write off the class as Hero students with big hearts, rather than actual threats they need to keep an eye on.

Sure, Class 1A has promised to be better classmates or whatever, but letting your guard down leads to situations like the one with Shinsou.

Even the weakest person can do something unexpected and gain the upper hand.

"What's the plan?" Chuuya asks, because *damn*. He can't be bothered thinking of one right now.

Dazai pauses, thinking for a second, although Chuuya is certain he's doing it for show. If Chuuya has been asleep for a while, then Dazai has probably been sitting there thinking up various plans, each one just minutely different from the last.

Eventually, Dazai speaks, "I think you should forgive Shinsou, make it seem like your opinion on him hasn't changed."

That causes Chuuya to blank screen for a moment, because what the hell?!

Sure, Shinsou didn't know what was at stake, but he was still the reason why all this happened. He won't outright hate the kid or anything, but Dazai must be losing it if he thinks Chuuya will be friendly with him again.

Now that Chuuya knows for certain that Shinsou can forcibly activate Corruption, how could he just casually talk to him like that?

"Not for real, just for the sake of the plan," Dazai explains. "It's a risk, but let's be honest. He's far from some evil mastermind, or whatever. If I had to bet, I'd say he's feeling awfully guilty and sad over all this."

"And?" Chuuya asks. Frankly, he'd prefer to not speak with Shinsou again, but… But if Dazai's been brainstorming plans and *this* is the best one, then he'll have to hear the bastard out.

"And if he's riddled with guilt, then all he needs is a little push to work in our favour," Dazai says, which explains absolutely nothing.

Fortunately, all Chuuya needs to do it give Dazai a pointed look for him to continue talking.

"Talk to him," Dazai explains, "Make up some sob story. By now, he'll have realised that this is why you didn't trust him, so if we jump on this now, he'll feel too bad to try and use his Quirk on you in the future."

Chuuya hates to admit it, but it's a good idea. There's no way to definitively take Shinsou out of the equation, so guilting him into not

using his Quirk is their best bet.

Not that this plan is concrete, either. Shinsou could just as easily use his Quirk again anyway; they'll just have to hope that his morals keep him from doing it.

Although that does imply that they'll be staying at UA as planned.

When Chuuya asks about this, curious to see Dazai's reasoning, the other just shrugs. "That depends on how Nedzu reacts to this whole thing, but it doesn't hurt to plan ahead for it."

Right…

"Shit, Nedzu."

Dazai laughs at that, which doesn't make Chuuya feel any better about his accidental slip up, "We'll need some sort of cover—"

Whatever Dazai had to say is sharply cut off by the sound of a door opening, not quite being wrenched open, but certainly with more force than needed. Thankfully, it's not the door to Chuuya's room being opened.

Dazai sends a glare in that direction, annoyed at either being cut off or the noise, before slipping off the bed and onto one of the chairs next to it.

It doesn't take long to find out who was behind the noise as, a moment later, someone knocks at Chuuya's door, "Nakahara! Can I come in?"

Really, Chuuya shouldn't be surprised that it was Yamada making all that noise. "Yeah."

Without hesitation, Yamada opens the door and all but collapses into the chair next to Dazai, "Are you alright? I didn't see what happened, but Shouta told me- ah, you look tired, do I need to get Recovery Girl? I can go get her!"

The man looks about half ready to leap up and start running, something that causes Chuuya to quickly shake his head, "Yamada, it's fine. *I'm* fine."

Yeah, he's dead tired, but not so much that he needs medical help.

Yamada doesn't look convinced, but thankfully, settles into his seat. He glances over at Dazai, his smile not quite as authentic as usual,

before turning his attention back to Chuuya. "What happened out there? Was it some sort of Ability malfunction?"

Which is the worst thing he could have asked, if Chuuya's being honest.

If Dazai thinks sticking around at UA is a possibility, then he's likely already got ideas on how to cover up Corruption. Ideas that he was about to tell Chuuya, but couldn't because of Yamada's appearance.

So, now Chuuya has to make something up and hope it doesn't mess with Dazai's plans too badly. Which, sure, Dazai is smart enough to work around whatever Chuuya says, but this…

Corruption is the *one* thing Chuuya didn't want anyone outside of Yokohama to know about, and for damn good reason. Right now, they need to run damage control, plan out their words and actions to minimise the impact of Corruption.

Maybe…

Yamada is still looking at him, clearly worried yet trying not to be too overbearing about it.

Frankly, Chuuya would rather not do this, but it's his best choice in this situation, the only way he could get out of answering without being too suspicious or messing up whatever Dazai has planned out.

"Hey, Yamada?" Chuuya asks, only waiting for the slightest of acknowledgement from the man before continuing, "This is one of *those* things."

It takes a moment, but Chuuya watches as understanding dawns on Yamada's face.

There's part of him that expects Yamada to still push, to say that this whole situation is too serious and that Chuuya has to talk about it, explain what the hell went on in that exam.

Instead, Yamada smiles, "Hey, how about I order some tea from that place you like? Same as usual?"

And just like that, Yamada's question is forgotten about.

(It's not, Chuuya knows. Yamada's question has been pushed to the side, purposely overlooked simply because Chuuya asked him to.)

Chuuya nods, "Sure."

Yamada grins before looking over at Dazai, "Dazai, what about you?"

After this, Chuuya will have to make sure to get a moment to discuss everything with Dazai. He seriously doubts whether asking nicely will get him out of explaining what happened to someone like Nedzu.

God, Nedzu. Chuuya can already feel the headache. If they stay at UA, then they'll need to trick Nedzu even more than they already have been. No doubt he's already got his own theories about Corruption, and probably his own suspicions about what secrets are being kept from him.

"Black tea," Dazai answers. "With a *lot* of sugar."

Yamada gasps, "I didn't think you'd like sweet teas!"

Chuuya rolls his eyes—there's no use thinking about plans and such right now. "He's disgusting about it."

"Come now, Chuuya, you're still hung up on that?" Dazai asks, his voice portraying the perfect innocent tone.

Chuuya knows better.

"Who the hell puts ten spoons of sugar in one drink?! You might as well just eat the sugar plain at that point!"

-

Dazai and Nakahara, what an interesting pair indeed.

When Nedzu announced his decision to allow those two into UA, he was met with significant backlash. People questioned his intelligence, saying he mustn't be thinking right. Even the staff, the ones who knew of his intelligence and trusted his leadership, gave him sideways glances.

Of course, Nedzu would sooner be dead than not think something through.

The thing is, though, that there is only so much one can do with limited information. Yes, he knows more about Abilities than the average Hero, but that's hardly scratching the surface of the truth of the matter. What he knows about Abilities is barely anything, really, and his knowledge about the Port Mafia is even scarcer.

Seeing Dazai and Nakahara fight, seeing the intelligence they displayed, and more importantly, what they didn't, well…

Even an idiot would realise just how strong those two are. How dangerous they could be.

In any other situation, Nedzu would be sure of his assessment. He would continue to formulate theories and plans, and would get to the core of the matter within a few days.

But, as stated, there is only so much he can do without vital information about the Port Mafia and Abilities as a whole.

Sure, Abilities are stronger than Quirks, but how do 'No Longer Human' and 'Upon the Tainted Sorrow' rank on that scale? Are they exceptional, or barely average?

If Nedzu were to think from a clinical standpoint, those two boys are valuable assets to any organisation. Their Abilities are strong, their minds sharp, so why wouldn't the Port Mafia try to get them back? Why would they let them be taken and hidden away in a school for Heroes?

Questions such as those had been weighing on Nedzu's mind for a while now, his mind being pulled in new directions only to once again fight with itself every day.

It had crossed Nedzu's mind a few times that maybe Dazai and Nakahara had intended to be caught, that this was some sort of ploy by the Port Mafia. While it would explain a few things, frankly, Nedzu couldn't see why the Port Mafia would bother.

Never once has the Port Mafia attempted to expand outside of Yokohama's borders, let alone to infiltrate a school, of all places. Perhaps they were working with the League of Villains, but Nedzu highly doubted that. The Port Mafia is well established; meanwhile, the League of Villains is still in its infancy. What benefit would there be to help such a small organisation?

That's what Nedzu had presumed anyway, but now? Now, things are different.

Nedzu is still mentally combing over what just happened, his mind working to find an explanation.

Shinsou Hitoshi had activated his Quirk. Mere moments later,

Nakahara Chuuya seemed to lose himself due to his own Ability. It had only been for a few seconds, what he had actually done wasn't anything more impressive than his usual capabilities, but…

But Dazai had been quick to act, had run without any confusion or hesitation. Whatever had happened wasn't something new; it was something both boys were aware of, a power Nakahara has had for some time now.

A power that those two knew might've activated when Shinsou used his Quirk, which would explain their refusal to talk to him.

This is something more than just losing control; Dazai wouldn't have run so quickly had that been the case. Yes, Nakahara's Ability is dangerous enough to warrant such concern, but Nedzu knows there was more there. There was a genuine worry, one that left Dazai on the defensive and ready to attack Aizawa if needed.

This is something bigger than a little lapse of control.

On top of that, though, is the knowledge that Dazai and Nakahara *must* have intended to be caught. The fight between them and the Pros had seemed realistic, but it's not that hard to pull your strength and pretend to be beaten, especially when your opponent has no idea what you're truly capable of.

If Dazai and Nakahara hadn't wanted to be captured, then Nakahara would have activated that part of his Ability. Sure, there might have been undesirable drawbacks, but, in a matter of life and death, why would he worry?

Because, had they not been planning for it, that fight was a matter of life and death for those boys. They were up against opponents, ones angry over the death of a comrade who could have gotten away with anything. There was no way to know that the Pros were to take the boys back alive, that they were instructed to administer first aid and not hurt them too badly.

And even then, when faced with the prospect of being taken from your home, from the city you've known you're entire life, wouldn't you do anything to fight back?

Maybe Nakahara couldn't activate it, or maybe it isn't as powerful as Nedzu thinks it is. Maybe there is an explanation for all of this that doesn't point at those two (successfully) infiltrating UA.

Personally, Nedzu wouldn't buy that.

So, the real question is what to do about it.

Does he let them continue their charade, or throw them out while he has the chance?

And, oh, neither Aizawa nor Yamada will be happy with him for that. They've grown quite attached to those two, determined to become adults they can turn to and trust.

Nedzu doesn't quite have the same goals. He's only spoken with Nakahara a handful of times, none of them being particularly friendly, either. He could make time in his schedule to talk with him if needed, but between Aizawa, Yamada, and class 1A, Nedzu believes the boy has enough people to turn to.

He's not foolish enough to believe that Dazai will ever truly trust him, either, although he was hoping to form some sort of camaraderie with him.

In the end, Nedzu is the principal. His job is to look out for the students, and if Dazai and Nakahara are a threat to them, they must be removed. Yes, they are now part of the student body he works to protect, but the safety of the entire school is a more pressing matter.

On the other hand, neither of them has attempted to hurt a student or access confidential information. Yes, they might be waiting to gain more trust before trying anything, but there is a real chance that whatever they're after has nothing to do with UA after all.

If that is the case, then perhaps Nedzu can keep them a bit longer. He really would hate to send them both off, especially when certain clues about Nakahara are piecing together in his head, clues that he does his best to ignore for now.

(Numbers on his neck, a power he can't control, a power that he might not have ever wanted.)

Ah, but the other students…

If he lets them stay, then he runs the risk of students being harmed. However, if he sends them away, he misses out on helping two children who clearly need it…

What a dilemma, indeed.

-

Later that night, oblivious to the thoughts of a certain rat-like principal, Chuuya finds himself struggling to sleep.

It's not that he doesn't want to, god knows he does, but for some reason, he just can't drift away. There's really no reason for him not to: the bed is comfortable and the lights have long since been shut off. Chuuya isn't in that much pain, and, after Yamada had left, he'd been able to change into some softer clothes.

Dazai lies beside him in the bed, thankfully also having changed into more sleep-appropriate clothing before bed. Chuuya can hear him breathing, each breath soft and evenly paced.

The last time Chuuya looked, Dazai had propped himself up against the headboard with some random book. The fact that he wouldn't try to get any sleep isn't surprising. Dazai isn't the type to easily fall asleep in situations like this. Things are still so uncertain, and no matter how much Aizawa and Yamada promise, there is no one who can stop Nedzu from kicking them both from UA—or worse.

Dazai's already has his plans, but what's a few more? That's what that bastard is probably thinking—that, or keeping tabs on each creak of the windows in case of an ambush attack.

Really, Chuuya should take advantage of having his partner alert to get some restful sleep himself, but…

Unfortunately, no matter how long Chuuya keeps his eyes closed, he just can't get to sleep. He can feel it, just sitting on the edge of his consciousness, begging him to give in and sleep.

With a sigh, Chuuya rolls over, now facing Dazai.

For a moment, he allows himself to just watch, as creepy as that may sound. He can't help it, though; there isn't much else to look at right now.

There isn't much light to see with, definitely not enough to be reading like Dazai pretends he is, but that doesn't bother Chuuya. He takes in the sight of Dazai 'reading', his posture completely relaxed and breathing at ease.

Chuuya knows better than to believe it. It's not anything physical that gives him away—by all means, Dazai looks like he hasn't a care in the

world—but instead it's just something… Instinctual.

It's always the case with Dazai; there's a part of him that just understands what his partner is up to without needing to question anything. A part of him that, even when the evidence suggests otherwise, knows Dazai will be exactly where Chuuya expects him to be.

Like this, it's hard to see the fearsome Demon Prodigy. Instead, Chuuya's eyes trace along soft edges and fluffy hair.

"I didn't know you were into this sort of thing, Chuuya," Dazai teases, his voice barely a whisper.

Chuuya huffs, far too weak compared to his usual attitude, "Yeah, whatever."

Dazai turns his head, that one brown eye finding Chuuya even in the dark.

He watches, and Chuuya watches back. Neither speaks.

Dazai turns his attention back to his book, at which point Chuuya can't help but chime in, "There's no way you're actually able to read that."

Chuuya isn't sure whether it's a coincidence or spite when Dazai flips a page. He doesn't spare Chuuya a glance before responding, "I'm not sure what you mean, Chibi, my eyesight is perfect."

Rather than answer, Chuuya pulls himself up so that he's sitting next to Dazai, his eyes scanning over the pages to see that it is, in fact, too dark to be reading.

Chuuya doesn't call him out on it (again), instead choosing to lean his weight onto Dazai just ever so slightly. That bastard deserves it after all the times he's draped himself over Chuuya.

For a few minutes, they sit like that. Dazai intermittently flips pages while Chuuya closes his eyes and allows his mind to wander.

Tomorrow, there will be a lot to do, mind games to play and facades to craft. They'll have to be on their top game, constantly aware and a step ahead of whatever Nedzu throws their way.

But tonight, there is only Dazai flipping pages and Chuuya slowly

dozing off, a brief moment of calm in the storm that is Corruption.

Chapter End Notes

And we're back!! ^-^ This chapter gave me some major trouble when writing it so it's a bit later than I would have liked haha.

Hmm, I felt like I had a lot to say here but now I've forgotten it all...

Well, anyway! I hope you enjoyed the chapter! Originally that first scene was meant to be Aizawa pov but I just couldn't write it, it became a lot easier when I swapped to Dazai since I was able to directly tell you what he was thinking. In Aizawa's pov it was a lot of 'Dazai does this but his face gives nothing away'...

I totally forgot to say this before, but for the final exams I followed the manga set up! I didn't actually know there was a difference until I was doing a bit of research for chapter 30, but in the manga all the exams happen at the same time while in the anime it's staggered. I decided to go with the manga set up since I didn't want 1A to know about Corruption, well, not all of them anyway ;)

As for Nedzuuuu, I'm sure you're all dying to know what he's going to do! I feel like it's rather obvious though haha. Still, I like a bit of drama. You know, originally I wasn't going to ever do a Nedzu pov so you guys would never know if he figured skk out or not but, with Corruption, it feels kinda obvious that he would.

Annnnd! Some exciting news! I have finished college :D It's crazy to think how I started this fic between years because I was bored, and it's still going now! Haha, I guess you'll all be following me to my next life achievement too huh? Make sure you all cheer me on 😍

About that last scene... It wasn't actually in the plan for this chapter at all! I then realised that this fic is a lot more slow burn that I expected, mainly because some people in the discord brought up how we're 200k in and SKK have barely had any romance scenes... Sorry everyone 3 I promise there will be a SKK romance arc though!!! Just don't ask how long it'll take to get there haha.

Is that all I wanted to say? Well, I guess I'll find out when I post this chapter and go 'Wait! I wanted to talk about __!'... It always

happens 3

Thank you all for reading!! <333

Chapter 33: Shinsou wants to make amends

Chapter Summary

Putting aside his age, Nakahara has a lot going for him. He's confident, friendly, genuinely cares about others, and intelligent. He's the type of kid that would succeed in any profession he chose, of that Aizawa is certain.

But that choice was taken away, instead some adult decided that he would be more useful as a weapon.

Chapter Notes

CW: (Spoiler for chapter!) Talk of human experimentation, but nothing too in depth.

Thank you to AnxiouslyShipping for beta reading! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shuzenji Chiyo, also known as Recovery Girl, isn't a stranger to the horrors of Pro Hero work. She's been in the industry for decades now, her healing Quirk putting her right at the front lines to see all the brutal injuries that come from fighting Villains.

She's seen people get career-ending injuries, ones she's only just able to heal so they can continue living. She's seen the aftermath of torture, seen Quirks go haywire, and seen people break when faced with the severity of their injuries.

Chiyo has seen many things, has long since become desensitised to it all, and yet there is one thing that never fails to leave a bad taste in her mouth, something that makes an effect on her far more than it should at this point.

That thing, naturally, would be seeing children get hurt.

That was why she decided to join UA all those years ago; she vividly remembers watching the sports festival that year and being disgusted with what she saw. One girl in particular almost broke her femur during the second round, which at that point had Chiyo phoning UA and demanding to be part of the staff.

Since then, she's done her best to keep the students safe, healing their injuries when needed and scolding the ones who keep hurting themselves. The teachers don't escape her wraith either, no matter how much they attempt to reason things away.

Yes, the children need to learn to control their Quirks and how to fight, but there are some injuries they should not be subject to in training fights.

Chiyo knew the final exams would be a point of contention between her and the rest of the staff but, in the interest of the students, she promised not to scold the teachers too hard.

Of course, that all went out the window when All Might nearly broke Midoriya's spine, but Chiyo thinks her anger was reasonable in that situation.

Admittedly, she hadn't expected Dazai and Nakahara to get anywhere near injured enough to require her Quirk. Those boys are strong and, most importantly, smart. Unlike the other students, who may think that getting injured is just the price to pay, those two boys understand the importance of dodging rather than taking an attack head-on.

She had also figured that, since they both seemed rather apprehensive to be around her, that would be a good enough incentive to stay healthy. Chiyo would much prefer no one to be uncomfortable around her, but those who dislike doctors tend to be more wary of injury.

Now, in Nedzu's office with Aizawa and Yamada on either side of her, Chiyo finds herself disappointed. Somewhat in herself, that's always the case when she can't prevent a student from getting hurt, but mostly in whichever doctor those two boys met in Yokohama.

Chiyo is old, yes, but she is not stupid. She knows what it looks like to doubt someone, to keep a level face while making sure the doctor is actually healing, and not making things worse.

Across from her, Nedzu sits with his paws clasped. It seems that he won't be the one to start this conversation.

Neither Aizawa nor Yamada will start it, so the responsibility falls to Chiyo.

Clearing her throat, Chiyo speaks, "Nakahara will recover. I've been able to use my Quirk on him intermittently. With a few more hours of rest, he can return to the dorms."

If he wants to, of course.

"Thank you," Nedzu starts, the silence finally broken, "I suppose the question now is what exactly happened during that exam."

Chiyo would like to know that too, if only to prevent it from happening again. If it was something to do with Nakahara's Ability, then she would need to speak with the boy, no matter how uncomfortable it made him. If it was due to a situation that Nedzu manufactured, then, well…

Nedzu may be the Principal, but Chiyo has worked here longer and will not bow her head to anyone when it comes to students and their health.

Aizawa sighs, "I was watching the cameras at the time Shinsou used his Quirk on Nakahara. At first, Nakahara reacted the same as everyone else does, then…"

Then everything went wrong.

Nedzu nods after a moment of thinking. "I'm sure I do not need to remind you all to keep anything discussed here confidential?"

To that, Aizawa perks up. "You have an idea of what happened."

Nedzu's question goes unanswered, although Chiyo is certain the answer is so obvious it never had to be asked in the first place.

"Not quite, it's more accurate to say I have a few theories," Nedzu replies, a phrase that Chiyo has heard many times.

Yamada grimaces. "I have a feeling none of them are gonna be good."

Nedzu, choosing not to acknowledge him, begins to explain, "The first theory I wish to bring up is easier to digest. Abilities are stronger than Quirks; it's not so surprising to think they require more control. It could be possible that, if an Ability user is brainwashed, their Ability goes haywire, for lack of a better term."

Chiyo herself had thought of such a theory, but, with basically no knowledge on Abilities, there is no way to know what should be a cause for concern or not.

"It would explain why both Dazai and Nakahara were cautious of Shinsou's Quirk," Aizawa adds.

Nedzu nods. "Similarly, it could be that only Nakahara suffers from such a reaction. It could be that his Ability is naturally that chaotic and requires intense control and focus to use it, thus leading to the reaction we all saw."

A good idea, that boy's Ability does seem the type to require intense control.

"That would make sense," Yamada mutters, mostly under his breath.

Nedzu turns to Aizawa, "Do you remember the match class 1B had against Nakahara and Dazai?"

Aizawa seems to think for a moment, likely combing through his memories of the event for anything that stood out. A look of understanding soon dawns. "That Monoma kid copied Nakahara's Ability."

"And, almost immediately, he struggled to control it," Nedzu quickly replies.

"And the theory we won't like?" Yamada asks, his voice unsure.

Nedzu watches for a moment before speaking, "While only for a short period of time, Nakahara's Ability showed overwhelming power in that exam. Clearly, he didn't intend to activate it, and yet he didn't stop it. No, *Dazai* had to use his own Ability to get Nakahara out."

Chiyo finds herself nodding, curious to hear what Nedzu's getting at here.

Fortunately, Nedzu needs no prompting to continue. "On his first day, Aizawa reported that Nakahara had a tattoo on the back of his neck. A code of sorts. An extension of his Ability—unnaturally powerful and uncontrollable—and a code."

Perhaps, had it been someone else saying this, Chiyo would have needed a moment to connect the dots. With Nedzu, however, it's different.

Chiyo settles her anger, "If you're correct, then those boys must *never* return to Yokohama."

If what Nedzu is suggesting is the truth, if even just a tiny bit, then Chiyo will do everything in her power to keep them both at UA. Aizawa and Yamada sit up straighter, seemingly needing a minute to

understand what Nedzu was implying.

Nedzu pays them no mind, instead turning his attention to Chiyo. "Have you noticed anything worrisome while caring for Nakahara?"

Immediately, Chiyo digs through her memory of the brief moments she'd had near the boy. On the first day she healed him, he was clearly apprehensive at first, but thankful and rather kind afterwards. After Dazai's suicide attempt, he was more guarded, but still appreciative of Chiyo for her efforts. With this new incident, she hadn't been able to speak much with the boy, but she did examine him to check for the internal bleeding Dazai mentioned.

"Some scars, but nothing to suggest human experimentation," Chiyo answers, not one to mince words with such serious topics. Usually, she would be more hesitant to share patient information, but if Nedzu's theory is right, then they all need to be on the same page. Mostly, anyway.

Yamada, Nakahara's therapist, as Chiyo remembers, seems to agree. "A few days ago, Nakahara reacted negatively to being called 'not human'. Do you think…?"

That certainly isn't a good sign, no matter how you look at it. A young boy uncomfortable with doctors, an uncontrollable power that hurts him to use, a code on his neck, and an insecurity of being 'inhuman'.

"They aren't going back to Yokohama."

Chiyo isn't surprised by the hard tone of Aizawa's voice; in some ways, he's much like Chiyo herself.

"While they're here, we'll need to keep an eye on them," Nedzu replies, quickly continuing upon noticing Aizawa's expression, "Aizawa, I agree that we must help these two boys, but we have the rest of the study body to worry about too. We were fortunate no one got seriously injured during the exam."

Aizawa doesn't look very pleased by it, nor does Yamada, but Nedzu has a fair point. As Pro Heroes, they should all be used to the many outweighing the few, even if they don't like it.

If those two boys aren't comfortable talking about certain things, then so be it. That being said, who knows how this uncontrollable power of Nakahara's is activated? What happens if it's activated during class? If Dazai is too far away to nullify it in time…?

Chiyo rather suspects that Nedzu has a plan to handle all of that, so she won't worry too much about it right now. Instead, she'll listen to Nedzu's plan and scold him into something more appropriate if necessary.

-

Aizawa has never been one to allow confusion to get in the way. Standing around waiting for answers to come only leads to more problems, more injuries and people needing saving. When the USJ was attacked, Aizawa did not stand around to see what the Villains would do. He didn't know why they appeared, but he knew his students needed protecting.

That's why, from the moment Shinsou activated his Quirk and Nakahara lost control of himself, Aizawa allowed himself to act without wondering why.

He was confused, of course he was. Mostly, though, he was worried. Worried about Nakahara and his injuries, about Dazai, who seemed too apathetic for the situation, for Shinsou and his self-esteem.

Worried about what Nedzu would say. What he would do in the aftermath.

His plan was to keep going, keep moving, until after the meeting with Nedzu. After that, he could sit for a bit, allow himself to be confused and attempt to puzzle out what just happened. Really, he should have expected that Nedzu would have some theory or another that would only make things worse.

Aizawa really, *really* wants to believe that Nedzu is wrong. That he read the signs incorrectly, that everything is just a coincidence, with a much nicer explanation.

He knows better than to be stupidly optimistic.

As much as Aizawa wishes it wasn't the case, the human experimentation itself isn't that shocking. Since the dawn of Quirks, adults and children alike have gone missing only to be found in some lab or another. The world wants to understand Quirks better, wants to be able to maximise efficiency and duplicate powerful Quirks.

The same being true for Abilities makes sense, especially if they aren't as common as Quirks. Taking an already strong Ability and increasing it tenfold, adding new facets perfect for destruction…

Well, like Aizawa said, it's not surprising.

Nakahara being a victim of all this is upsetting, even more so due to the personal connection Aizawa has with him.

Putting aside his age, Nakahara has a lot going for him. He's confident, friendly, genuinely cares about others, and intelligent. He's the type of kid that would succeed in any profession he chose, of that Aizawa is certain.

But that choice was taken away; instead, some adult decided that he would be more useful as a weapon.

There is also the question of where Dazai fits into all of this, if the story of how the two of them met actually holds any weight.

It's been obvious since the very start that those two are a team back in Yokohama, likely pushed together by some higher-up with no regard to any protests. Now, the reason why the two of them were put together is a lot easier to see.

Nakahara can't control that part of his Ability, so Dazai is there to stop him. If Aizawa had to guess, they would get deployed on missions against difficult opponents and go wild. Nakahara uses that part of his Ability, and Dazai is there to rush in and stop him once the job is done.

Aizawa understands that, sometimes, it's impossible to keep teenagers away from violence. Take the USJ for example, Aizawa did his best to protect his students, but after they were warped away, there was no way to keep them from the fighting. They *had* to fight, had to protect themselves and their classmates.

Preparing students for emergencies, teaching them to control their Quirks and defend themselves, seems reasonable to Aizawa.

Giving a kid uncontrollable power and then shoving them off to the front line could never be seen as reasonable.

Aizawa just wishes he had more information, that he knew who was to blame for all this. Information about Yokohama is scarce, and Aizawa doubts the government over there would be so inclined to send them half-empty files again. Still, if he just had a starting point, someone to look into or a company to check on. A face, a name…

A name, huh?

Part of Aizawa protests at the mere idea, the thought of using information he didn't earn, leaving him put off. Dazai and Nakahara didn't trust him with this; hell, they likely don't even know he happened to overhear it.

Still, he can't ignore the fact that he does have a name. *Mori*.

Nedzu doesn't know about it. Back when he first heard the name, Aizawa figured it was safer to keep it a secret. While Nedzu might have good intentions, he sometimes disregards morals far too easily…

But, then, isn't Aizawa considering doing the same? If he takes this name and looks into it, would that be breaking the promise he made to Nakahara and Dazai?

Would it be worth it regardless? This Mori—whoever they are—could be the one behind Nakahara being moulded into a weapon. Of course, they might not be, but they could lead Aizawa in the right direction.

Finding out who is behind it, preventing them from hurting anyone else, at the expense of whatever trust Aizawa has been able to build with Nakahara and Dazai... Would that be worth it?

-

Aizawa ended up paying a quick visit to Nakahara and Dazai. He would have preferred staying longer, but he does have a class to teach at the end of the day. Fortunately, the two of them seemed to be doing a lot better than when Aizawa saw them last. Which is to say, Nakahara was awake, and Dazai didn't look one misstep away from attacking.

Compared to how Dazai looked at the end of the exam, it's almost like a different person altogether. Sure, theres still an air of… Aizawa wouldn't call it caution, but moreso… Warning, a certain look in his eye that reminds Aizawa not to be brash.

That look only appears for a moment though, just a quick reminder before being replaced with subtle amusement when the chance to tease Nakahara appeared.

While he's there, after he's pushed away the Mori-related conflict, he makes sure to inform the two of them about Nedzu's plan, or at least the part they need to know.

Even if these two are victims in the way Nedzu believes, UA still needs

to keep an eye on both for now, and Aizawa can agree on that much. While Aizawa doesn't want to push the boys for information, the school does need to know of any dangers to the rest of the student body.

Nedzu had decided the best course of action was to just go speak with the two of them, no tricks or manipulation involved. Which, when asked, Nedzu had admitted was due to Dazai being too observant for such things to work. By being honest, Nedzu hopes the two of them will reveal the information they need to know without struggle.

Nakahara had taken the news well, even going so far as to ask if Aizawa could bring Shinsou to speak with them too. Which, while surprising, was nice to hear.

He had been expecting Nakahara and Dazai to steer clear of Shinsou for a while, something he wouldn't be able to fault them for. While in the back of his head, he was hoping the three of them could get along again one day, he certainly wasn't expecting it to be so soon.

Well, Aizawa is getting ahead of himself. Just because Nakahara wants to speak with Shinsou doesn't mean it's all water under the bridge.

Still, it's a good sign nonetheless.

What is a *bad* sign, however, is the cacophony of noise coming from his classroom. Seriously, how many times does he need to scold his class for them to behave?

With no hesitation, Aizawa slams the door open and finds great satisfaction in the way his students scramble to get seated. "Once the bell rings, you should all be in your seats."

He spares them a glance before walking in, the students notorious for messing around avoiding his gaze with practised ease, which is… New. Usually, Aizawa expels his students before they get used to his glares.

Whatever, Aizawa will let it slide; he has something more important to talk about.

"Morning," He starts, "Unfortunately, there are a few of you who did not pass your final exams. So when it comes to the training camp in the woods…"

Aizawa pauses, just long enough to watch as the students who failed

look down in disappointment. Some (Hizashi) would say Aizawa is being unnecessarily cruel here, but with how much Aizawa has to put up with due to this class, it feels only fair.

"Everyone is going!"

The group of students who failed their practical exams jerked up with surprise, grins growing when Aizawa's words set in.

"We really get to go to camp?" Kaminari asks, looking around as if he expects someone to jump out and declare it all a prank.

Mina, in a similar boat, calls out, "Seriously?!"

"Yeah," Aizawa nods, "The good news is that no one failed the written exam, but there were a few who failed the practical, badly."

Said students look away, clearly content to forget about their performance in the exams. While they might forget, Aizawa will not.

Kirishima and Sato went charging in against Cementoss, hardly sparing a second to think about their opponent or environment. They were short-sighted and relied on their Quirks too much, something Aizawa will make sure they fix.

Mina and Kaminari were up against Nedzu, so Aizawa isn't surprised they failed, but still, they could have done more. When your opponent is smarter, you need to work harder to avoid any attacks while keeping an eye out for traps.

Sero, despite his team passing, hardly did enough to contribute to that win. Saving his teammate was a good move, but letting Nemuri get close enough to open his helmet was a rookie move.

A few students look confused, so Aizawa takes it upon himself to explain, "For the practical battles, the teachers made sure to leave a way for the students to win; had we not, then you never would have won. We were more interested in observing how you work with others against a stronger opponent."

Ojirou raises his hand and, unlike his other classmates, actually waits until Aizawa acknowledges him before speaking, "The teachers were holding back? I thought their only restriction was the weights."

Aizawa can't help but grin. If that were the case, then none of his students would have passed. Pro Heroes are Pro Heroes, no matter

how much weight you shackle on them. "That was just to get you on edge. Besides, the training camp will focus on building your strength; those who failed need those lessons the most. We were never going to separate you; that was just a logical deception we used."

The group of five who failed their practical exams seem stuck still by this, which does amuse Aizawa. Somehow, they're used to his scolding looks but not his logical deceptions.

"He tricked us all… I should have expected this," Iida says, perhaps not realising that he's speaking aloud. Then, a second later, he shoots up from his chair, "Aizawa-sensei, this is the second time you've lied to us! Aren't you afraid we'll lose faith in you?"

A few of his classmates cringe at the bluntness, but Aizawa finds himself appreciating it. Things are always easier to deal with when people are honest and get to the point.

Loath as he is to admit it, Iida does have a point there. While it is amusing to see his students freak out once they find out the truth, if they stop believing in him altogether, that could become a problem.

Aizawa nods. "That's a good point, I'll consider it. I wasn't lying to you about everything, though. We've prepared extra lessons for those who failed. Frankly, they'll be far tougher than what you'd face at summer school."

And just like that, the students who failed the practical exams sink into despair.

-

After classes have ended for the day, Midoriya finds himself huddled around an information booklet held by Iida.

Despite passing his own test, Midoriya did feel bad that certain classmates would have to stay behind. Kaminari and Mina had been so excited for camp, so to hear that they wouldn't get to come was heartbreaking.

Now, though, Midoriya has no reason not to be excited! He knows better than to expect camp to be easy, but… Well, he's just excited by the prospect, even if it will be hard.

Across the room, Ojirou hums, "This is gonna be great, I'm so glad we're all going together."

Iida nods, pulling the information booklet a bit closer, "Looks like we'll be at the training camp for a full week."

Looking at the information booklet, Midoriya can't help but feel a little nervous. Has he even got half of the stuff on the required equipment list? The last time he went on a trip like this was a three-day sleepover at Kacchan's house, which had been almost ten years ago now.

"I'm gonna need to find a bigger suitcase," Midoriya comments, suddenly remembering the tiny All Might suitcase he had used last time.

Kaminari, moving closer to look at the information booklet, nods, "Yeah, I don't even have a swimming costume. Guess I need to buy some stuff."

Hagakure gasps, her sleeves moving up and down to get everyone's attention, "Guys, I just had a great idea! Why don't we all go shopping together?!"

"Hell yeah! We've never hung out as a class before!" Kaminari responds, quick as ever.

Midoriya smiles, already feeling excited by the idea. While his previous school did do trips occasionally, it was never something that required a shopping trip before. The fact that Midoriya has to prepare for this training camp just makes him even more eager.

Getting to hang out with everyone outside of class sounds really nice, too. Maybe they could even get lunch together after buying everything. It won't compare to Lunch Rush's cooking, but Midoriya is sure they'd be able to find something everyone likes.

Around him, his classmates break into chatter about the idea. Like Midoriya had been thinking, they discuss plans to get lunch and which shops they'll need to visit.

From the corner of his eye, Midoriya notices as Kacchan grabs his bag and begins leaving. For a second, he thinks about saying something, maybe asking if he wants to come shopping too, but decides it would be best to stay quiet. Their final exam had been rough enough; Midoriya still has the bruises to prove it.

Of course, just because Midoriya chooses to stay quiet doesn't mean everyone else does. Having noticed Kacchan leaving, Kirishima wastes

no time in calling out, "Bakugou! See you there, right?"

Kacchan scoffs, "I can't think of anything more annoying." Which, all things considered, is a polite response for him.

Kirishima grins at the rest of the class before trailing after Kacchan, not at all bothered by Kacchan's attitude.

Midoriya, deciding not to think about that too much, turns to Todoroki, "Will you come, Todoroki?" In truth, he doesn't expect Todoroki to be free, but it's still nice to ask just in case.

As expected, Todoroki shakes his head, "I visit my mother on days off."

"Oh!" Mina gasps, easily bringing attention to her, "We should totally ask if Dazai and Chuuya wanna come!"

Midoriya's first thought is absolute agreement. It would be great to see those two in a different setting, somewhere they aren't boxed in by Pro Heroes. Midoriya doubts it, but they might be more open in a situation like that.

Even if not, getting to learn more about them is always nice!

Then Midoriya thinks about it for a second longer, and he is forced to realise that no, that wouldn't be possible. The death of Mt. Lady is still widely talked about; if Dazai and Nakahara were to walk around in public, they would absolutely get recognised.

And, while they haven't hurt anyone at UA, there really isn't any way to guarantee they won't hurt a civilian unless Aizawa-sensei comes too. Which, Midoriya thinks, would be a near-impossible task.

"Would they even be allowed to?" Midoriya asks, hoping he's not the only one thinking practically.

Thankfully, Yaoyorozu can always be trusted for things like this. "I agree with Midoriya, Aizawa-sensei won't allow it."

Then, a moment later, after watching Mina's face fall, Yaoyorozu adds on, "But maybe we could think of ways to convince him?"

"Hell yeah!"

With how happy Mina sounds, Midoriya really would hate to ruin things. Hopefully, no one asks him for his ideas on the matter; if they do, he might not be able to stop himself from saying how difficult it

would be in the ensuing muttering.

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"If you need anything, I'll be down the hall," Aizawa says before just straight up leaving.

Logically, Chuuya understands why Aizawa is leaving and, on some level, appreciates it. These types of conversations are hard enough to have—throw in an authority figure, and it's just worse.

Still, now that Aizawa has left, there's no reason for Chuuya to hold off on speaking to Shinsou, which is just… Great.

It's not that he hates Shinsou now; he knows the kid didn't mean to trigger Corruption, but still. It's hard to talk to him without the pressing knowledge that Shinsou could, if he wanted, remove Chuuya's carefully crafted control.

If he's being honest, Chuuya probably should have waited a few days before speaking with Shinsou. He's always been of the mind to get things over with as soon as possible, though, so after finalising the plan with Dazai, he had jumped right in.

Shinsou stands awkwardly by the door, his eyes never leaving the floor.

Well, as much as Chuuya would rather *not* do this, he might as well get it over with. Plus, Dazai is just a few steps away. If Shinsou were to do something, which is doubtful, that bastard would be able to step in immediately.

Before Chuuya can say anything, however, Shinsou takes a deep breath in, finally looks up, before saying, "I'm sorry."

Well, Chuuya didn't expect him to start the conversation. Yeah, he figured Shinsou would feel bad about what happened, but he doesn't seem like the guy to start tough conversations.

Unaware of Chuuya's internal thoughts, Shinsou continues, "I let my emotions cloud my judgment; I should have thought about what could happen properly."

"It's fine," Chuuya shrugs, deciding to just go along with it. Honestly, it doesn't really matter how this conversation goes exactly, so long as Shinsou leaves it knowing not to do it again.

Which, Chuuya thinks as Shinsou frowns, may be harder than previously thought. "It's not- I might not know exactly what… *That* was, but I know it wasn't pleasant for you. It was my Quirk that made that happen, so yeah, I fucked up."

There is part of Chuuya, a part that wishes to disregard Dazai's plan and act solely on spite, that wants to agree. That part of him wants to say 'Yeah, it was more than fucking unpleasant.' He wants to make Shinsou understand, wants to saddle Shinsou with a power he never asked for before ripping away the ability to control his own body.

"And I'm the one saying it's fine," Chuuya insists, carefully pushing aside his desires born from spite. Yes, it would feel great to make Shinsou truly understand, but that's impractical. Dazai has put together a plan, something that should hopefully smooth over any doubts Nedzu has, and so Chuuya needs to stick to it. It gets harder to push those thoughts aside when Shinsou just shakes his head. "If you're trying to piss me off, then it's working."

Shinsou stops shaking his head, thankfully, but doesn't quite back down. "I'm not, but I don't need you to lie to me."

Before Chuuya can respond, Dazai loudly sighs, "So pushy, can't you just accept what Chuuya is saying?"

Chuuya glances over to Dazai. Just what is he up to? Before Shinsou had arrived, Dazai had explicitly said that he would leave all the talking to Chuuya, and yet here he is, interrupting.

Shinsou, once again, shakes his head, "I want to, but I know it's not that simple. I can't just go along with it like that."

"Right, because that worked *so* well last time," Dazai is quick to respond, his tone light despite the implications of his words.

Even without Dazai looking at him, Chuuya is struck with understanding. Sure, Dazai said that Chuuya should forgive Shinsou, but that doesn't mean he has to.

Which… It is equal parts annoying as it is comforting. Of course, Chuuya has to be the bigger man, has to go along and pretend he likes someone he really doesn't, while Dazai gets to continue being the rude bastard he is. One of these days, once they're done with this damn mission, Chuuya is going to flip the script. He'll arrange for a mission where Dazai has to be polite and considerate to everyone.

But, the reason why Chuuya will let this one go, it is nice to have someone solely on Chuuya's side. Aizawa and Yamada are nice and all, but they're too much like Chuuya. They see both sides of the coin, they understand how little things lead to bad decisions and that, in those cases, you need to look past your own grievances to see the bigger picture.

Dazai can see all that, can create plans and play along perfectly, but he doesn't let go like Chuuya does. He'll remember what Shinsou did and will think of ways to get back at him, even if it's just snide remarks and the occasional dirty look.

Shinsou is silent, perhaps trying to think of something to say that wouldn't start an argument. Whatever the reason, his silence gives Chuuya the chance to speak, "Look, you fucked up, sure, but you aren't the centre of the world, things lead up to you decided to use your Quirk and I get that."

And he does. It's like Dazai said, Shinsou isn't some evil mastermind who sought to use Corruption for his own gain. He's a teenager training to be a hero; he wanted to do well on the exam and did what he thought would be ultimately harmless.

If he had known about Corruption, then yeah, it would be a different story. Chuuya would hate him for it, and that would be that.

When Chuuya says 'It's fine', he isn't trying to pull off some grand lie like Shinsou seems to believe. Yeah, he's annoyed and would rather Shinsou keep his distance, but Chuuya is a professional, dammit. He knows how to be rational, how to consider contributing factors and intents, and how to look past his own feelings to see the bigger picture.

Shinsou doesn't look all that convinced, though, but at least he isn't being vocal about it.

Sighing, Chuuya decides it's time to get to the meat of the conversation. "Look, I asked you here to explain a little. My Ability is strong; any lapse in control can lead to disaster. I already knew this, that's why I avoided speaking with you."

By mixing the truth in with a lie, it'll be easier to convince Nedzu later.

"Something like this has happened before, but I wasn't certain your Quirk would have the same effect," Chuuya adds on, hoping Shinsou

will catch the implication there.

When Shinsou glances away, still looking guilty as hell, Chuuya believes he got the message there. Knowing how 'unpleasant' Corruption is, along with the idea that this isn't the first time it's been forced on Chuuya, should be a good deterrent against Shinsou triggering it in the future.

Of course, this all hinges on Shinsou's morals as a hero in training. Using someone else's trauma to get an advantage isn't taboo back home; in fact, you'd be an idiot not to jump on a potential weakness. Here in hero land, however….

With a shrug, Chuuya finishes speaking, "For now, yeah, I am wary around you, but you didn't mean for that to happen—didn't even know about it—so I'll get over it."

Shinsou nods, thankfully getting the message finally. "I know it probably doesn't mean much to you, but I won't do it again. Promise."

Shinsou is right, the words of someone he doesn't trust are meaningless to Chuuya. But it's what Chuuya was aiming to hear, so he'll take it.

"I appreciate it," Chuuya replies.

Initially, Chuuya believes that to be the end of the conversation. They both said what needed saying, plus Shinsou has never seemed the social type, so why bother dragging things out?

But Shinsou doesn't leave; instead, he shuffles from foot to foot as if debating something. Whatever he wants to say mustn't be related to the conversation they just had; if he was Shinsou would just spit it out already.

As much as Chuuya does want Shinsou to leave, he's curious now.

It takes a few moments, but Shinsou eventually sighs before speaking, "If… If that's why you were cautious around my Quirk, then…" He glances over to Dazai, his question unspoken yet understood.

Dazai, as one would expect, is quick to scowl, "That's very inconsiderate—"

"He was just fucking with you," Chuuya cuts in.

Predictably, it doesn't take long for Dazai to huff, "Chuuya!"

Chuuya rolls his eyes. It's because of Dazai that he's even here at UA, that bastard deserves to be called out every so often. Besides, it's not like it would take a genius to figure it out.

The cover story they've decided on is that Chuuya is the special case, not that Abilities as a whole react like this. While it does reveal a… Well, could Corruption ever be counted as a weakness? The point is, by making it Chuuya-exclusive, they don't have to worry about Nedzu pulling an Ability user out from the woodwork to question.

"I should have guessed," Shinsou mutters with a sigh, then, louder, "I'm glad we got to speak."

Chuuya nods in his direction. He's still not a fan of Shinsou, and won't be for a while, but getting this over with right away means he doesn't have to worry about it later.

Shinsou turns and heads towards the door, only stopping once his hand hits the handle. "I'll be heading back to the dorms now, if you guys want to come." He sounds unsure, as if he expects something to blow up in his face the second he asks.

Chuuya shakes his head, "We won't be leaving yet, but thanks."

It's a nice offer and all, but even if Chuuya wasn't wary around the kid, he would have to say no. After all, Nedzu should be showing up any minute now…

Chapter End Notes

Welcome back everyone!! I'm very excited because as of today, I've been writing wwt for two years! Which…. Woah, is insane haha. I know I said it before, but I only posted the first chapter because I was bored and figured I wouldn't get that far with the idea. I'm really glad things happened as they did though, I've made so many amazing friends because of this fic <3

To celebrate I have written another misc oneshot of Dazai and Toga, a much awaited duo in wwt haha.

I have also been working on rewriting some of the earlier chapters, although I'm not gonna post the changes just yet! I've mostly just reworded things and added a couple extra sentences here and there, I'll also hopefully be getting them beta read haha!

I wanted to do this because those chapters are… Rough. I'll let you guys know when I upload those changes in case you want to check them out (nothing lore wise will change!)

Now, onto this chapter!

Some of you might be wondering why I did a Recovery Girl pov of all characters, but like… She calls to me. Obviously in bnha she's more for comedy purposes, like 'Ewwww, old woman kissed you!' But like, when you think about it, her life must have been interesting. I imagine it was similar to Yosano in a way, like she made it into the industry at a young age and was expected to heal as many people as possible.

On top of that, like, when she was younger I imagine people (cough cough men) loved the fact she had to kiss them, but now it's kinda seen as a gross thing because she's an old woman 3 Which yeah, is kinda serious for a joke character, but I can't help ittttttt.

Aside from that, this chapter really makes me feel like everything is coming together! Little references and foreshadowing from before are slowly becoming more relevant and I'm so excited!

Oh yeah, the last Alien Stage mv came out recently! I won't spoil but… Man, that was insane right? Like, I was literally sat with my hand over my mouth in shock at the end haha. The song is really nice though, I've listened to it a lot!!

I really hope you all enjoyed the chapter!! Thank you for reading! <3

Chapter 34: Nedzu and skk talk (much to my distain)

Chapter Summary

> *Perhaps, in Nedzu's mind, he's imagining Chuuya as some escaped experiment, one that some mad scientist is desperate to get back, which is a rather flimsy defence when, at the start of this mission, Nedzu had no idea if the Port Mafia would be rushing in to rescue their agents or not.*

Chapter Notes

> CW: Some reference to Dazai's attempt from chapter 20, but nothing in depth!
>
> Thank you to Echo78 and AnxiouslyShipping for beta reading <333333333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The thing that annoys Dazai most about being at UA, the thing that, some days, makes him regret choosing this plan, is the presence of Nedzu.

Back in Yokohama, Dazai stands leagues above the rest in terms of intelligence. Sure, Mori is usually quick on the uptake, but still slower than Dazai.

For missions, particularly infiltration, Dazai is able to be a bit lazy at times because, as it happens, his 'lazy' is still above what the majority would be capable of. Sure, he still creates the more complex plans, but it gets boring sometimes.

With Nedzu, Dazai has to be at the top of his game. One half-arsed conversation and everything could come tumbling down.

So far, Dazai has been able to keep up rather well. Sure, Nedzu might have a suspicion or two, but suspicions without evidence are worthless. Well, in this world of fair trials at least.

Now there's a real chance the mission is about to end.

Or, well, not *right* now. Had Nedzu completely figured it all out, Dazai would probably be sitting in a jail cell right now.

Then again, perhaps Nedzu did figure it out and wants to see how long Dazai can keep up the act? Or maybe he's after further information before taking action.

Or maybe—

"Stop thinking so loud."

Dazai scoffs, "Like you know anything about thinking too much." That earns him a glare, one that Dazai expertly ignores. "In case you haven't noticed, Chibi, this next conversation will determine the fate of the mission."

Chuuya, sat at the end of the bed, rolls his eyes, "Funnily enough, I did notice. We have a plan, though, so tone down the fretting, yeah?"

"I'm not *fretting*," Dazai is quick to respond, "I'm considering how much Nedzu actually knows, which will inform how we proceed with the mission."

Which, for the record, is an absolute pain to do.

Chuuya, clearly about to spout something idiotic, is mercifully cut off when someone knocks on the door.

After shooting a look at Chuuya, one that should convey 'if you mess this up, I'm leaving you here', Dazai speaks, "Come in."

The door opens and in steps Nedzu, his usual smile perfectly set in place, "Ah, Dazai and Nakahara! What a pleasure to see you both in good health!"

Chuuya nods, although the action is awfully unconvincing to Dazai's keen eye–stupid slug.

Nedzu doesn't comment, though; instead, he shuts the door, hops onto a seat, and clasps his paws together. "Well, I'm sure you'll both appreciate it if I skip the small talk."

Dazai hums, "You know us so well."

"Why, of course! I do make an effort to get to know my students when possible," Nedzu's smile grows. "This includes knowing the risks of their Quirks inside and out."

Nedzu is quiet for a moment, seemingly wanting someone else to continue the conversation. When that doesn't happen, he places a paw

on his cheek in what might be a worried gesture on anyone else, "I would hate to push you both into a corner, but I'm sure you understand the severity of the situation."

Dazai almost wants to laugh. Of course, they understand, more than Nedzu could possibly imagine.

Nedzu, with no hesitation despite him 'not wanting to push', continues, "Tell me about what happened during your exam."

There's a part of Dazai that wants to be difficult, maybe start talking about how boring Shinsou was or the texture of the walls. Nedzu hadn't been specific after all, so it would count as a proper answer.

That being said, doing that would only drag the conversation out longer.

In the end, it's Chuuya that responds, "My Ability requires focused control; when Shinsou took that away, it went haywire." The explanation is basic, the type of thing that would convince anyone but Nedzu. Dazai expects there to be further questioning, much to his loathing.

"Oh, I see!" Nedzu nods, but a second later, a confused expression takes over, "But, I must ask, why wasn't Aizawa able to erase your Ability in that moment?"

Dazai had expected Nedzu to pick up on that, but it's still annoying for it to be brought up. Why couldn't Nedzu just go along with the easier, neatly packaged explanation?

Without waiting for a response, Nedzu continues, "The fact that Aizawa was unable to stop what was happening, but Dazai here was, makes me believe there is something more to the story."

There is more to the story, but frankly, Nedzu isn't entitled to know. Sure, he wants to protect his students or whatever, but knowing how Chuuya ended up with Corruption is irrelevant. Hypothetically, Dazai could just say as much, but he gets the feeling Nedzu is digging for something specific here.

What he wants is confirmation of whatever theory he's cooked up.

He's figured something out, that much is clear, but the question now is what…

Has he realised that Dazai and Chuuya aren't some pathetic kids trapped in the Port Mafia? That, in truth, they practically run the place?

Or maybe he's begun to doubt they ended up at UA in the first place? Now that he's seen Corruption, will he think that the first fight against the heroes was so obviously faked?

So many possibilities, so many combinations.

Dazai leans back in his seat, breathing out as he does.

On cue, Chuuya huffs, "Quirks and Abilities are different things; I'm surprised Aizawa's Quirk even worked on me in the first place."

Nedzu hums, "Quite right, but we have no reason to believe it would stop working in different conditions. Unless, of course, there was something about this aspect of your Ability that was… unnatural."

Unnatural, huh?

Out of everything, Nedzu chose to ask about that?

While it had crossed Dazai's mind as a possibility, especially given Nedzu's own history with experimentation, he had assumed that Nedzu would focus on more pressing matters, such as his dear school being infiltrated.

There must be a reason behind this, an explanation as to why Nedzu decided his very first question would link to Chuuya's past of all things.

Had it been someone else, say Aizawa, Dazai would have been able to pass it off as genuine concern. Aizawa has proven himself to be a good man, someone who actually tries to live up to the title of 'hero'. If he was asking about this, then it would be safe to assume that his worry for Chuuya outweighed everything else.

This being Nedzu, however, complicates things as usual.

If Nedzu is as smart as Dazai expects, then he must have some idea about the truth of the mission.

There is a very deliberate message being sent here.

"And? As long as you know the students aren't at risk, why does the rest matter?" Chuuya asks, his voice settled into what Dazai likes to

call 'I'm not an adult, but you'll treat me as one.'

That voice usually appears during trade meetings when other organisations assume that the tiny fifteen year old can't possibly have useful insight. While Chuuya is rather tiny, he's also particularly talented when it comes to business.

Nedzu hums, "I do suppose that is true, but depending on how this part of your Ability… manifested, my students may still be in danger."

Perhaps, in Nedzu's mind, he's imagining Chuuya as some escaped experiment, one that some mad scientist is desperate to get back, which is a rather flimsy defence when, at the start of this mission, Nedzu had no idea if the Port Mafia would be rushing in to rescue their agents or not.

Terrible excuse or not, Nedzu wants more information. While with the right wording, Dazai might be able to get out of this, there is part of him that wonders what Nedzu will do once he gets the answers he's after.

Of course, Chuuya would be quick to shut Dazai up if so much as said a single word of the truth, but that doesn't mean Nedzu has to leave empty handed.

"Well, you have nothing to worry about," Dazai answers, the perfect explanation coming together in his mind.

"Ah, that is wonderful to hear," Nedzu smiles in his direction, "Although, for the sake of my anxiety, I would appreciate some further detail."

Of course, he would.

Dazai looks over at Chuuya, just long enough for Nedzu to take note, before looking back and speaking, "Chibi here went on a mission some time ago; he got hit by an Ability that causes permanent amplification of Abilities, with the end goal of complete uncontrollable power."

Nedzu nods, "That is rather interesting, do tell me more."

Chuuya sighs in fake hesitation, "The Ability user died before Dazai could get to her, but someone in the Port Mafia was able to confine the affected part of my Ability."

While Dazai had taken the time to discuss some cover stories with

Chuuya, he didn't focus too much on the details. With so many possible ways for this conversation to go, having too much to memorise would just increase the chances of mistakes.

Instead, Dazai had laid the basics out and trusted Chuuya to expertly play along.

Of course, relying so heavily on the 'you just don't know Abilities' excuse could backfire. Fortunately, the Port Mafia likes to keep chatter about their fights to a minimum. Anyone who knows something will keep quiet, lest they want punishment at the hands of an executive.

On top of that, if Nedzu, somehow, did some digging into Port Mafia members and their Abilities…

Well, it's rather fortunate Rimbaud's Ability was always under-documented.

"Which only activates when you aren't fully conscious?" Nedzu clarifies.

"Right."

Nedzu claps his paws together, "Well, I am quite pleased to know the culprit is no longer at large. Of course, should any of her associates pop up, I will be more than happy to see them dealt with."

Which confirms Dazai's earlier thoughts, not that it wasn't already obvious.

"Ah, this has been a wonderful chat! I'm afraid I must be leaving now, my duties as principal are never-ending," Nedzu explains, hopping off his chair as he spoke.

"Have fun," Dazai calls out, his tone a sharp contrast to his words.

"I will!" Nedzu grins, he begins to head towards the door and, for a single moment, Dazai is glad this whole thing is over with for now. Then, just because Nedzu sucks, he spares one last look backwards, "Now, do remember this, so long as the students of UA aren't in danger, I do not mind what secrets you choose to have."

So he has figured Dazai and Chuuya out. Great.

Once Nedzu has left the room, it takes only a moment for Chuuya to fall backwards onto the bed, "I hate that guy."

Dazai huffs, feeling much the same, "From now on, don't let your guard down."

Nedzu has them figured out, and yet he's allowing them to stay… Tch, it would be easier if he just threw them out, but no.

"Not like I did that anyway," Chuuya rolls his eyes.

"But you're getting friendly with them," Dazai counters, "Nedzu knows about the mission, to a degree anyway."

Chuuya sits up, his face turning more serious, "But the only thing he asked about was the origin of Corruption. Is he letting us stay anyway out of pity?"

Ah, there Chuuya goes, proving himself to be smart every so often.

Of course, Nedzu's true motives are a mystery, but if Dazai had to guess…

Nedzu figured everything out in the wake of Corruption, but he, genuinely, believes Dazai and Chuuya might change their ways by staying at UA. He said it himself, so long as the students aren't in danger, he doesn't care what secrets are kept.

-

Aizawa is glad to see that both Nakahara and Dazai are just as he left them, not anymore upset or uncomfortable after their talk with Nedzu.

He had been worried that, after he saw Nedzu leave suspiciously pleased, at least one of them would be… suffering the after effects of Nedzu, so to speak.

When Aizawa walks into the room, he is immediately accosted by Dazai.

"Sensei, all of this is so boring," He whines, "Break us out of here, will you?"

Aizawa thinks of the last time he took a student out before Recovery Girl said they could leave. While he had good reasons, Recovery Girl hadn't been willing to hear them. Instead, she, very thoroughly, reminded him about the consequences of moving a patient who's still partially injured.

Thankfully, though, Nakahara has been given the go-ahead to leave for a while now.

Aizawa sighs, "Alright, we can head to the dorms."

And just like that, all three of them are leaving the infirmary and walking towards the dorms. It's all very familiar, reminding Aizawa of the last time he had to do this.

Just recently, he had been the one to walk Dazai and Nakahara back to the dorms after Dazai tried to drown himself. On that very day, he had promised Dazai to do better, to be someone he could rely on without worry of Nedzu hearing every little thing.

Sure, it hadn't been that long, but is Aizawa holding true to his promise? Yes, he hasn't told anything to Nedzu, but that's only because he has only one piece of information, one piece that wasn't given willingly.

A piece of information that Aizawa has heavily considered researching on his own.

Other than that name, Aizawa hasn't really been entrusted with any information. While he recognises that he just isn't close enough (yet, he hopes) with Dazai and Nakahara for that sort of thing, there is part of him that worries he's already messed up.

Too soon, they arrive at the dorms, and Aizawa is forced to push those thoughts aside. He has patrol later tonight, that'll be plenty of time to mull things over. Which, for the record, is the first time he's been able to go out on patrol since Dazai and Nakahara arrived.

While his excitement had been somewhat dampened due to the events of the final exams, Aizawa is still able to look forward to getting some time away from UA.

Most of class 1A are gathered in the common area, likely either waiting for Dazai and Nakahara or talking about the upcoming training camp. They're all pretty excited for it, which…

Well, it would ruin the fun if Aizawa told them how the camp will really go.

"Oh! Dazai, Chuuya!" Midoriya is the first to greet, quickly standing up and making his way over.

It doesn't take long after that for the rest of the class to call out their own greetings, and not that Aizawa would admit this, it pleases him to see his class getting on with Dazai and Nakahara so well. He remembers how the class had reacted when it was announced, how they had all been on edge the first few days.

Now, they have no fear in calling out greetings, in teasing Dazai and Nakahara for taking so long to recover.

"Oh, before I forget," Aizawa says, effectively silencing the room. He looks over at the group that failed the exams, "Dazai and Shinsou will be joining you lot in the extra classes."

There's silence for a moment, then the class breaks out into various dramatic reactions.

Kaminari does his best juvenile "Oooooo", despite the fact that he did worse on both the physical and written exams.

Mina jumps up from her seat, not noticing Shinsou's dejected expression until it's too late, "I knew Chuuya would wi— Ah, not that I didn't believe in you too, Shinsou!"

Kirishima shakes his head, "Tough luck, bros."

Dazai, in sharp contrast to everyone else, sends Aizawa a level look, "What do you mean we'll be joining extra classes?"

"Those who failed still get to come to training camp, but you'll have extra classes to make sure you don't fail next time," Aizawa explains, watching in real time as Dazai looks vaguely offended and Nakahara lights up.

Nakahara smirks, "Make sure you enjoy yourself, Mackerel."

Dazai snaps his head in Nakahara's direction and, very quickly, Aizawa realises where this is going.

With a scoff, Dazai turns back to Aizawa, "Sensei! Are you sure Chuuya didn't fail all the written exams?"

Aizawa doesn't bother to answer; it's not like Dazai actually wants to know how Nakahara did.

If the question were genuine, Aizawa would be happy to explain that Nakahara had done great, especially given his circumstances. He lost a

few marks on the literature paper by using the wrong kanji occasionally, and his history paper was by far his worst (and yet still better than some other students in the class), but that was about it.

But of course, comparing that to Dazai, who got everything right, and even came up with a few of his own questions for 'extra marks' (Aizawa did not award him any, despite all his answers being correct). Yeah, no matter how well Nakahara did, Dazai would find a way to tease him about it.

"I'm not stupid!" Nakahara snaps.

Dazai gasps, his mouth hanging open in exaggerated shock, "Oh yeah? Could've convinced me!"

"Bastard!" Nakahara spits out before promptly lunging at Dazai.

Dazai dodges, of course, but that only makes Nakahara whip around and try again. It seems that, by dodging rather than attacking back, Dazai is only riling Nakahara up even more.

"Um, Aizawa-sensei? Shouldn't you stop them?" Mina asks, her eyes flickering between her stationary teacher and the two now trampling over the sofa.

Aizawa, who was hoping they would tire themselves out and thus behave for the rest of the afternoon, sighs, "Yeah."

"Nakahara, keep chasing him and you'll be doing extra classes too," Aizawa calls out, easily ignoring Nakahara's (loud) complaints, "And Dazai, stop calling him an idiot."

"But Sensei, I'm only telling the truth," Dazai huffs, jumping forward to avoid another attack.

Aizawa, sensing this won't stop unless he gets physically involved, steps between the two, "If you don't both stop, then I'll send you over to the Support Course to help clean up."

Dazai and Nakahara do stop, although seemingly more out of confusion than anything else. Aizawa would explain, but he feels that threats like this are better when explained by those who have already experienced them.

Fortunately, the one victim of Support Course clean-up duty (so far) is quick to jump in.

"Dazai, dude," Kaminari starts, dramatically shaking his head, "The Support Course is literal hell. You do not wanna go there. Ever."

Dazai tilts his head, silently prompting Kaminari to continue, "They're blowing shiiii—stuff up all the time there! Cleaning up just means you'll get covered in soot!"

Aizawa ignores Kaminari's poor attempt at not swearing; it's one of his better attempts anyway.

Helping the Support Course clean up is something Aizawa came up with a few years ago; he usually saves it for when detentions are losing their effect. That, or, in Kaminari's case, when the perpetrator has annoyed Aizawa too much in one day.

"Oh come on, Erasure! No need to be so ruthless," A very familiar voice chimes in.

"Yamada-sensei!" A few kids call out, their faces brightening at the sight of Hizashi. Which is a very typical reaction, even back when he was a student, Hizashi had the power to walk into a room and light it up.

Aizawa, partially immune to Hizashi's special talent, rolls his eyes, "They're my students, I can be as ruthless as I want."

A few of the kids look dejected by that, which is particularly amusing as they still believe the expulsion threat was a logical deception. If only his class knew that Aizawa had expelled full classes before, maybe that would ensure their good behaviour.

Hizashi chuckles, "Ah, the great misfortune of being one of Erasure's students."

The kids break into chatter at that, mostly childish complaining about Aizawa being too strict.

Aizawa ignores them, mostly because Hizashi is still lingering at the door rather than coming in to speak.

"Behave, you got it?" Aizawa warns Dazai and Nakahara, who, thankfully, have stopped tormenting each other. Which, yeah, Aizawa doesn't actually expect them to listen, but he can try.

With that, he steps outside with Hizashi, letting the chatter of his students fade away.

-

He doesn't like eavesdropping. It's terribly rude, the sort of thing his parents would scold him over as a child. They would pull him aside, reminding him to have better manners, and warn him that hearing things not meant for his ears can be dangerous.

He doesn't like eavesdropping, he doesn't like any of this, and yet here he is.

It was easier to do this sort of thing at the start of the year, back when his classmates were strangers and Aizawa-sensei hadn't almost died for them.

It's harder now, only mentally, of course. There is no reason for his classmates and teachers to be cautious; there are no suspicions that a traitor is amongst them.

But there is, and he's here, eavesdropping on his teachers.

"Hizashi…" Aizawa-sensei trails off, his voice the same soft tone he uses when students wake up from nightmares of the USJ.

"I know, I just… I can't stop thinking about it," Yamada-sensei responds, "I mean, what if his Ability goes off like that again? I feel sick thinking about it, but if other students are in danger…"

Yamada-sensei is a good teacher; he's always pulling out new techniques to help students learn. Flashcards, mind maps, quizzes, discussions, he'll do anything if there's a chance it'll work.

Repetition is always a key factor in remembering things.

What if his Ability goes off like that again?

What if his Ability goes off like that again?

What if his Ability goes off like that again?

"And what are you implying here?" Aizawa-sensei asks.

Yamada-sensei takes a deep breath, "Even without… *that,* he's had a tough life. I don't want him to get hurt if I can help it."

"Hizashi, even if Nakahara and Dazai decided they were sick of UA and launch an intentional attack, I know you would take them down in a way that causes them the least pain," Aizawa-sensei's voice drops

a level, it's ironic that it does nothing to stop the eavesdropping, "And I think they'd both understand that."

What if his Ability goes off like that again?

Even without… that,

What if his Ability goes off like that again?

Even without… that,

"And if the HPSC catches wind of this? Shouta, they'd stop at nothing to get that sort of power," Yamada-sensei huffs a dry laugh, the sound empty of actual joy.

"Then we won't let it get that far."

Aizawa-sensei has a particular talent of sounding so sure, so confident and infallible, when he really has no place to be.

What if his Ability goes off like that again?

Even without… that

They'd stop at nothing to get that sort of power

What if his Ability goes off like that again?

Even without… that

They'd stop at nothing to get that sort of power

The HPSC might not hear of this, but someone much worse will.

-

Dazai is glad when Aizawa leaves the room. While, yes, some of the 1A kids might be smart enough to… Well, they wouldn't ever be able to see through one of Dazai's acts, but maybe they'd pick up a few clues here and there.

The point is, with Aizawa gone, Dazai doesn't have to work as hard anymore.

Yaoyorozu clears her throat, "So, how did your exam go?"

Another joy of Aizawa having left the room, there's no one to

overanalyse the cover story Dazai has chosen. Which, if Dazai is being fair, Nedzu was the one who did that, but whatever.

It's a shame Shinsou is still in the room, though.

Mina gasps and leans in, any more and she might fall off her seat, "Oh, right! Shinsou said you guys went overboard, but like, how?"

Mina's not the only one interested, if the expressions and body language of almost everyone are anything to go by.

Now, this is not the first time Dazai has been in a situation like this. Sometimes, on undercover missions, it hardly matters how much you plan and sneak around, people might still get suspicious. When coming up with a cover story, it's imperative not to hesitate or contradict yourself too much.

Sure, a few inconsistencies here and there add to the authenticity, but if two people have wildly different stories, then your cover is blown.

That's why, when presented with an opportunity like this, Dazai knows he *must* speak first.

The slug next to him seems to have gotten the same idea, which is rather unfortunate.

For Chuuya, that is.

With no hesitation, Dazai slips a hand up the back of Chuuya's shirt and pinches with no mercy.

Chuuya, having undergone Mori's 'interrogation resistance' training, barely flinches. He does freeze for a second, however, which is just enough time for Dazai to start speaking.

"Chibi was just so *easy* to trick! I had him running around like the little dog he is…" Dazai holds a hand up to his face, a poor attempt to hide his words, considering he didn't bother to whisper, "Emphasis on little, of course."

What's more rewarding, Chuuya reacting right away, or him having to play along and hide his anger?

Chuuya scoffs, a certain glint coming to his eyes that Dazai doesn't appreciate, "And yet you still lost, how embarrassing."

Dazai is about three seconds away from showing Chuuya true

embarrassment, screw Aizawa's warning, when he notices something peculiar.

Mina, with a notebook in hand, is furiously scribbling away. The front of the notebook seems to be covered in stickers, each one layered in such a way that Dazai can only make out fragments. Something pink, a heart, four boxes arranged in a square, each with its own colour and punctuation?

Wait a minute….

Dazai does his best to hold in his laughter; he really does. Mina has been so obvious in her attempts to be a matchmaker, but… But Dazai didn't expect her to be bold enough to write her plans down in public like this. Or, more specifically, he didn't expect her to write them down in front of Chuuya and him.

To her credit, it doesn't take Mina long to realise that the targets of her new hobby (obsession, maybe?) have gone quiet.

When she looks up, Mina freezes like a deer caught in headlights. After a totally unsuspicious glance at Hagakure, she's quick to jump into an excuse, "Ah! Umm, I— I'm just making notes for the training camp. Just checking what I need to get. Totally."

"Oh, that reminds me!" Hagakure chimes in, fast enough to prevent any lingering on what Mina was doing, "We're all going shopping tomorrow since a lot of us are missing a few things for camp, do you guys wanna come?"

"Sure! How are you sneaking us out?" Dazai asks after a brief moment of debating whether he should play along or not. Both Mina and Hagakure have a long way to go when it comes to subtlety, which is ironic given Hagakure's Quirk, but the basis of their distraction there was alright, if Dazai was being generous.

Maybe if Dazai continues to play along, then…

Actually, there's a better way to deal with this.

Rather than ignoring Mina's attempts at matchmaking or confronting her, what if Dazai just… gives her more material to work with?

These are the thoughts that run through the background of Dazai's mind as the conversation continues.

Kaminari, dramatically holding out his hand, answers with an arrogant smirk, "Actually, we already have a plan to convince Aizawa-sensei with, one that will absolutely work!"

Kirishima sends him an amused look, "You're only saying that because you helped come up with it."

"And? When Mozart made that painting or whatever, I bet he was pretty proud of it!" Kaminari huffs, paying no attention to Jirou's confused 'Mozart?' that soon followed.

Dazai, knowing that whatever plan they have is destined to fail, gasps, "Tell me more!"

Between this, encouraging Mina, and his plan for the training camp (which he still needs to bring up with Aizawa), Dazai truly has a busy schedule in the upcoming days.

-

Villains, Dabi finds, tend to be idiots without any real goals. There are so many of them these days, people who roam the dark simply because they can, who work on impulse alone.

Dabi, on the other hand, isn't like that. Since *that* day, the day he came back only to find that his 'death' meant nothing, he's known what his purpose in life is.

Endeavor will die, and it will be by Dabi's hand. His disgusting self will be exposed to the world, and *everyone* will know just what the number two 'hero' does behind closed doors. They'll know, and Dabi will force that old bastard to look at him as he's being burnt to a crisp.

Taking down Endeavor requires work, something Dabi loathes to think about. These days, Dabi is far stronger, his fire far hotter, and yet killing Endeavor on his own will still be a problem.

That's why Dabi is here, standing in a dingy bar.

While Stain had been active for some time, Dabi never managed to make contact with the man. He had tried on a few occasions, but the Hero Killer was just as hard to catch as the police claimed.

Dabi is partially glad he never found Stain. It seems like he got too caught up in Stain's fame, in his reputation of killing heroes without remorse.

In the end, Stain had been beaten by Endeavor, a pathetic end for a man like him.

But the group Stain was affiliated with still lives on.

"So it's really you, huh? I've seen you in pictures, but I gotta say, you're way grosser in person," Dabi drawls, partially regretting taking a chance on this 'League of Villains.'

He had assumed that, since this group was affiliated with Stain and managed to infiltrate UA of all places, they would be more… impressive. They have a goal too, one loftier than Dabi's, and yet they've come closer to achieving it.

But, as far as Dabi can gather, the hand freak and the mist guy are the only current members.

"Wow! It's the weird hand guy!" The girl next to Dabi gasps, her arms moving up and down, "You're friends with my Hero, Stain, right? Cool!"

Oh, right, hand freak, mist guy, and little miss insane over here. What an intimidating lineup.

She laughs, which only confirms her insanity in Dabi's mind, before pulling her hands up to her face, "Let me join the League! I wanna be in your group!"

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is a littttttle bit later than I would have liked, but I finished it in the end! I was actually struggling to write this chapter for a while... And just write anything in general honestly. Writer's block is brutal 3 I then went to visit a friend for a while, which I decided was the perfect time to not even think about writing! Lo and behold, by the time I came back I could write again haha.

Anyway, that aside, I hope you all enjoyed the chapter! I feel like this could have been a bit better, but I feel like that with every chapter so... Hopefully no one is disappointed with how the Nedzu skk scene went.

Which, writing the skk Nedzu scene was a nightmare I swear 3 To

let you see how I was feeling, I'll copy out a message I sent some friends while working on this chapter. 'Chat, how would I write that Dazai knows Nedzu knows about the plan, and Nedzu knows that Dazai knows without... So many knows?' If I get my way, those two won't ever be in a scene together again 😶 (They probably will, I just won't like it.)

Also <3 Dabi <3

Look, if you know me, then you know I love Dabi and the Todoroki family. (Doomed siblings always get me, alright?) I have been awaiting the day I could write a Dabi pov in this fic, and finally it arrived! I'll let you all know this now, but every time the LoV show up, I will make it a Dabi pov if I can 🫶

I think that's all I wanted to say? Probably anyway!!

Hopefully I'll be able to get next chapter out sooner, but we'll see!

Thank you for reading! <3

Chapter 35: Shopping trip!

Chapter Summary

Using what little air he has, Midoriya is quick to speak, "Everything is fine! Don't come any closer!"

Uraraka is out of Shigaraki's range right now, but if she steps any closer then— Then—

Chapter Notes

CW: There's some talk of killing people, but it's all canon typical so it shouldn't be a problem! Let me know if anything should be added here!

Thank you to Echo78 for beta reading! <33333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If there's one thing Dabi will give to the mildly off-putting teenager beside him, it's that she's completely unbothered by the look of pure disdain from the Hand Freak.

Her only outward reaction is to grin wider, her sharp canines reflecting the meagre lighting in the bar. It's a good attitude to have in the world of Villains; confidence bordering on the brink of insanity is respected far more than cowardice.

Hand Freak huffs, turning away as if that would make everyone leave quicker, "Kurogiri, get rid of these two, I can already tell they're exactly the kind of trash I hate. A brat and a guy with no manners."

The mist guy, Kurogiri, it seems… Shakes his head? Considering his head and body as a whole are comprised of mist, it's a challenge to figure out exactly what he's doing.

"Now now, Shigaraki Tomura," Kurogiri says, which Dabi decides to ignore in favour of keeping the nickname, "They came all this way, the least we can do is hear them out. Give them a chance. Besides, this broker is respected in the underworld; they're bound to be valuable assets."

Giran, said 'respected broker', shrugs without a care towards Hand Freak's opinion, "Like 'em or not, you still owe me a finder's fee. In

cash."

Hand freak shoots him a glare, one that has Giran huffing out a laugh before reaching into his pocket, a cigarette soon taking place on his lips, "I suppose I could introduce the two of 'em before I go. This one looks like an adorable high school girl, right?"

Said 'adorable high school girl' waves her hands as Giran continues, "She's actually a suspect in a series of deaths where the victims all bled out. So far, her name and face have been kept out of the media."

Which, from a Villain's standpoint, Dabi can respect. Too many Villains these days are in it for stupid reasons; too many don't have the guts to make their twisted dreams into reality.

Little miss insane nods her head, "Toga here, Toga Himiko! Life is too hard, I just wanna make it easier to live in this dumb world!" She grins, the sight far too bloodthirsty and toothy for her to ever be mistaken for a regular schoolgirl, "I wanna be Mr. Stainy. I wanna *kill* Mr. Stainy. C'mon, Handy-man, please let me join your League of Villains!"

No one speaks for a second, which gives Toga the chance to start bouncing up and down a little.

Hand Freak stares long and hard at this display, maybe wondering how he got to this point in life, before scoffing, "You gotta be kidding me. Is she crazy?"

Giran, likely used to working with all manner of Villains, shrugs, "Well, she can hold a conversation, for the most part at least."

Toga nods, although Dabi gets the feeling most of her 'conversations' are about killing people and Stain. Which… As far as Villains go, isn't that out there. Dabi has certainly met some Villains who don't have a personality outside of stealing things and causing chaos, and that was before Stain came onto the scene and got everyone inspired.

"C'mon, she can be useful," Giran continues, taking a puff of his cigarette before gesturing to Dabi, "and this guy, he hasn't committed any flashy crimes, but he's taken Stain's ideology to heart."

There's part of Dabi that wants to protest, because killing Endeavor has been his plan long before Stain got involved, but there's no need to put himself out there for now. If this group turns out to be half decent, then maybe he'll reveal his actual motives.

He's not gonna risk everything he's done so far on a group of potential nobodies.

"I don't like this. Is your group really dedicated to the Hero Killer's mission? I can't imagine you are if you're gonna let this little psycho join you," Dabi gestures to Toga, easily ignoring her half-offended huff.

Sure, Dabi can respect Toga from a Villain's standpoint, can see that she isn't a pathetic edgy teen that will flake the moment things get real, but that doesn't mean she's someone he can rely on. Case in point, she just declared her desire to kill Stain, her biggest idol.

Dabi would rather not end up getting stabbed in the back, literally, if he joins the League.

Which, sure, is par for the course with Villains, but Dabi would expect a group dedicated to killing All Might to be a step above the average Villain. There should be some decency among them, an agreement not to go around stabbing each other and draining their blood out.

Although Dabi has had his fair share of burning establishments (and people) to ash when pissed off… But in his defence, they were all idiots anyway. If this League turns out to be useful, then Dabi can keep his fire to himself.

Hand Freak rolls his eyes, "Grow up, at least she knows how to introduce herself to people."

Which is rich, given he was just questioning her sanity, too.

"Don't just stare; what's your name?" Hand Freak asks, although he clearly means it as a demand.

Dabi shrugs, "Right now, I'm going by Dabi."

Hand Freak shakes his head, his eyes sharpening like a knife, "No, I want to know your *real* name."

Hah, and yet Dabi is the one with no manners? Does this guy understand how hypocritical he's being, or is he too stupid to put it together?

"I'll tell you when you need to know it," Which will likely be the same time the rest of the world finds out. "In any case, my new purpose is to carry out the Hero Killer's will."

Hand Freak shakes his head, his voice dropping a few levels, "That wasn't what I asked you, Patchwork." His hands, just as crusty looking as the rest of him, half clutch onto the bar counter in an effort to pull himself onto his feet, "Jeez, why is everyone so hung up on Stain? He's all I ever hear about."

Had Dabi the opportunity, he'd love to point out that Stain killed, or gravely injured, a fuck ton of heroes. That's why people talk about him, and not some group that only plans to kill All Might.

Hell, those two boys from Yokohama blow the League of Villains out of the water in that aspect.

If only they hadn't been caught, maybe Dabi could have struck a deal with them.

Kurogiri sets his glass and cloth down, the urgency pushing Dabi into a defensive stance, "No, don't do it—"

"Every damn day. It's really pissing me off. You two are done." Hand freak lurches forward, both hands stretched out wide.

Dabi might not know this guy's Quirk, but he knows a threat when he sees one.

The sound of knives scraping together rings out, only slightly muffled by the ignition of Dabi's blue flames.

His arm burns, but it's nothing Dabi isn't used to.

No, by now the overwhelming heat of his fire is the thing he knows best. This pain is one he can wield, one he can use to turn this damn bar into ash.

Except, just before his flames catch on hand freak, Dabi's arm just… disappears.

In front of him, a swirling portal of purple mist has taken his arm, too. Dabi risks a quick glance around, just above his own head. Perfectly positioned so Dabi would take the brunt of any attack, how quaint.

The only consolation is that Hand Freak got the same treatment and, if Dabi is reading him right, is beyond pissed off about it. Kinda like a toddler being put into time-out, or having their favourite toy taken away, which is a comparison that brings Dabi instant amusement. Now, what would Hand Freak do if Dabi pointed that out?

Kurogiri's body ripples, his neck stretching so that his head is neatly positioned by Hand Freak's ear.

"Please calm yourself, Shigaraki Tomura." His voice is steady and unbothered by the near bar fight, probably a consequence of it happening so often. "If your desire is to be realised, then we must increase our numbers. Now that we're in the spotlight, our chance is at hand. I advise you to be more accepting."

His head moves closer still, yellow eyes tracking both Dabi and Toga as he, presumably, whispers something.

Hand Freak yanks his hands free from the mist, not bothering to spare Kurogiri a single look before storming past both Dabi and Toga. "I'm outta here."

Giran, tucked away by the door and away from the conflict, raises an eyebrow. "Where are you off to?"

Hand Freak shoves past him. "Shut up."

And just like that, the door slams shut.

There's silence for a moment, however brief, before Giran whistles, "Tough crowd, huh?"

Kurogiri's mist disappears, thankfully giving Dabi his arm back, before sighing, "Shigaraki Tomura knows what he must do."

Which is cryptic as fuck, but whatever.

Toga, unfazed, begins to wave her knives around, "So? Do I get to join or what?"

Dabi takes a large step away from her; he'd rather not get cut by blades that have been who knows where. The last time he got an infection, he was bedridden (floorridden?) for a week, and at least he knew the bastard that did it had actually cleaned her knives.

Toga doesn't strike Dabi as the type to be conscious about bacteria and infection, not with the dried blood all over the knife handles.

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When Mina tells people she likes to watch the news, she's usually met with disbelief and confusion. That quickly turns to a sarcastic "I bet you do" or "Right, but only the entertainment part?"

Which is fair, given the horde of dramas and anime she watches, but Mina isn't such a one-note person! Keeping up with the news is important, even if it's mind-numbingly boring some of the time.

…

Alright, it's boring most of the time, but still! Mina makes an effort to keep up to date with important things, both out of personal interest and in preparation for her Hero career!

Hearing about national treasures going on new tours or getting married makes her excited, while hearing about Villains encourages her to think about the best way she could take them down, if it ever came to that.

Unfortunately, today's news is lacking in any Villain announcements, which, yeah, is a good thing, but Mina can still be disappointed!

With a sigh, she picks up her favourite eyeliner, turning away from the TV screen to make sure she gets the application juuuust right.

"Do you need any help with that?" Uraraka asks, just about popping into view.

Mina shakes her head, "I'm an expert at applying makeup on other people, don't worry about it!"

That's not to mention this isn't her first foray into gyaru makeup! Back in middle school, there was a solid three weeks where Mina was obsessed with the style, which only ended when she found a new style to obsess over. On top of that, one of her best friends is still a gyaru girl all the way!

Uraraka smiles, taking a moment to walk around Mina before gasping, "Mina! I can barely recognise him!"

Mina preens, because that's the whole point of the makeup!

Chuuya, however, doesn't seem so happy. "Okay, I need a mirror."

Mina whips her head around, making sure to put on her most pathetic face, "You look great, I promise! Just don't look before I'm done!"

The outfit Yaomomo made for him probably gives away the style Mina was going for, but it's the makeup that's the real selling point! The thing that pulls it all together with a neat little bow!

Ripped denim shorts, a black jacket with gold details, and the perfect low-rise shirt that hints at, but doesn't actually show, Chuuya's muscles; it's a combo that demands the perfect makeup and hairstyle!

His hair is already in place, a little more exaggerated than his usual style, but not quite what Mina would usually do for a gyaru style. As much as she would love to go all out, there is a real risk that Chuuya won't appreciate the end look and ruin her hard work.

Which is why he cannot see the makeup before it's done! Chuuya might get disheartened and wipe it all off… Maybe even give up on the plan altogether!

Which cannot happen under any circumstances.

Fortunately, Chuuya just sighs, which Mina counts as a win!

Still, Mina makes quick work of grabbing the false eyelashes and applying them. She's so close to being done, she can't let Chuuya change his mind now!!

While she works, she tunes into the news again, half-heartedly hoping something interesting might be happening.

"In other news, a group of Pro Heroes has taken to patrolling the border around Yokohama in hopes of finding a weak point. Officials say that this could help drastically if any—"

Mina promptly tunes back out of the news.

"What idiots," She sighs before leaning back, finally satisfied with the makeup look, "Isn't it obvious they should leave Yokohama alone by now?"

So focused on double-checking that the eyelashes are exactly where she wants them, Mina completely misses Chuuya's surprised look.

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"So uh. Do the bandage come off or???"

Only a second after Kaminari asks that, Jirou whacks the back of his head hard enough that he feels a little dizzy, "You're not supposed to

ask stuff like that!"

Kaminari, despite still feeling the aftereffects of her attack, is quick to defend himself, "I know that much! But this is a special situation!"

Maybe as a kid, Kaminari was dumb enough to ask questions like that, but not anymore! He has tact, thank you very much.

It's just that, given that it's Kaminari's temporary job to dress Dazai, he should know if the bandages come off! Uh, well, Kaminari thinks so anyway.

"I just wanna know for the outfit!" Kaminari continues, "If they don't come off, we can… Like, gel his hair over them or something. Or maybe get a sick eye patch."

In truth, Kaminari had been hoping to give Dazai a cooler hairstyle than that, something a little crazy and out there, but he can make this work. Probably.

An eye patch might not be the best fit for the rest of the outfit, but between his epic sense of style and Jirou's makeup skills, they *have* to be able to figure something out.

Especially since Mina is probably killing it with her look for Chuuya, Kaminari just can't let her down!

Dazai leans back in his chair, "I'd rather not take them off."

Jirou is quick to respond, maybe scared Kaminari will say something dumb (rude!), "Don't even worry about it, just leave everything to us."

Kaminari nods, "Jirou, you get the clothes, I'll start thinking about hairstyles."

About ten minutes of mood boards from Kaminari, unhelpful commentary from Dazai, and groans of frustration from Jirou, and it's time for Kaminari's skills to shine!

Kaminari's younger sisters, while being very dear to him, have always been the absolute worst with hairstyles. And by that, Kaminari means they would innocently request help with something, and when it's too late to back out, they'd reveal the insane style they want.

At least this style will be easier—just a teased side part look that will go with, but not take away from, Jirou's chosen outfit.

Which looks pretty cool, actually, what with the black leather jacket and harness over a blood red shirt. The baggy black trousers, featuring various zips and rips, add just enough laid-back energy to make it all work.

"You're gonna want to close your eyes and hold your breath," Kaminari warns, giving Dazai a few seconds to comply before covering his hair in hairspray. Maybe it isn't completely necessary, since Dazai does have naturally wavy hair, but Kaminari doesn't want to risk the style coming apart.

Once satisfied with the amount of hairspray, Kaminari picks up a section of hair and begins to tease it from the top down. Not too much teasing, but still enough to stand out…

It takes a few minutes, and in hindsight, Kaminari is surprised it took that long before he messes up.

Or, well, technically, he didn't mess up, per se, but his finger skimming across Dazai's scalp definitely wasn't intentional.

A small, familiar blue light sparks at Kaminari's finger tip before his Quirk disappears.

It's…

Really bad, actually. Like, there's no way in hell anyone manages to touch Dazai and not realise what's happened.

Of course, Kaminari's first reaction is to yank his hand away so he can feel the crackle of his Quirk again, but a quick glance at the clock tells him there isn't much more time to be messing around with Dazai's hair if they wanna get the makeup done too..

Styling Dazai's hair without touching his scalp would be possible, sure, but not in this time frame. Mina is probably just about done with her look for Chuuya, and she was *really* insistent on the two of them having some big reveal right before everyone leaves.

Well, looks like Kaminari is just gonna have to suck it up.

With a quick mental reminder that his Quirk isn't gone forever, despite how it feels, Kaminari gets to work.

Fortunately, it only takes about five more minutes of occasional Quirklessness before Dazai's hair is perfectly done.

Kaminari takes a step back, admiring his work, before nodding in Jirou's direction, "Alright, makeup time."

Jirou, brush in one hand and eye shadow in the other, wastes no time in getting to work.

The look she's going for, as far as Kaminari can tell, is a silver and red winged eye shadow with black stars dotted around.

While Jirou carefully colours in one of said black stars, Dazai, out of nowhere, pipes up, "So, you wanna know what happened to my eye?"

"Wh— Your eye??" Kaminari stutters, doing his best to figure out how Dazai had even gotten to this train of thought. Kaminari's question about the bandages was ages ago!

Dazai hums, "Yep. So, wanna know?"

Kaminari looks at Jirou, who, unfortunately for him, hasn't noticed his pleading gaze.

What's he meant to say here? Like, sure, he's been curious as hell since day one, but just straight-up asking is hella rude. Although Dazai was the one to offer the information up, so it's probably okay? So long as Kaminari doesn't react like an idiot or anything, right?

Hesitantly, Kaminari nods, "Yeah, alright, hit me!"

Too cheerful? Maybe, but Kaminari just has to roll with it.

"Well," Dazai starts, his voice dropping to something a little more sombre, "I actually lost it in a freak boating accident."

Huh.

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Chuuya isn't a stranger to dressing up for undercover missions.

Hell, he's not even a stranger to crossdressing for undercover missions. As much as he prefers dressing more masculine, there are times his shorter stature comes in handy with misogynistic fuckers. They never expect the short one in a dress to body slam them through a window, which is really a rookie mistake in a place like Yokohama.

But, back to the point, dressing out of his comfort zone isn't a new thing for Chuuya. So, theoretically, he shouldn't be bothered by what

Mina has him wearing, and yet…

And yet, the moment Dazai walks out in a punk rock look, Chuuya knows he's been had. Why the hell couldn't he be dressed like that?

The gyaru look isn't bad, but that Mackerel is more likely to make fun of someone for liking rock music than to actually enjoy it, unlike Chuuya, who is able to appreciate it.

Dazai, the insufferable fuck, grins at Chuuya in a way that conveys he's thinking the exact same thing and loves it, "My my Chibi, I didn't think you could look this good!"

He leans down a little, bastard, before whispering just low enough to keep it between just them, "Try not to slobber over everything, little dog~"

There are exactly two things that keep Chuuya from decking Dazai in that moment.

One, Mina's frankly worrying hyperventilation behind him. Is she having a heart attack or something?

Two, the pitiful sniffs from both Kaminari and Jirou, who were in charge of getting Dazai ready.

Deciding to be good, Chuuya settles on shoving Dazai rather than knocking him unconscious.

Without a care towards Dazai's whines, Chuuya makes sure Mina isn't actively dying before turning to Kaminari and Jirou.

While they aren't outright crying, their eyes are red enough to show they had been recently. Which, Chuuya just knows, has to be the fault of Dazai.

"What'd he do?" Chuuya asks, not in the mood to waste time.

Jirou and Kaminari share a look, one that causes Kaminari to tear up even more before stuttering out, "It— About his eye…"

Ah, right, Dazai's eye.

One of the many mysteries of the Port Mafia, the type of thing that is whispered behind closed doors for fear of anyone overhearing. Just how could someone like Dazai, a genius above all else, get hurt so badly if not by his own hand?

"Was it the fishing pole?"

Kaminari looks taken aback, "No?"

"Bus?"

Confusion quickly takes over Kaminari's face, "Uhhh?"

"Don't tell me it was the chuunibyou bullshit."

Jirou, having cleared up her own remaining tears, shakes her head, "No, it was…"

"That fucking carp."

Without waiting for confirmation, Chuuya turns to glare at Dazai, "Stop making shit up about carps taking your eye!"

Dazai huffs, his clearly (to Chuuya, at least) fake upset pout clashing horribly with his outfit, "Chuuuuuyaaaa, don't be like that!"

When Chuuya had first started working with Dazai, he carefully ignored the lies Dazai would tell when asked about his eye. He had figured, at the time, that even if Dazai was an annoying bastard, the reason he actually wore those bandages wasn't something he had to tell everyone. If he wanted to lie to people, then that was his own right.

Then, the lies got bigger, more ridiculous, and started involving Chuuya. It was all, 'Chibi threw a knife!' this and 'That Slug caused an earthquake!' that. Which, the only thing dumber than Dazai saying that shit, were all the people who actually believed it.

It's a well-known fact that Dazai has been wearing those bandages since before Chuuya joined the Port Mafia, so why the hell does anyone put any stock in that one??

Chuuya turns back to Jirou and Kaminari, "Don't trust a word this idiot says, yeah?"

They both nod, their faces still mixed with confusion.

Turning away, Chuuya catches sight of the door opening, which, for a second, he fears is Aizawa here already.

While yes, Chuuya knows Aizawa will have to see him dressed like this, as it is the plan, he had been hoping more of class 1A would be

around at that point. There's strength in numbers, or at least that's what Chuuya would say if anyone actually questioned him on it.

Thankfully, instead of the scruffy teacher he's come to know, a horde of 1A students makes their way through the door.

Which does raise a question or two, like how they all timed it to be downstairs at the exact same time. Even if they had agreed on a set time, it's incredibly unlikely for none of them to be late by a few minutes.

"Alright, everyone! We'll be departing soon, so please ensure you're ready!"

Ah, right, Iida.

Leading the group, Iida marches into the room, still looking rather professional despite being out of uniform, only to visibly double-take upon noticing Chuuya and Dazai.

It takes a second, during which more of the 1A kids funnel in, before Iida promptly makes his way over to Mina, Jirou, and Kaminari.

Kaminari, still with puffy eyes, is quick to shake his head, "Nuh uh, you can't tell us off! This was the plan!"

"You did a fantastic job," Iida bluntly says, robotically gesturing over to Chuuya before continuing, "I was much too shocked by the fashion choice to question who I was looking at."

Mina grins. "That kinda feels backhanded, but hell yeah!"

A few steps away, Dazai chuckles, either at Chuuya's outfit or Mina's comment.

Chuuya elbows him anyway, just to be sure.

It doesn't take long for the rest of the class, the more extroverted ones at least, to gather around, making comments on the disguises.

"Dressing like that… is so manly!" Kirishima exclaims, giving Chuuya a sincere smile when he looks over.

Beside him, Sero looks amused. "Isn't that style literally for women? How can it be manly?"

Funnily enough, Kirishima genuinely looks a little offended by that.

"Dude, that isn't what being manly is about! It's about being brave or determined, and what's more brave than wearing a style so different than your own, all for the sake of the mission?"

Chuuya, personally, can think of a few things, but whatever, sure.

Mina, breaking away from Iida, is the next to chime in. "Exactly! Plus, the gyaru style isn't just worn by women anymore! It's really popular among mutants of all genders!"

Chuuya takes a step back, intending to let Mina deep dive into the history of the gyaru subculture on her own, which, of course, is exactly when Dazai decides to drape himself over Chuuya's back with a loud sigh. "Chuuuya, are we leaving yet?"

Chuuya does his best to shrug Dazai off, which quickly turns into a fruitless endeavour when Dazai just clings on harder. God, where was this strength when Dazai was whining for Chuuya to come save him?

"Anyone care to explain?"

And just like that, the idle chatter of the class disappears into nothing, a particular talent of Aizawa's that Chuuya is no longer surprised at.

Aizawa is looking directly in Chuuya's direction, an eyebrow raised as if he expects Chuuya himself to explain.

Fortunately, that responsibility is taken out of Chuuya's hands rather quickly.

"Sensei!" Mina calls, "Just hear us out!" She sends a pointed look towards Midoriya, who is quick to stutter in shock. If Chuuya had to guess, he was the brains behind this whole thing, entertaining Mina and Kaminari's wishes but not actually expecting anything to come from it.

He had, very clearly, also not expected to be the one to convince Aizawa.

Still, despite being caught off guard, Midoriya does an admirable job getting his thoughts in order. "A-Ah, Sensei! Since we're all going shopping today, well, we thought Dazai and Chuuya could come with us? They need the supplies!"

Hagakure's arms wave around. "Yeah! And with these disguises, no one will recognise them!"

Aizawa says nothing.

Hagakure visibly wilts despite, well, being invisible.

Chuuya has to give it to Mina, who refuses to give up just yet. "People will only focus on the outfits, not the people underneath, I promise!"

This time, Aizawa sighs, a hand coming up to rub his eyes. "Putting aside that it goes against the legal agreement of keeping those two here, did any of you think of what would happen if you got recognised?"

"Huh, but we already—" Kaminari starts, only to be sharply cut off by Aizawa.

"Due to the Sports Festival, and the USJ incident to a lesser degree, you lot are popular with the public. You've disguised those two, but what might happen if anyone recognises you as class 1A?" Aizawa asks.

Midoriya gasps, "Ah!! I get it! Dazai and Chuuya staying with us is public knowledge, so if anyone recognises us, then they'll be able to see past the disguises!"

Aizawa nods. "Exactly. Now, go get on the bus."

Iida, never needing to be told twice, begins gesturing wildly in an effort to get his classmates out the door.

It partially works, with students like Yaoyorozu waving goodbye to Chuuya and Dazai before leaving.

With other students, however, Iida is left waiting longer.

"But Sensei!" Mina nearly shouts, "It's totally not fair to keep them locked up here!"

Beside her, Kaminari nods. "Yeah! And they need stuff for the camp, so it makes sense for them to come!"

"It was between them being locked up here or in prison," Aizawa replies without hesitation. "Besides, they'll be coming to the training camp, which, for the record, I already had a plan for getting them supplies."

Mina frowns. "You did?"

"Yes. Now get going," Aizawa levels Mina with a sharp look, perhaps planning to forbid her from leaving if she continued to argue.

Sighing, Mina sends one last look in Chuuya's direction. "I'll get you guys some fun stuff, don't worry."

And with that, she grabs the arm of Kaminari and drags her feet all the way through the door.

Once alone, Aizawa gives Chuuya and Dazai a look that perfectly says, 'Why the hell did you entertain that?'

"Felt like it." Dazai shrugs, which almost causes Chuuya to lose his balance.

Aizawa sighs, "Whatever." He's quiet for a moment before his signature smirk appears, "Oh, by the way, I invited Present Mic and Midnight to do some online shopping with you both. They should be here soon."

Present Mic and Midnight…

Be here soon…

Chuuya jolts, the sudden need to dump Dazai on the floor and find somewhere to hide, taking over his body.

But, as if on cue, the door opens once more, and in walks Yamada.

Yamada, who, upon seeing how Chuuya and Dazai are dressed, gasps louder than the average person can shout, "Little listeners!"

Great.

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It's not that Midoriya hasn't ever been to a large-scale shopping centre; rather, he just doesn't visit often.

Most of the things he buys can be found in local shops, or even online (which, he admits, is mostly All Might merch).

But still, even with his limited experience, this place seems a kinda… Well, huge.

A few steps away, Mina pumps her fists into the air. "Oh man, do I love this place! It's literally got a shop for everything!"

Looking around, Midoriya can see what she means. Not only are there the normal shops you'd expect to see, but Midoriya can pick out a few specialist places for different Quirks and body types.

Which is just so cool to think!

Part of Midoriya wants to go visit those places, just to ask about the logistics behind some of their designs. Sure, making clothes for someone with Shouji's body type wouldn't be too difficult, but what about other Quirks?

These days, it's impossible to simplify the different types of mutant Quirks, so how do they manage? Oh, maybe they work by request if someone has a more unique body type? Would that cost more?

Or maybe—

"You're going to scare the children. Stop." Tokoyami deadpans, nearly giving Midoriya a heart attack from his sudden appearance.

But wait, does that mean Midoriya accidentally started muttering again?!

Flushed with embarrassment, Midoriya weakly nods. He really needs to work on his muttering problem.

It's at that moment, while he's stewing in his embarrassment, that Midoriya takes note of the various people pointing in his direction.

Actually, it's not just his direction, but rather in the direction of his whole class.

"Hey, aren't those the kids from UA?"

"Wait, I remember that guy from the Sports Festival!"

"Oh, but she was so cool in her fight!"

Huh, it seems Aizawa-sensei was right when he said they'd be recognised. Which is really something Midoriya should have realised sooner, especially since he always remembers who takes part in the Sports Festival, but it just feels weird to think about!

Never in his life has Midoriya been this popular, and now people are recognising him for something he's actually proud of!

His classmates seem to be in the same boat, if the shock and awe on

their faces is something to go by.

Fortunately, it only takes a few moments for things to calm down a bit, likely due to the fact that they're still only first years. The third-year fights always get the most attention, and for good reason!

Before he can start muttering again, Midoriya turns his attention to his classmates as they begin talking.

Kaminari, with a sigh, says, "I guess I should buy some outdoor shoes for this thing."

Hagakure, wearing a long-sleeved shirt today, waves her arms in what Midoriya has learnt is her way of nodding. "Oh, good idea! Me too!"

Iida, whipping out the guide they were given, is quick to shake his head. "But wait! The guide says your shoes should already be broken in! Although…." He trails off, effectively burying his face in the guide with a conflicted expression.

Kirishima, shooting Iida an amused look, speaks up, "Why don't we split up and look around? We can meet up again when we're done."

Which makes sense, given they all need different things.

Midoriya can only imagine the chaos that would come if the whole class were dragged around to each and every shop. He's sure at least a few of they would be kicked out.

Mina sends a look to Hagakure before nodding. "Great idea!"

Kirishima smiles. "Alright! Let's say we're all back around three?"

Midoriya glances up at the nearest clock, pleased to find he'll have plenty of time to get what he's after. And maybe, if he has a little extra time, hit up a few merch shops he's been meaning to visit…

The rest of his class chime in with their agreement before splitting off into smaller groups, ultimately leaving Midoriya alone with Uraraka.

"What are you looking for today?" Midoriya asks, "I wanna find a few heavier wrist weights so I can up my training."

Uraraka hums, "I mostly just need bug spray."

Ah, right, Midoriya should probably get some of that too! Who knows what the conditions at the camp will be like? Ah, just thinking of

being kept up all night by bugs is already making him feel tired.

Without warning or reason, Uraraka's face flushes, her eyes flicking around widely before settling on Midoriya.

Midoriya is about to ask if she needs to sit down for a second when she shakes her head dramatically. "Gotta keep those pests away!"

And then she just… Runs away.

Midoriya, stuck in his shock, can only watch as Uraraka runs further and further away.

Had he somehow done something wrong? That seems unlikely, but he genuinely can't see any other reason for Uraraka to run away like that.

Maybe she just really needed to get that bug spray?

Well, whatever, it's not like Midoriya can do much about it now. There are a few things he needs to pick up, so it's better not to waste time waiting around in the hopes that Uraraka comes back.

Although…

Midoriya can't help but notice that, even though he came with almost everyone in class 1A, he's now by himself. Oh well, maybe he can look around and—

"Oh, it's someone from UA, nice."

Midoriya tenses when an arm is thrown around his shoulders, the heavy weight threatening to buckle Midoriya's knees.

With a weak nod, Midoriya wills himself to relax. While this guy really shouldn't go around grabbing strangers like this, he's clearly just someone excited to meet a UA student.

Besides, Midoriya knows just how important it is to always treat your supporters with respect. After all, if people didn't take an interest in Heroes, they'd never be what they are today.

The man shifts a little, leaning in just a touch more. "I want an autograph. You were the one who got beat to hell at the Sports Festival, right?"

"Uh, yeah…" Midoriya does his best to laugh, although it immediately sounds way too fake. Usually, he's better at this type of thing, and yet

now, when it counts, he finds himself stumbling.

That aside, the idea that someone wants Midoriya's autograph is just… Well, he can't comprehend it. The Sports Festival was a while ago now, and yet still, so many people remember Midoriya.

Perhaps not for the best reasons, he can admit, but still! Being recognised by the public feels like step one to being a full-fledged Pro!

The man hums, the sound just as off-putting as the ever-tightening arm around his shoulders, "Aren't you one of the students who ran into the Hero Killer in Hosu, too? You're practically famous."

Which… How does he know about that? Sure, there were reports about Midoriya being present, but since Endeavor took credit for Stain's takedown, no one has ever given a second thought to the UA students who were there.

There's part of Midoriya that rationalises this, that knows it's not impossible that someone might have paid closer attention to the reports about Stain than everyone else.

This guy, whoever he is, clearly has some interest in UA if he watched the Sports Festival, so remembering that UA students had a run-in with Stain makes sense.

The logical conclusion is that there's nothing to worry about, and yet…

And yet, a familiar feeling spreads across Midoriya, something akin to fear, and yet just slightly off.

This isn't his first time feeling like this. Midoriya knows this with certainty, and yet he just can't quite pinpoint when it happened last.

"You sure do know a lot," Midoriya replies, mind working a mile a minute to figure out just what's going on.

This feeling, this part of himself that wants to shove this guy off and make a run for it, when has it appeared before?

Not quite fear, and yet still clearly *something*. Something off-putting, something that goes against Midoriya's preconceived expectations.

Like taking a bite of an apple, only to find it's made of cake.

Like seeing a Pro Hero, in full costume, sitting in a fast-food place.

Two things that don't quite make sense together…

Like seeing two teenage boys laugh and joke while killing someone without so much as a blink.

The man laughs, and Midoriya *knows* that voice. "What can I say? I'm just a big fan of yours. Man, I can't believe I'm running into you again. It makes me think it might not be a coincidence."

Dammit, he's such an idiot!

Midoriya whips his head up, a cold sense of dread forming in his chest when the situation finally becomes clear to him.

Shigaraki Tomura, the man behind the USJ attack, clasps a cold hand around Midoriya's neck before smiling. "No, no, this feels like destiny."

Midoriya feels his breath coming in short, his mind scrambling to come up with an explanation for this. Why is he here, of all places? Is the League of Villains planning on attacking the shopping centre?

Shigaraki's smile widens, the skin around his lips crackling bit by bit. "Why don't we spend some time catching up, Midoriya Izuku?"

Midoriya grits his teeth, an unfamiliar anger rushing in. This guy almost killed Aizawa-sensei, left the rest of his class terrified and in pain, and he has the gall to ask for catch-up time?

The hand on Midoriya's neck tightens, Shigaraki leaning in just enough to whisper, "Act natural, don't make a scene. I'm just an old friend who ran into you at the mall."

Midoriya, unable to think of a way out of this, is forced to comply with Shigaraki.

Slowly, Shigaraki begins walking backwards, leading the two of them towards a bench. He's silent, but there's hardly a need for verbal threats when his hand is wrapped around Midoriya's neck.

Keeping his head perfectly still, Midoriya recalls exactly what happened to Aizawa-sensei when all five fingers touched him. If, within just seconds, Aizawa-sensei's elbow was stripped down to muscle, then what could happen to Midoriya's neck?

How long would it take for him to be beyond healing?

Shigaraki sits, pulling Midoriya down without a care in the world.

Midoriya can't help but feel frustrated, both at the situation as a whole and Shigaraki's stubborn silence. Is he doing this just to mess with Midoriya?

It takes a few moments more, but Shigaraki finally speaks, "I just think we should have a conversation. A friendly chat."

Midoriya, unwilling to risk turning to face Shigaraki, does his best to calm himself. He focuses on random people in the crowd, a pathetic attempt at distraction, considering he's the closest to dying he's ever been.

Still, he allows his eyes to follow as a pink-haired girl grabs onto their friend, tugging at their frog-patterned jacket in the direction of an antique bookstore.

A bunch of kids, on a school trip maybe, jump around in barely contained excitement the closer they get to the food court area.

"Oh, and of course, if you try to run or fight me in any way, it'll be fast," Shigaraki adds, as if calmly commenting on the weather, "Soon as all five of my fingers touch your neck, your throat will be the first thing that disintegrates."As soon

Midoriya steadies his breath, his eyes jumping from a couple of mutants heading upstairs to a girl with fire for hair being held up at the door.

He *needs* to stay calm. If he freaks out, then one of two things could happen, both ending with his death.

One, Shigaraki gets annoyed and kills him.

Two, he moves unexpectedly, or breathes too deeply, and accidentally makes contact with Shigaraki's last finger.

"If you do that here, where there are so many people, a Hero will come and catch you in no time. You couldn't escape," Midoriya's voice is as level as he can get it, a desperate attempt at staying confident.

A little boy with a green cape trips and falls, his cries startling a nearby baby into tears, too.

A member of security, one just far enough that making any sort of gesture would be pointless, talks to her coworker with a loud laugh. It reminds Midoriya of his classmates, of how they slack off to joke

around when they really know better.

Shigaraki's other hand lifts and, for a heart-stopping moment, Midoriya believes he's about to grab the green-skinned mutant passing by.

He doesn't, and Midoriya is able to breathe again.

Shigaraki points out to the crowd of people enjoying their day, completely unaware of the Villain just steps away. "I don't doubt that. But just look around you, anyone here could use their Quirks and start a massacre if they wanted. And yet they're all here, smiling."

Midoriya, loath to go along with Shigaraki, does look around as told.

A group of three, one with split dyed hair, one with horns and a tail, and one with a plant on their head, rush over to one of the clothing shops Midoriya had spotted earlier. The horned one points out a particular dress, the details lost to Midoriya at this distance.

A person with a duck head is being scolded by the fountain nearby, their wet feathers giving Midoriya all the information he needs to know.

Shigaraki's hand begins to move, passing over all manner of people. "They assume laws and rules will protect them, that everyone shares their same morals. They're convinced nothing bad could ever happen to them…"

He trails off, but Midoriya, deeply and suddenly, understands what he's saying.

Just a few steps away is someone with the brightest yellow eyes Midoriya has ever seen.

Sitting on the next bench over is a grey-haired man, three kids tugging on his arms in a way that could only be annoying, and yet Midoriya can see soft amusement in his visible eye.

An elderly couple walks hand in hand, their steps unsteady, and yet their grip on each other is tight. The one on the left, a woman with spiky hair, leans over to whisper something in her wife's ear. She laughs.

All these people, everyone moving around their day with smiles and warmth…

"After you, I could kill twenty, thirty, maybe even more before a Pro shows up and manages to stop me."

If Shigaraki wished it, he could cut their lives short. He could turn an ordinary outing into a tragedy, could leave children going home orphans, friends gone forever, widows left with nothing but ashes to mourn.

Midoriya swallows, his throat like sandpaper. "I get it. Let's talk."

Shigaraki hums, pleased in a way that makes Midoriya hate him even more. How could he sit there and threaten so many people and not even care?

"When it comes down to it, I hate basically everything, but the Hero Killer pisses me off the most right now," Shigaraki says, his hand loosening ever so slightly on Midoriya's neck.

It's still way too tight, still too much of a threat.

"Isn't he one of your guys?"Midoriya asks, although part of him wants to scream. Just what the hell does Shigaraki want from this?

Shigaraki scoffs, "Not technically, but that's what the media made it look like. And that's what my problem is. It's like everyone is obsessed with that stupid Hero Killer. The attack on UA, the Nomus I released on Hosu— He upstaged all of it."

There are way too many people around. Even if Midoriya managed to free himself from Shigaraki's grasp, it would surely be impossible to stop him from killing anyone.

"No one's even giving me a second thought. Why is that?"

A bitter part of Midoriya wants to spit out an insult, a few choice words he's heard Kacchan say that earned him a particular scolding from his mother.

He wants to roll his eyes, wants to say that Shigaraki can't control what people think or talk about. That just because he managed to attack the USJ, doesn't mean he'll be the centre of attention forever.

"Despite what he claims, all he ever did was try to get rid of things he didn't like. What do you think the difference is between us, Midoriya?" Shigaraki asks, finally getting to the point.

And…

And Midoriya doesn't answer right away. Of course, he had a hundred things waiting on the tip of his tongue, but he's not that much of an idiot.

Shigaraki doesn't seem the type to deal well with petty insults, and Midoriya can't afford a single mistake here.

So, he'll answer honestly.

"What's the difference?" Midoriya says, deceptively low and calm, "I don't understand *you*. Your goals and your Villains, I don't agree with anything you do."

Midoriya looks out to the crowd around him once more, to the children happily eating burgers, to the duck mutant climbing into another fountain.

He can stay calm, for the sake of the innocent people who have no clue how in danger they truly are.

With that in mind, he continues, "It's not like I agree with the Hero Killer, but I can understand him— at least sort of. Despite everything, we both had something in common. We're both inspired by All Might."

Memories of his fight with Stain come flooding back, memories of being snatched up by a Nomu, only to be saved by the very man who had been trying to kill him minutes prior.

Stain, with blood dripping down his face and a crazed smile, had saved Midoriya from the flying Nomu while all the other Pros stood back in shock. He had, until the very last moment, held onto his beliefs that the only one worthy of being a Hero, the only one worthy of killing him, was All Might himself.

"That night, he even saved me from the flying Nomu. He's a maniac, but he doesn't destroy things just because it sounds fun."

Unlike Shigaraki, who, when things started looking bad at the USJ, had been all too willing to leave. He'd said it was 'game over', as if attacking the USJ was just some fun side quest.

Midoriya tilts his head, just enough to catch a glimpse of Shigaraki's face before continuing, "And when things were going bad, he didn't abandon his mission like you did. Even if the way he acted was

wrong, he held true to his beliefs. That's the difference."

For exactly one second, Midoriya feels smugly satisfied with his answer. Shigaraki, for all he did to Aizawa-sensei, deserves to be taken down a peg or two.

Then Shigaraki's face twists, anger pulling at his eyebrows, and Midoriya finds himself feeling like an idiot.

Why did he say it like that? Yes, that was his honest opinion, but Shigaraki literally has Midoriya's life in his hands right now. He should have softened the blow a bit, shouldn't have been distracted by the lure of getting his own back, even if only with a small dig like that.

But then, had he lied and attempted to say what Shigaraki wanted to hear, would that have even helped? It's possible Shigaraki would have picked up on it and, annoyed by Midoriya being dishonest, lowered that last finger onto his neck.

"I see it now, all the dots connected," Shigaraki starts, "Why he makes me so angry, why you irritate me so much… It all makes sense now."

Shigaraki grins, a terrible juxtaposition against the quiet anger Midoriya *knows* is there. "It's him. The problem is All Might."

Midoriya risks a glance away as Shigaraki continues, a fresh wave of fear hitting him. Back at the USJ, when Shigaraki's plans were ruined, he decided to lash out and try to kill Midoriya's classmates. Will he do that now?

Sure, he seems somewhat satisfied with Midoriya's answer, but that doesn't mean anything. If he's mad about Midoriya's little dig, or about anything really, he might just reach out and kill someone.

Shigaraki's hand tightens, the pressure bringing Midoriya's attention back to his words. "It's all because of *him*. He's the reason these morons can smile thoughtlessly, as if there's no one in the world he can't save!"

He laughs, "Oh, I'm glad we had this chat, I feel better. I can't thank you enough, Midoriya." His grip tightens even more, and a distant part of Midoriya wonders if he'll die of strangulation rather than Shigaraki's Quirk.

It's risky but—

But Midoriya can barely breathe; he has to do something.

With shaky hands, he reaches up and grabs what he can of Shigaraki's hand. He pulls, desperate to get even just a tiny bit more air.

"I don't need to change my way after all— Oops, don't struggle now, unless you want to die," Shigaraki squeezes his hand tighter, just for a second, and Midoriya starts seeing spots.

He needs air, he needs to get away, but how? How can he get away when Shigaraki has him held like this? When the lives of so many people are on the line?

How can he get away? How? He needs to think! Focus! He needs a plan—

"Uh, Deku?"

Midoriya's eyes, which had closed without his knowing, snap open. Dread washes over him. When had Uraraka gotten here?

"Is that a friend… No, that can't be right," Uraraka says, and Midoriya can see the moment it dawns on her. When she realises the danger Midoriya is in.

The colour in her face drains, her hands grip into fists as she takes a tiny step forward. "Hey… Let go of him."

Using what little air he has, Midoriya is quick to speak, "Everything is fine! Don't come any closer!"

Uraraka is out of Shigaraki's range right now, but if she steps any closer then— Then—

Air rushes back into Midoriya's lungs with so little warning that he's left gasping, his mind torn between relief and pain.

Shigaraki stands, his voice perfectly deceptive, "Oh, you were here with a friend? Sorry about that, I didn't know!"

Midoriya desperately wants to call out another warning to Uraraka, tell her to get away, or take Shigaraki down, or anything, but all that comes out is sharp coughing.

Shigaraki glances back, his voice dipping into a whisper, "If you try following me, I'll get angry."

And if he gets angry, who knows what will happen to the people surrounding them.

Uraraka, thankfully, waits until Shigaraki has walked away before rushing over, worry etched deeply into her face. "Deku!"

Midoriya watches as Shigaraki continues to walk off, as if nothing had ever happened.

He should reassure Uraraka, should call out to the security guards, should try and get his breathing under control.

He should do a lot of things, and yet his first instinct is to call out, "Hold on, Shigaraki!"

Beside him, Uraraka jolts, no doubt recognising the name.

Shigaraki stops, his head tilting back just enough to lock eyes with Midoriya.

He shouldn't be continuing this conversation, and yet there's something that's been bugging Midoriya this whole time. Something that, only now that the situation has mostly passed, can he identify.

"You're upset that Stain took attention away from you, but you never said anything about what happened with Mt. Lady," Midoriya keeps his eyes carefully on Shigaraki, hoping to glean some information through his body language.

It just doesn't make sense. Why would he get upset about one but not the other? Stain stole the spotlight by killing Heroes and, eventually, being taken down in Hosu. Dazai and Chuuya, despite not killing nearly as many as Stain did, definitely got more media coverage than the League's attack on UA did.

Unfortunately for Midoriya, all he does is shrug. "Why should I care about those brats?"

He walks forward, only to stop for another brief second. "Oh, one last thing, friend. I'd be careful if I were you. The next time we meet, I'll likely have to kill you."

And with that, he's gone.

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"What meaning is there to killing if you don't have real convictions?"

Shigaraki scoffs; the Hero Killer had been so quick to judge, and yet it turns out Shigaraki has had convictions and ideals from the very beginning.

Talking with Midoriya has only made Shigaraki aware of them, made him aware of what he's truly working towards.

The world he wants to build, the one without All Might or that pathetically fragile sense of safety everyone seems to depend upon. That is what drives him, and from this day forward, Shigaraki will call it his conviction.

Everything is All Might's fault, and Shigaraki will personally see that he's taken down once and for all.

Chapter End Notes

I'm back! And hopefully with a chapter you all enjoyed ^-^ I feel a lot better about this one than I have for the last few, which is probably because it's not as high stakes haha. Writing this chapter came very easy, and I managed to just squeeze past 9k words! A nice long chapter to make up for the wait <3

And ahhhh! We're so close to the training camp!! I'm really excited for it! Although I have yet to iron out my plans for it.... Oh well, I'll figure it out in time I'm sure haha!

Also! Some of you might be wondering if I'll be making Uraraka x Midoriya canon in this fic, and I'm here to say that I won't be! SKK and Erasuremic (who weren't even supposed to be here, but alas) are gonna be the only ships in this fic. I'm not really big on bnha ships anymore, so that's why! Buuuut, I will be including scenes such as Uraraka getting flustered in this chapter, simply because it makes it easier to follow the bnha episodes haha. (And for the Uraraka x Toga shippers out there, I won't be ignoring their relationship! This fic probably won't get far into it, but it will be in my mind when I write them!)

In other news, I keep getting distracted while I write by thinking of bnha world building. Like, since everyone has super powers, what would a chunnibyou be like? Would they pretend to be Quirkless? Or say they have a super classified Quirk?

And like, what about the gyaru style? Since it was made to defy

Japanese beauty standards, how would that change in a world where people can have any combo of hair and skin colour? Would the style be really popular with mutants?

Which, speaking of, what about Halloween costumes? Is it seen as super inappropriate to dress in like a dinosaur costume, since people who actually look like that get discriminated against?

I… I just really like bnha world building. There's so much to think about.

And that's not even talking about my thoughts about crossovers and the world building for that... If you're in the discord you might have seen me talking about it the other day haha. For those that aren't... Well, I hit the character limit twice while describing my crossover ideas

Chapter 36: Pool day, matchmaking, and other schemes!

Chapter Summary

Kirishima, and she'll thank him endlessly if he's successful, has to convince Todoroki to flirt with Chuuya.

Not real flirting, obviously, but just enough that Dazai gets jealous, maybe so he comes over and puts an arm around Chuuya, and with a glare—

Mina shoves that to the back of her head, not the time!

Chapter Notes

Shouldn't be any CWs but let me know if anything should be added!

Thank you to AnxiouslyShipping and Echo78 for beta reading <3333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So. Mina's last plan was a devastating failure.

Alright, she's maybe being dramatic there, but it certainly wasn't a success! Not a full one, anyway.

Naturally, bringing Dazai and Chuuya along on the shopping trip wasn't just so they could get stuff for the camp. No, Mina had planned to take them to a few romantic shops; the type of places where you get matching necklaces with each other's faces on, and really put her matchmaking skills to work.

But no!

Sure, Aizawa-sensei did make a good point about people recognising class 1A, and yeah, if Dazai and Chuuya had been there, things could have got dangerous, had Shigaraki set his sights on them, but still!

Dressing the two of them up was fun, and Mina made sure to thank Kaminari and Jirou for their work, but that hardly makes up for the rest of her plan being tossed out.

Mina could only console herself with the knowledge that Dazai thought Chuuya looked good dressed up like that and, hopefully, Chuuya thought the same about him.

Fortunately, Hagakure is a genius who didn't let the failure of the last plan hold her down. While Mina was upset about it, her partner was working out a new plan that would surely yield some results!

When Hagakure had revealed this plan in hushed whispers, Mina had cursed herself for not thinking of it sooner!

After all, as Mina's trusty second in command had put it, what's better than seeing the person you're crushing on in a swimsuit?

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"Alright, you guys! Let's have some fun!" Mina holds up an inflatable ball as she smiles, unable to deny the part of herself that is excited to just play around.

Of course, she won't neglect her duties as the matchmaker supreme, but having a little fun while she works won't kill anyone! Especially with how hot it is outside; if she doesn't get in the water soon, Mina might just melt!

Midoriya smiles at her, an unknowing accomplice to her schemes. See, had Mina asked Aizawa-sensei about the pool by herself, he might have gotten suspicious and rejected her request. Having Midoriya there—who, while a little troublesome in battle, is the perfect student—helped her case big time.

Part of Mina does feel bad about it, especially considering what he went through the other day with Shigaraki, but it's not like she was entirely lying to him! Everyone from class 1A was invited, and they *will* be doing some endurance training after messing around for a bit.

It's just that Mina will also be doing her best to get Dazai and Chuuya to acknowledge their feelings and kiss!

However, as Mina jumps into the pool, she notices she hasn't actually seen either of them yet.

They both came to the pool with the class, Mina had verified that herself, but so far neither of them has left the changing rooms.

Which is fine! A few other people haven't come out yet either, so it's

really just a matter of time.

Still, it does make Mina a little nervous. She really wants this plan to work, or at the very least to strike something in Dazai and Chuuya.

Very soon, they'll be leaving for the training camp, which might end up keeping Mina too busy to make any real matchmaking attempts. If that does happen, this could be her last real attempt for a little while. With that in mind, Mina absolutely has to make the most of it!

And in the interest of doing just that, Mina had already asked someone from her trusty team to help out.

Ideally, Mina would be able to get Dazai and Chuuya together with no other help. After all, the more people, the more room for mistakes—which is something Mina can't afford! The absolute last thing Mina wants is for someone to get hurt by her plans, which is why she'd done her best to keep things between her and Hagakure in the past.

But now, Mina knows she must properly make use of her loyal team.

Across the pool, Mina watches as Dazai and Chuuya finally leave the changing rooms. To her disappointment, Dazai is still dressed in his uniform, and Chuuya is wearing a shirt over his swimming costume. Chuuya still looks good, of course, but it's not quite what Mina had imagined for her plan.

"Both of them are covered up," Hagakure whispers from behind Mina, which absolutely does not make her jump.

Mina holds up the inflatable ball, partially to stop anyone from reading her lips and partially to hide her face. She'd been really looking forward to Dazai and Chuuya walking out in swimming costumes…

Not because she wanted to check them out or anything! But because the tension between the two of them could have been perfect for her plan. Surrounded by people, neither would be able to properly check the other out, and yet they would keep glancing over regardless.

The tension would build, and then, when Mina enacted the second part of her plan, things would come to a head. Dazai would surely stop caring about the other people around them, instead deciding to make a stand!

"Um, Mina? What should we do now?" Hagakure asks, and Mina is

beyond glad that not many people are able to notice when she blushes.

Clearing her throat, Mina makes sure to speak in low tones, "We can still carry out the second part of the plan."

It might not be as impactful anymore, which is a real shame, but Mina is sure things will turn out just fine! After all, getting them to check each other out was just part one of the plan today, just the starter in the menu of love she's prepared.

The main course—the star of the show—won't be so easy to avoid!

It's with that mindset that Mina shoos Hagakure away, throws the ball to an eager Kaminari, and sets off to put the pieces in motion for her plan.

When all of this started, Mina had made a list of people she wouldn't allow to be on her team, no matter what. Todoroki, despite his excellent skills at most everything else, did not make the list. It really wasn't anything personal, but Todoroki just didn't seem the type to go along with this sort of thing and be good at it.

Kirishima, on the other hand, was perfect.

Not only is he sociable, but convincing him to join had been all too easy! All Mina had to do was explain the truth: that she had noticed there was definitely something between those two, and she just wants them to be happy—that's it.

And yeah, maybe she did slip in a few things about how being in the Port Mafia meant they couldn't be together, and even now they were probably too scared to admit their feelings, but that's probably all true anyway!

Regardless of what Mina did or didn't say, Kirishima was eager to help, just as she thought he would be.

Today's plan actually hinges on Kirishima working his magic, which Mina had told him last night, and he had promptly promised not to screw things up with that big grin of his. Mina had, in return, reassured him that just doing his best is enough and that things just go wrong sometimes without warning.

Internally, she was begging for things to go perfectly.

Mina, doing her best to act casual about it, slides up to the side of the pool.

Kirishima, resting by the edge of the pool, his legs being the only things in the water, leans down slightly when Mina gets close, "Is it time?"

Mina discreetly looks around before nodding, "You've totally got this."

The first step of the plan—the one Kirishima will soon be carrying out—is by far the hardest part.

Kirishima, and she'll thank him endlessly if he's successful, has to convince Todoroki to flirt with Chuuya.

Not real flirting, obviously, but just enough that Dazai gets jealous, maybe so he comes over and puts an arm around Chuuya, and with a glare—

Mina shoves that to the back of her head, not the time!

Kirishima pulls his legs out of the water, sending Mina a comforting smile before standing. In a matter of seconds he's arrived by Todoroki's side, his posture so relaxed that even Mina would have trouble noticing that he's up to something.

Now, even with Kirishima's apparent acting skills, there are a few points where this could go wrong if they're not careful.

One, Todoroki might realise what Kirishima is suggesting and shut it down. Admittedly, it's unlikely: Mina once saw him watch a romance film and call the lovers 'really good friends' at the end. Two, he might say the wrong thing, which could have a whole range of ripple effects. Best-case scenario: he goes in even harder with the flirting; worst-case, he says something that comes off as an insult, and Chuuya decides he hates Todoroki.

Which is something Mina would genuinely feel bad about; Todoroki really is trying to befriend those two, and all of that would be ruined by her plan.

If the worst really does come to pass, then Mina will make sure to own up to it, but she really hopes it doesn't come to that. Admitting that she put Todoroki up to flirting with Chuuya would raise a whole host of questions, all of which would give away her true intentions and probably land her in trouble with Aizawa-sensei.

Still, there was just no one else who could take his place!

Not only is Todoroki a man, but he's also somewhat close to Chuuya, which would make him register as a romantic threat to Dazai. Had someone like, say, Sero done it, then Dazai could have easily brushed it off and gone about his day.

It also helps that Mina could see Chuuya and Todoroki working well as an actual couple. While the relationship would definitely be lacking the back-and-forth banter Chuuya has with Dazai, Todoroki's sincere way of speaking would probably make a great impression on Chuuya.

Having spent time with just Chuuya—no Dazai around, for once—Mina can confirm he's not even half as pissed off when Dazai isn't involved.

For someone as smart as Dazai, he'd definitely be able to see how well those two would work together, thus making Todoroki even more of a romantic rival.

In contrast, if Mina had somehow gotten Bakugou to go flirt with Dazai, she severely doubts Chuuya would have cared.

Mina can't see Bakugou getting along well with Dazai for prolonged periods of time. Or any periods of time, actually. Not even when they're both asleep, what with how Dazai would absolutely be able to pull some insane trick off while completely passed out.

Not that Mina would ever let Bakugou in on this plan anyway.

But yeah! While there is room for error, and Mina worries about that greatly, Todoroki is the best choice for this. He's earnest enough to follow through on the plan even without knowing all the details, responsible enough to (hopefully) not make any major mistakes, and romantically disinclined enough not to realise what he's doing.

Likewise, Kirishima is also the best choice to set things up. While Mina could do it—and maybe, in another world, her anxieties took over and she did—using her team just makes the most sense. Dazai and Chuuya are smart guys; there's no way they won't pick up on her matchmaking eventually.

Kirishima wasn't involved in the last plan at all, so neither of them should be expecting him.

Focusing back in, Mina just about manages to catch Todoroki nodding

before walking off in Chuuya's direction. His face gives nothing away, but that's nothing new.

Still, Mina can't help the excitement that builds. Here it goes!

Todoroki walks past Dazai, only slowing down enough to give him a brief nod before continuing. Dazai, who had slipped a few inflatable rings onto his ankles, paused, his single eye watching as Todoroki got closer and closer to Chuuya.

Yes, be jealous already! Todoroki is going over there to talk with your man! Flirt with him, even!

When Todoroki stops in front of Chuuya, unintentionally interrupting his conversation with Yaoyorozu, Mina feels a little lightheaded from excitement. She's not close enough to hear what he's actually saying, but that hardly matters! After all, she was the one who scripted the pick-up line to begin with!

'Are you my appendix? I don't know what you do or how you work, but I feel like I should take you out.'

Now, Mina isn't quite sure how Chuuya will react to all this. He might just be confused, maybe asking Todoroki what the hell he's on about, or he might get annoyed. There's also the chance he'll play along, although the chances are a lot slimmer there. She could see it happening, though, especially if Chuuya noticed Dazai getting annoyed and wanted to get his own back a little.

Point is, while Mina might be interested to see how Chuuya will react, the more important reaction belongs to Dazai.

So, despite part of her wanting to see where this goes with Chuuya, Mina switches her attention to see…

Huh.

Maybe Mina is too far away to properly see? That must be it, right? Because there is no way, absolutely no way, that Dazai is just unaffected by this!

Sure, he gave Chuuya a teasing look, but almost immediately, he turned away and started dipping his feet into the pool!

Which makes no sense at all!

Dazai is supposed to get jealous that Todoroki is flirting with Chuuya, and maybe even more so if Chuuya played along, and come intervene! He's supposed to like, place a hand on Chuuya's waist as a subtle 'He's mine'!

But no! He's just acting like nothing has happened!

Mina, so caught up in her despair, doesn't notice the inflatable ball heading her direction until it hits her head and, much to her upset, pops on one of her horns.

Ugh, this day just keeps getting worse and worse!!!

-

Thirty minutes and one new inflatable balloon courtesy of Yaoyorozu later, and Mina is feeling better.

Really, Mina had been so sure Dazai would get jealous of Chuuya being flirted with, but she was wrong, and that's alright. Everyone makes mistakes, everyone has those days, right?

Honestly, the only thing keeping Mina going right now, other than the amusing sight of everyone looking concerned every time Kaminari gets in the water, is that she has a backup plan.

And oh, this backup plan will work!

She was wrong the last time, but the core on which this backup is built is something she is certain of!

Dazai and Chuuya care about each other a lot. Mina has seen them in fights before, has seen how they work so perfectly together, how they keep an eye on each other while pretending they couldn't care less.

If one of them was in danger, then the other would surely jump in to help, right?

And maybe, when filled with adrenaline, their real feelings would come bubbling up to the top.

At that point, Mina will be watching carefully for when it happens; all it will take is a small nudge to get them to acknowledge how they feel and confess!

Of course, this plan is trickier to pull off—which is why it was the backup—but Mina has faith in her team!

Especially when she has someone like Hagakure to help out!

Without Mina even needing to send a signal or anything, Hagakure had already slipped back into the changing rooms upon seeing the failure of the first plan.

There is part of Mina that feels restless just hanging around, waiting for everyone else to further the plan along, but she knows this is for the best. Different people have different specialities, and this area is definitely Hagakure's.

And so Mina waits.

She smiles at other people, makes sure to hit the ball as far away from her as possible, and waits.

Admittedly, she also inches closer and closer to Dazai as the seconds tick by, trying her best to act casual about it. With the last plan, she hadn't *needed* to be close enough to listen in on the conversation, and technically, she doesn't for this plan either, but it's just…

Well, she really wants to!

Who knows what Dazai might say in the heat of the moment! Maybe he'll call out for Chuuya, or scold him for being reckless, which would naturally lead to him slipping up about why he cares so much.

Settling up against the wall of the pool, Mina does her best to eavesdrop without making it too obvious.

"So, Midori-kun," Dazai starts, "I heard what happened yesterday."

Midoriya does his signature awkward laugh, and Mina can perfectly picture him rubbing the back of his head, "Ah, yeah… Actually, I did want to talk to you about that."

Dazai hums, "Well, I have been taken hostage a few times. What advice do you need?"

For a second, Mina is genuinely alarmed, then she remembers that this really shouldn't be new knowledge. Dazai was part of the Port Mafia: getting taken hostage a few times seems kinda par for the course.

Especially in the romance dramas she's seen, if there is some sort of shady organisation, then someone is absolutely getting kidnapped, which then leads to the love interest storming in to save them… Wait,

does that mean Chuuya has had to run in and save Dazai before?!

This whole time, Mina has just a tiny bit been imagining Chuuya as the main character and Dazai as the love interest, but now she's thinking about it—wouldn't it make sense to be the other way around?

Wait... If that's the case, then the plan—

Mina whips her head around, only partially taking in Midoriya and Dazai's conversation as she desperately tries to look for Hagakure.

"—about you guys, but he said he didn't care—"

"My heart—"

A shock to no one, finding an invisible girl is really damn hard.

Alright, Mina will have to change her plan of action here. Hagakure should be finished changing by now, so it's only a matter of minutes until she enacts the plan, which Mina absolutely needs to stop! Watching for her is a lost cause, so Mina will just have to go over and guard Chuuya herself.

Faster than she ever has before, Mina pulls herself out of the pool, eyes locked on Chuuya.

It's too late, though.

Despite her best efforts to speed walk (had she run, Iida would have intercepted her with a five-minute lecture) over there, Mina is still too far away when her eyes catch on watery footprints nearing Chuuya.

Before she can even open her mouth, Chuuya jerks and splashes into the pool.

A second later, Chuuya surfaces from the water, annoyance and anger mixed into a deadly glare on his face. After a quick glance at Dazai, who wasn't close enough to push him, the anger washes away, the annoyance soon turning into confusion when he finds no one new standing at the pool edge.

Mina feels herself flush, how could she be so stupid!!

She got too caught up in the mafia romance dramas, leading her to incorrectly assume Dazai is the overprotective one! Of course it's Chuuya!!

Ugh, thinking about it now, it makes way too much sense! Dazai isn't going to help Chuuya get out of the pool, but Chuuya would absolutely help Dazai! Not only would his bandages get all wet, but Dazai would probably pretend he didn't know how to swim or something.

Stupid! A great plan has now gone to waste!!

-

It's hard to stay motivated when two plans fall to ruin within a few miserable hours of each other, even more so when Mina's entire world has been rocked.

That's what it feels like anyway. Yeah, she hasn't done anything crazy with her plans yet, but she still put so much work into them! She has so many ideas written down, some even being developed by Hagakure, and now it's all for nothing!

Kirishima keeps sending her worried looks, and Mina imagines Hagakure is too, but she's too depressed to care.

By now, the rest of the class has moved on to seeing who can race across the pool quickest, which Mina would so take part in if her heart wasn't so heavy. What's the point in anything anymore?

The first few races go by quickly enough, especially when most of the class decides they'll just use their Quirks to circumvent the water entirely. It kinda defeats the purpose of a swimming contest, but everyone agreed they could use their Quirks, so whatever.

Neither Dazai nor Chuuya participates, although Bakugou did his best to goad Chuuya into it. Chuuya can't use his Ability, though, and no matter how good a swimmer he is, there's no way he's going to beat someone flying across the pool with explosions.

The final race arrives and, to absolutely no one's shock, it's down to Bakugou, Midoriya, and Todoroki.

They take position at the end of the pool, and everyone else crowds around the edge to cheer them on.

With everyone else so focused, Mina is one of the few to notice Aizawa-sensei appearing, his eyes already red with his Quirk.

Dazai shoots him a grin as the second after the whistle for the final

race blows, Aizawa-sensei uses his Quirk on the three competitors. Admittedly, it does raise Mina's spirits a little to see the three of them crash into the water, utterly confused as to why their Quirks didn't work.

Still, after realising how badly she messed up, Mina can't escape how depressed she feels about it all.

-

Later that evening, when everyone is busy packing for the training camp, Mina makes the journey down to Dazai and Chuuya's rooms.

Yesterday, at the shopping centre, she had picked up a few things for Dazai and Chuuya, like she promised. Some of it wasn't related to her plans—just some delicious snacks she doubted they have back in Yokohama—but there were a few things picked out with matchmaking in mind.

And sure, there wasn't anything too specific, so she can easily swap around who gets what, but Mina still can't help but feel bummed out when she looks at it all. She had picked some of these books out with intent for who would read them, and now that's all for nothing!

Still, Mina will pass everything along, if not to uphold her promise, then to make sure nothing goes to waste. She had spent good money on getting everything, so leaving it all on her desk for eternity would just make her feel worse!

So, after hyping herself up, Mina went down and knocked on Chuuya's door. Out of the two of them, Chuuya is way more earnest, if she asks him to share the snacks with Dazai then he probably will. So long as Dazai doesn't annoy him too much.

For a few seconds, Mina can't hear anything coming from the other side of the door. There's no muffled call to wait a minute, no shuffle of bedsheets or sleepy groans.

Then, just as Mina assumes she'll need to knock on Dazai's door instead, the door opens.

Behind it isn't Chuuya, as Mina had logically assumed, but rather Dazai.

"Is Chuuya there?" Mina asks, a little lost on how to proceed. She had knocked on the right door… Oh god, what if she got it wrong?

Dazai shrugs, "He's here, but not the best conversational partner at the moment." Shifting to the side a little, Dazai gestures to Chuuya, who is passed out in bed.

That, frankly, only raises more questions.

"Chibi is such a little dog," Dazai sighs, "He can't even sleep without his master right next to him."

Huh?

…

Huh.

Wait a second, does that mean—

"You guys sleep together?" Mina's voice comes out as a horrid mix between rushed excitement and a careful whisper. She doesn't want to wake Chuuya up, but like! This is insane!

This… This opens up a whole new world for her plans! Oh god, if they sleep with each other like this, then they must have some acknowledgement of their feelings, right?! Or are they pretending they're still just friends, that the other is only doing this to be nice?!

Mina shoves the books and snacks into Dazai's hands, her mind racing with all the new possibilities.

She needs to speak with Hagakure now!

-

Dazai had, admittedly, been expecting Mina to have some dramatic reaction upon hearing about his sleeping arrangements, but running away wasn't quite what he was imagining.

Which is a great shame, there's only so long he can entertain himself by making fun of Chuuya while he sleeps.

Oh well, he'll just find something else to do while Chuuya snores on him.

Mina had shoved a few books in his hands, actually, so maybe he could give them a read? They probably won't be to his tastes, not unless Mina found another part to his darling suicide book, but he'll make do.

Setting the various snacks down on Chuuya's desk, Dazai begins flipping through the books, intent on—

Dazai laughs, unable to keep the sound from bubbling up. Oh, yes, these books will be just perfect.

After all, Dazai should be able to learn so much from such thrilling titles as 'Our Forbidden Romance', 'Darkness, Mafia, and Love', and 'My Heart Rebels.'

-

Aizawa is not a man who likes to wake up early.

He is even less of a man who likes to wake up early, only to deal with twenty-odd teenagers first thing. It's one thing to show up and teach them each morning, but having to control the chaos and make sure everyone is packed and ready for training camp is a new sort of hell.

It's only by the grace of god that Aizawa manages to get his class out to the coaches on time, something that he had lost hope in when Midoriya, of all people, realised he had misplaced his packed suitcase.

But, regardless, Aizawa had found the suitcase and personally made sure it was tucked away on the coach. In fact, just to be sure, he had made a mental list to keep track of who had put their suitcases on and who hadn't. It would be an absolute nightmare to arrive at the training camp only to hear 'Sensei, I forgot my suitcase…'

Fortunately, aside from the problem with Midoriya, no one else had any issues getting their suitcases on the coach. Now all Aizawa has to do is actually get them on the coach, which admittedly might take a few pointed uses of his Quirk.

"Alright, listen up," Aizawa starts, pleased to find his students actually stop talking, "This training camp isn't going to be fun and games, we'll be pushing you hard. I expect that everyone will pay attention and focus, understand?"

His class all call out their agreements, although a large part of him doubts they're being honest. Maybe a few of them will really focus and give it their all—Yaoyorozu and Todoroki being prime examples—but it's far too easy for Aizawa to imagine his class complaining about the workload and slacking off.

It's not that he has no confidence in his class; if that were the case,

he'd have expelled the lot ages ago, but, at the end of the day, they are still teenagers. Even if they're training to become Heroes, training to achieve the dream they've been chasing for years, it's impractical to expect them all to be as self-disciplined as adults are.

Well, not yet anyway. With any luck, they'll pick up a thing or two from this camp.

Dazai and Nakahara, at the very least, should have taken Aizawa's warning more seriously if nothing else. Neither of them has been told about the plans for the training camp, but it wouldn't surprise Aizawa if they figured it out.

That, or they're just treating it with the same level of caution that they do everything.

Which is to say, Dazai is biting Nakahara's arm and pretending it wasn't him, all while Nakahara gets increasingly more pissed off.

Really, looking at the two of them now makes it hard to remember how competent they really are.

"Alright Dazai," Aizawa sighs, "Stop biting him."

Dazai, thankfully, listens before Nakahara gets violent.

Unfortunately, though, it seems Dazai won't entertain the idea of just patiently waiting until it's time to leave. With Aizawa now in his sights, he shuffles closer before leaning towards Aizawa's ear, his voice far too exaggerated to be a proper whisper.

"Say, Sensei, know that you can trust me with secrets~" Dazai gives him an expectant look, eye quickly flicking over to his fellow classmates, none the wiser of what Dazai's hinting at.

Well, that proves Aizawa's theory then.

It's alright though, Aizawa still has a few tricks up his sleeve that he's certain Dazai won't be able to predict. He hopes so, anyway.

"I'll keep that in mind," Aizawa responds drily. He's most sure Dazai can keep a secret well, probably better than some Pro Heroes. Either through sheer stupidity, or the need to be the centre of attention, information is always leaking through to the press due to Pro Heroes.

Well, even if Dazai does tell the class, it hardly matters. At the end of

the day Aizawa is the one in charge, unless they want to be shipped back to UA, then 1A will do ask they're told on this trip.

"I heard that seven whole 1A students failed the practical exam!"

Ah, looks like class 1B have arrived.

Monoma, whom Aizawa knows for a fact also failed the practical exam, loudly laughs, grinning wider than a kid meeting All Might for the first time, "How embarrassing!! Aren't you supposed to be even better than 1B? And yet here you are—"

For a split second, Aizawa considers stepping in himself to get Monoma to quiet down. While a little taunting between classes isn't against the rules, it does cause problems when people like Bakugou take the insults personally. Maybe, once they've all arrived at camp, then Aizawa will let is slide so his class can be a bit more motivated, but for now he'd rather his class be as calm as possible on the coach.

Thankfully, not a moment later Kendo, 1B's class representative, lands a perfect hit on Monoma's neck to knock him out. In just mere seconds, Monoma went from arrogantly insulting class 1A to being slumped on the floor.

Really, encouraging Kendo to hit her classmates, especially somewhere sensitive like the neck, isn't the best idea. She's not Aizawa's student, though, so it's not his problem.

"Sorry about him," Kendo sends a smile towards the students of class 1A.

While a few of his members of class 1A look a little annoyed, or a lot in Bakugou's case, thankfully none of them decide to kick up a fuss about it.

Dazai then decides to remind Aizawa of his presence by stepping into his line of sight with a hum, "Sensei, about these extra classes…"

"You're not getting out of them," Aizawa responds, satisfied to see Dazai dramatically pout in return.

"But Sensei," Dazai starts, "It's not like I'm a real student anyway, and we both know that I could have won that match."

Which is true. While Aizawa does try his best to treat Dazai and Nakahara like regular students, there is no denying that things are

different for them. For one, no matter how badly they do on exams, they'll never have to worry about expulsion.

Really, anything short of malicious intent to harm another student wouldn't have an effect on their positions at UA. On top of that, there's no real expectation for Dazai and Nakahara to become Heroes by the end of all this.

While, yes, it would be good, there's no way anyone can force them into the job. The main goal of having them at UA is to just improve their morals as much as possible. Make them less likely to slip back into a life of crime.

On the topic of Dazai winning that match… Well, Aizawa agrees with that too. As he recalls, Dazai was quite literally minutes away from passing through the exit gate, thus winning him the match.

He hadn't made it through the gate though, and neither had he put the handcuffs on Nakahara.

"And yet you lost the match, so look forward to extra classes," Aizawa then, uncaring towards Dazai's reaction, calls for the rest of his students to get on the coaches.

Predictably, it only takes a second for Iida to rush over to the coach and start attempting to get his classmates on. While some listen, a large number drag their feet a little, which only causes Iida to shout louder.

In contrast, Kendo waves goodbye to class 1A before throwing Monoma over her shoulder, class 1B following behind her without any complaint.

Sometimes, Aizawa wonders how different his life would have been if he had been assigned class 1B instead.

-

Midoriya is quite excited for the training camp, for more reasons than most.

Obviously, he's excited to work on his Quirk—he always is—but that's not entirely it. Hanging out with the rest of his class, and seeing them develop their Quirks, is also a bonus, but still not the main reason why he's been looking forward to it.

Well, two days ago it was, but now his feelings have changed.

Running into Shigaraki had left him feeling on edge, even long after he left the shopping centre. The feeling of having a hand around his neck refused to leave him, and the fear of knowing anyone could die in just a matter of seconds left him struggling to sleep that night.

The police and a few Pros had been quick to arrive once Uraraka reported the incident, but still slow enough that Midoriya can only imagine how many people could have died in that time.

Shigaraki wasn't caught, but the detective handling the case had been quick to reassure Midoriya that he had done the right thing. That, because of his ability to stay level-headed, no one had died.

Typically, Midoriya always felt proud when he was praised for things like that, for things that would make him a good Pro Hero one day. When the detective had said that, though, and even when All Might had found him after and said almost the same thing, Midoriya had still felt too high-strung to really appreciate it.

Seeing his mother waiting outside the police station was nice, although getting scolded by her hadn't helped his mood. Midoriya understands why, though, and can't quite find it in himself to blame her.

Sure, there's some expectation of injury and Villain run-ins as a Pro in training, but not at this level as a first year. Of course, his mother would be worried and upset about it, and Midoriya would do anything to keep her from feeling like that.

Unfortunately, that's something outside of his control.

Shigaraki *will* attack again, and Midoriya wouldn't be able to forgive himself if he just sat it out. As All Might's successor, it's his responsibility to take down All for One and anyone associated with him, no matter how intimidating that thought is.

The pool day yesterday had been fun, had helped keep Midoriya's mind away from such dark topics, but it had only lasted so long. Once Midoriya was back in his dorm, his thoughts and worries all came rushing back in.

But, so he hopes, that shouldn't be a problem at the training camp.

Training his Quirk will keep him preoccupied during the day, and he'll

most probably end up sharing a room with a good few classmates, so he won't even be able to stew alone in his thoughts at night either.

The coach ride there was enough to prove that, given that the chaotic chatter of his classmates had kept Midoriya thoroughly entertained.

Now, pulled over on a high mountain road, Midoriya actually feels pretty happy. Even if bad things are sure to happen, Midoriya can just enjoy the time he has before that. Besides, Aizawa-sensei and the other Heroes at UA will also be expecting another attack from the League, which will hopefully negate the dire situation that happened at the USJ.

Midoriya, despite mulling this all over, still notices as a sleek black car pulls up next to the coach. A few of his classmates seem to notice as well, sending confused and slightly worried looks over to Aizawa-sensei, who doesn't acknowledge them.

Then, without warning, one of the car doors swings open, giving way for two brightly dressed women to spring out.

"Your feline fantasies are here, say meow!" The first one, with a brown bob and dressed in red, announces. Her arms swing around, coming to rest near her head as she lunges.

The long-haired blonde woman is next, popping one arm up above her head while the other rests right by her chin, "Purrrfectly cute and cat-like girls!"

They share a grin before continuing, perfectly in sync, "You can call us… The Wild, Wild Pussycats!"

Despite their energetic display, absolutely no one speaks.

Of course, that's excluding Midoriya.

Being so into Pro Heroes, he naturally recognised the pair before they even had a chance to introduce themselves. The bright coloured outfits, the puffy skirts, the huge cat paws, tails, and even ears—

"It's the Wild, Wild Pussycats!" Midoriya gasps, slightly in disbelief that he actually got to see their chant in person, "One of the best search and rescue teams in Japan! They were founded twelve years ago, which is crazy since most Pro Hero groups don't last even half as long! Given that it was like, forever ago—"

Midoriya, too consumed in his rambles, doesn't notice as both Heroes flinch when he mentions how long ago they debuted. When he dares to say 'forever ago', however, their displeasure is quickly brought to his attention.

Without him even realising, Pixie Bob, the one dressed in blue, is prodding him on the cheeks with her claws, "Don't you know it's rude to comment on a lady's age?"

Midoriya flushes. He really hadn't meant it like that!

Pro Heroes just don't tend to stay around for so long, let alone groups! There are only a handful of groups that make it past the first five years without one, or more, members leaving to go solo.

All four Wild, Wild Pussycats still working together is an insane achievement after so many years!

Midoriya, try as he might to explain himself, is forced to stay quiet and allow Pixie Bob to continue poking his cheeks when Mandalay starts speaking.

After sending an amused look in Midoriya's direction, she turns to face the rest of the class, gesturing to the expansive forest behind them, "This forest is owned by the Wild, Wild Pussycats. A lot of people tend to get lost in this area, so it's great practise for us when there aren't any Villain attacks. On top of that, since it's private land, everyone is free to use their Quirks as they please."

Which… Feels like a weird thing to say.

Unless—

Aizawa-sensei had said this was just a rest stop, but meeting two other Pro Heroes is hardly a coincidence! Ah, if Midoriya hadn't been so swept up in the excitement, he might have figured it out sooner! Then, before he caught the ire of Pixie Bob, he could have properly warned his classmates!

Alas, as Pixie Bob is still standing right in front of him, claws lingering near his face, Midoriya is helpless to warn his classmates. He really doesn't want to find out what she might do if he started yelling at his classmates to be on guard.

Fortunately, a few members of class 1A seem to have caught on, their faces twitching as they begin to nervously shuffle backwards.

Mandalay, uncaring, grins, "The current time is 9:30 am, if you're fast, you might make it by noon…"

That seems to be enough for everyone to pick up on what's going on, horror dawning on their faces as they jerk and attempt to rush back to the coach. For a second, Midoriya contemplates warning them that it's pointless, even if they manage to get past Aizawa-sensei (very unlikely), there's still the problem of Pixie Bob.

Pixie Bob, who had run over to the coach the second Mandalay said the time.

Now, standing between the entire class and the coach, Pixie Bob grins before slamming her hands on the ground below them, the dirt splintering and shifting with ease, "Kitties that don't make it by 12:30 pm don't get any lunch!"

The ground shakes, and Midoriya finds himself in free fall.

Panic threatens to overcome him, but he knows better than to just cry and flail around. He mustn't hesitate, mustn't allow his own panic to get in the way and cause someone to get hurt.

Activating One for All, Midoriya does his best to launch off the larger chunks of mud, aiming a few punches at stray chunks that would have, without intervention, hit one of his classmates.

Well, that's what it had looked like, despite Midoriya knowing the risk was rather minimal.

Pixie Bob's Quirk, Earth Flow, gives her full control of any dirt within her range. This avalanche, while appearing chaotic, is the work of her fine control, that much, Midoriya is sure of.

Negating the risk while also pushing Midoriya and his classmates into a situation where they think the danger is real, thus forcing them to take it seriously and work hard.

Yeah, it's obvious Aizawa-sensei was behind this one.

In the chaos, he catches sight of Chuuya, surrounded in red light, plummeting to the ground. A few chunks of dirt catch him, turning red with his Ability before following him straight to the ground.

Moments later, Dazai goes flying by, cheekily shooting Midoriya a grin as he falls.

By pure reflex, Midoriya smiles back.

Then he thinks for a second, mind turning over the fact that Pixie Bob's Quirk shouldn't have even worked with Dazai touching the same ground as everyone else, then the fact that Pixie Bob's Quirk won't be able to cushion Dazai's fall, like with everyone else.

If no one intervenes, Dazai will just hit the ground.

Abandoning his own path to the ground, Midoriya shoots over, anxiously watching as Dazai gets closer and closer to the ground.

Plans fly together in his mind, his eyes taking note of every tree and rock he might he able to jump off once he had hold of Dazai. His Quirk will disappear, but if he times it just right, Midoriya might be able to use a tree to absorb some of his momentum before reaching the ground.

He loses sight of Dazai for a second, which doesn't help his anxiety, only to then spot him safely in Chuuya's arms, the two of them perfectly unharmed, as if there was no danger in the first place.

While his mind flies through the logic behind the situation, the fact that Chuuya fell quicker gives him more time to catch Dazai, and Midoriya adjusts his path to land nearby. Part of him feels a little stupid, of course Dazai and Chuuya had a plan for situations like these! They probably have a million workarounds for Dazai's Ability, little tricks to keep each other safe with minimal risk.

Ugh, now Midoriya is burning with the need to ask questions!

… Like that's anything new, but still!

Doing his best to push aside his thoughts, Midoriya focuses on taking note of his classmates and making sure everyone is alright. Getting distracted by his own thoughts would earn him the scolding of his life if Aizawa-sensei ever found out.

As if on cue, the familiar voice of Aizawa-sensei calls out from the ledge above, "In case you haven't guessed, the training camp has officially started."

Mandalay speaks next, her voice significantly more energetic compared to Aizawa-sensei's, "As I said, you're free to use your Quirks! You'll need them if you want to make it through The Beast's Forest in time for lunch!"

The voices from above promptly go silent, leaving the class to get itself together.

Midoriya sighs, doing his best to wipe away the dirt that had collected on his shirt. Well, he had been excited for the training camp, so can he really complain about it starting sooner than expected?

Then again, Midoriya would have appreciated time to change out of his uniform first. Getting the dirt out of his white shirt is going to be a pain…

"We fell for Aizawa-sensei's tricks yet again!" Iida shakes his head, looking more ashamed than anything.

Midoriya understands the feeling. Really, by now, they should know well to be on guard whenever Aizawa-sensei is in charge of something. After the Quirk apprehension test, final exams, and various other little tricks, still being so easy to fool is a little embarrassing.

And now, because of that, they're stuck in some forest.

Well, not *some* forest. Mandalay had called it The Beast's Forest, and had empathised that they were allowed to use their Quirks…

Midoriya's head snaps over to the forest, dread filling him as he watches as Mineta rushes further in by himself.

"Wait—" Midoriya calls out, only to be cut off when the ground begins to shake once more.

Nestled between the trees, two large creatures appear, roaring out as they smash into trees and kick up dust.

Mineta, standing right in front of the thing, goes stone still.

The creatures, uncaring, push forward closer and closer, and Midoriya just knows Mineta isn't going to move out of the way.

Activating One for All, Midoriya jumps forward, grabbing Mineta before dodging one of the creature's clunky hands. The second he's able to, Midoriya jumps out of the creature's range, sparing Mineta a quick glance to make sure he's uninjured.

What he finds, however, is Mineta's oddly relaxed expression. … Hadn't Mineta just been desperate to pee?

Setting Mineta down—and man, is he relieved he had grabbed Mineta

under the shoulders—Midoriya once again turns his sights on the beasts. He can cringe about what just happened later, but now he has to focus!

His classmates are immediately on guard, feet slipping into fighting stances as the beasts get closer and closer.

Koda, seeing this, rushes forward. "Calm yourself, my giant friends!"

The beasts, in contrast, lurch forward and very nearly land a hit on Koda. For a second, Midoriya finds himself at a loss. Koda's Quirk works on all animals and insects, so why isn't it working now?

What's different between these animals, and the ones Koda's Quirk can affect?

A moment later, the dots connect in Midoriya's mind. "Guys! This is Pixie Bob's Quirk! They aren't real animals!"

Of course, they aren't real! Using real animals would open the risk of members of class 1A getting seriously hurt, while also endangering whatever animal that was attacking. Full control over the situation while making it real and dangerous, just like the avalanche!

Midoriya mentally curses himself for just sitting around and being embarrassed about falling for Aizawa-sensei's tricks, only for it to happen again seconds later.

Unsurprisingly, the confirmation that these creatures aren't real is all Bakugou needs to launch forward, the dirt creature taking the brunt of his explosions, "Die!!"

Close behind him, almost hiding in his shadow, is Chuuya. Unlike Bakugou's loud rage, Chuuya swiftly and quietly gets close to the beast, dodging an attack before laying a hand down on it's leg.

Thankfully, a few well-placed explosions are all it takes to keep the first beast down, the dirt shifting and falling apart as Pixie Bob's Quirk moves on. The second beast glows red before being crushed down to the ground, Chuuya's Ability only vanishing once the dirt stopped moving.

"Hah, these fuckers are weaker than I thought!" Bakugou yells, already whipping his head around to hunt for the next one.

Chuuya nods, wiping his hand free of dirt, "So long as you pay

attention, it'll be easy to get through the forest."

Determination spreads amongst his classmates, grins being traded while plans form. Midoriya can't help but smile too, the excitement from before coming back. This sort of thing is exactly what he was looking forward to, only made better by the knowledge he gets to work with his classmates.

"Wait a sec!" Kaminari calls out, his eyes bright, "Let's just get Dazai to nullify them!"

Ah, right! While Bakugou might find it easy to take down the beasts, his Quirk does have a chance of hitting a classmate or starting a knock-on effect, same with most of the Quirks in class 1A. Dazai and Chuuya's Abilities are by far the safest when you think of it like that!

Only…

Where exactly is Dazai?

"Forget it," Chuuya huffs, turning to make his way further into the forest, "That bastard is probably halfway to the camp by now."

"Wait," Mina asks, a frown on her face, "You think he left us?"

When Midoriya thinks about it for a second… Yeah, that makes sense.

-

Dazai hums, slapping a dirt monster as he walks by. The second No Longer Human takes effect, the thing falls apart as if a tower made of cards.

Really, Dazai has to give his respect to Aizawa for that little setup. While class 1A hadn't seemed all that concerned by Aizawa's little warnings, and thus hadn't thought any further on the topic, Dazai knew better.

Aizawa doesn't do things by halves. If he's telling the class the training camp will be tough, then it will be a nightmare.

And what better way to start that nightmare than a little unexpected fight?

Still, Dazai has to admit he hadn't expected to be sent tumbling down a cliff. He hadn't thought Aizawa had the guts to arrange for something like that, but you learn something new every day.

Like, for example, the fact that Aizawa is adapting to Dazai's Ability.

When that blonde cat woman activated her Quirk, the ground should have stayed perfectly still due to No Longer Human.

Instead, Aizawa had swiped Dazai's feet, giving the cat woman just a split second to activate her Quirk before Dazai was touching the ground again.

And again, when Dazai was falling, he was in constant touch with the dirt, and yet it still remained affected by the cat woman's Quirk. Why?

Well, Dazai's leading theory is that the cat woman intentionally deactivated her Quirk on any dirt near him. Then, using her Quirk, she kept a very precise gap between the dirt around Dazai and the dirt affected by her Quirk. By creating a nice little buffer area, she was still able to use her Quirk without fear on the rest of the class.

Aizawa was absolutely behind that; some random Hero Dazai doesn't even know the name of, wouldn't be able to figure out the specifics of No Longer Human like that otherwise.

Which… isn't the best news, if Dazai is being honest. The longer they stay here, the more at risk they are; each day gives the Pros more time to figure out ways to take them down in real fights.

Sure, right now it's just perfectly timed tricks, but soon Aizawa might stumble across ways to deal with Upon the Tainted Sorrow. Hell, he's seen Corruption, hasn't he?

But that's fine, Dazai doubts they'll be at UA for much longer at this rate.

After all, the League of Villains made their intentions clear when Shigaraki spoke with Midoriya, and what better chance to attack than when the class is secluded in a forest?

Even better, it seems they already have an interest in getting to know Dazai and his little dog.

According to Midoriya, Shigaraki had been throwing a tantrum about Stain, but couldn't care less about Dazai.

Midoriya had taken that as a good sign, and Dazai hadn't wanted to show his hand by saying otherwise.

In truth, Dazai is rather certain Shigaraki has a plan to recruit him and Chuuya. He was upset that Stain, who apparently wasn't truly part of the League, took the spotlight away from the League. The only reason why he wouldn't feel the same about the incident with Mt. Lady is if he had already decided Dazai and Chuuya would be part of the League, too.

That won't happen, but Dazai will certainly enjoy pretending like it's a possibility.

A large wooden building soon comes into sight, Aizawa and the cat women standing around in front of it. By Dazai's calculations, the rest of the class won't make it for a good few hours yet, but that doesn't mean Dazai can't enjoy himself.

Ah, maybe he can finally bring up that little idea of his to Aizawa?

Right, that's what he'll do! Scout out the camp a little, speak to Aizawa, and think up a few plans for when the League inevitably attacks.

Chapter End Notes

And we're officially starting the training camp arc!! I'm very excited to get into this arc, it's gonna be so fun!

It's funny, when I think about the future of wwt it feels like there isn't much left, even though I know that's not true haha. But I'm like, 'Ok, so there's the training camp, provisional license, and Overhaul... That's only three arcs!' Which is true.... But each arc is probably gonna be like ten chapters or so, and a chapter a month...

I really pity my future self haha. It already feels hard to keep track of everything, and I'm sure there's things I set up and then forget about, but once wwt is even longer... Good luck future me, you'll need it🫣

And now, time to force anyone who reads these to listen to my thoughts about crossovers. If the 240K crossover fic didn't tip you off, I really love crossovers. Sometimes I think I like them more than single fandom fics. There's just... So much potential. Especially with bnha! I'm not even much of a fan of the show anymore, but anytime I get into a new fandom I check to see what bnha crossovers there are.

This week alone I think I've had like, three different ideas for a bnha crossover. Once I finish my other wip (lovingly called ramen au ((Naruto fic)) I'm absolutely going to write another crossover... Hypothetically something short, but ramen au was also supposed to be short, and I'm at about 26k with the end still far off. This always happens...

Sometimes I think you guys are lucky I love crossovers so much, since it means I think about the lore and (hopefully) make things interesting on that front. I also tend to think you're very unlucky as I genuinely forget about the romantic aspect in favour of said lore and character interactions.

Which reminds me. Aizawa's tricks might not have actually worked, but let me have this 👐 I had to come up with them last minute as I was writing haha. They should work fine, but NLH is a little tricky...

Also, ao3 keeps cutting my author's notes short! I noticed it last chapter a little after I posted, but I didn't really care that much to go back and try to rewrite the bit that got cut off but!! I just finished writing this and went to preview the chapter and it happened again!! You're on thin ice ao3....

Thank you all for reading!! I hope you enjoyed <3

Chapter 37: Training camp begins!

Chapter Summary

Selfish as it may be, Shino's first reaction was to tell Aizawa to keep those boys as far away as he could. It was only through his hard work fighting for them had she eventually agreed—under some stipulations, of course.

Part of her feels bad about it, the part that knows if Aizawa of all people is vouching for them, then they must have some good inside. They must be benefiting from being at UA, away from their old lives back in Yokohama.

A larger part of her remembers Kota staring off into space like he couldn't stand being mentally present. A larger part of her remembers hearing Kota cry for hours after going to bed, how all he wanted was to see his parents one last time.

Chapter Notes

No CW I think? But let me know if anything should be added!

Thank you to MlonK and kqhysteria for beta reading <3333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Never in his life has Shinsou been so relived to see a bunch of wooden houses in the middle of a forest.

That does, admittedly, sound like he makes it a habit to stumble across them, but Shinsou has just seen one too many horror films. A wooden cabin in the middle of the forest, absolutely cut off from society on all sides… That's just a classic set up.

Even though Shinsou knows the place is owned by Pro Heroes, and not some crazy axe murderer, the little warning bells in his head are ringing to be careful, just in case.

Although, even if there was some crazed murderer hiding away inside, Shinsou would still, gladly, hobble his way over to the buildings. Even if he would only manage to snatch a few minutes, a few seconds even, of rest in a warm building, it would still be so worth it.

Judging by the near desperate shuffling of his classmates, their feet

only just managing to actually get up off the ground, Shinsou wouldn't be surprised if they also decided to risk a hypothetical axe murderer for a moment of rest.

In fact, all things considered, Shinsou is probably fairing better than his classmates. Brainwashing, in a twist that surprises no one, requires a brain to take effect, and while Pixie Bob's mud monsters were pretty advanced in other aspects, there was no way Shinsou's Quirk was going to work.

Which was a real blow, since that meant Shinsou had to be on decoy duty with Hagakure.

Alright, that came off a little more insulting than he had meant. Being the decoy wasn't terrible, at least that way he actually had something to do, could actually help instead of just coasting along in the back.

And it *was* tiring, since he had to run in, get the mud monster's attention, and then get the hell out before his classmates rushed in with their Quirks at the ready. He might have been putting in less effort than, say, Todoroki, but he was still working hard.

It just stings a little since, you know, Shinsou wants to be a Hero, not a decoy. Sure, there was nothing to be done about his Quirk not working on the mud monsters, but surely he could have done something else? Could have thought of a way to defeat them?

Damn, Aizawa-sensei is gonna be on his back about his later, won't he? Even if Shinsou doesn't tell him, he'll still find out and then decide that, in light of this, training will be doubled until Shinsou picks up the slack. Hearing that his personal student couldn't do much more than run around pretending to cry surely won't sit well with him.

A vindictive part of Shinsou is already coming up with comebacks, like, 'You know, maybe if you warned us I could have brought my capture weapon?' And 'Yeah, I decided not to just hit rocks with my fists because I'm not insane?'

Getting mouthy with Aizawa-sensei is a guaranteed way to earn himself some sort of punishment though, probably running laps for a few hours or sparring which will, without a doubt, end with Shinsou's face on the ground.

Is it worth making a sly comment in exchange for getting pushed to his physical limit? Probably not.

Up ahead, at the front of the group of zombies Shinsou calls his classmates, Midoriya raises a shaky hand. He smiles, although the effect is ruined due to his very obvious huffs.

"Come on guys, just a little further," Midoriya, bless his heart, does his best to sound just as cheery as always. It fails.

Not that Shinsou is blaming him, if he wasn't already pessimistic then this whole experience would have been what did it for him.

Sure, in theory, running around a forest fighting mud creatures sounds like a great time. Even better, there are no rules against using their Quirks, so they can get away with practically anything.

That sort of set up is the dream for any Hero in training. Any ten year old too, Shinsou imagines.

And, yeah, it was kinda fun at the start. Tiring, but there was a sense of freedom that came with being able to do anything, being able to use their Quirks however they wanted with no teacher looking over their shoulders.

(That's how Shinsou imagines his classmates felt, anyway, since, again, his Quirk wasn't much help.)

That mindset had vanished when the clock stuck 12:30 and they were still, painfully so, stuck in the forest fighting. Morale dropped by a huge percent when people realised they had missed lunch, Shinsou's included.

Now, at some point past 5:00 pm—Shinsou's phone had died about fifteen minutes ago, so who knows anymore—any joy from being set loose in a forest is thoroughly dead.

Dead like Shinsou's feet and his motivation.

At this point all Shinsou wants is something to eat, drink, and a comfortable spot to lay down. Hell, he'd even take an uncomfortable spot at this point. Just somewhere that isn't at risk of spontaneously turning into a massive beast.

To his despair, it takes another ten minutes to actually arrive at the main camp, which is just great for Shinsou's ego. What should have been a, what, three minute walk? Yeah, not a good look.

At least, when they finally arrive, Aizawa-sensei and the others are

waiting outside for them. Even if the sight of them annoys Shinsou to no end, he can comfort himself with the knowledge that he didn't have to go hunting them down.

Not that he would, even if detention or expulsion was on the line. Aizawa-sensei can do some work for a change and come to them, use all those years of experience as a Pro.

Aizawa-sensei doesn't outwardly react once the class has arrived, instead choosing to just stand there with his hands tucked away. Beside him, Mandalay and Pixie Bob smile and wave everyone over, and beside them…

Is a small child, for some reason.

The boy, who Shinsou thinks could be around six years old, is dressed in an oversized grey shirt and black shorts, his black boots looking rather scuffed up. The only pop of colour on the kid is his bright red cap, complete with two yellow spikes just above the brim.

Now, Shinsou doesn't have anything against kids per se, but he can't help but wonder why this kid in particular is here. Not a member of the Wild, Wild Pussycats, given the dull clothes…

Probably a relative of one of the Heroes here, although, that again raises the question of why he is here and not, you know, anywhere else. Especially when the kid, upon seeing a class of half dead teenagers, glares with all the hatred his little body can muster up.

Mandalay claps her huge paw gloves together, forcing Shinsou to pull his attention away from the mystery kid and towards her, "Congratulations on making it through the Beast's Forest!"

A few steps away Kaminari, only just back from his dumbed down state, clicks his tongue, "You… You said it'd take like, three hours!"

Which is something that has been bothering Shinsou too. Mandalay had said that, if they were quick, they might make it by lunchtime. That implies that, even if they went slow, they would make it in about four hours? Five?

Eight. Eight hours in that forest.

Privately, Shinsou thinks they should rename it to the Forest of Death instead. He'd back the name up in a heartbeat.

"I timed it on how long it would take us to get through, sorry about that!" Mandalay laughs a little, as if her miscalculation didn't ruin the day of twenty-something teenagers. Interestingly, the apologetic but amused look on her face washes away into something more… Plain when she speaks next, "But one of you made good time, at least."

Dazai, stepping out from behind Aizawa-sensei, smirks, "You guys missed out, lunch was just to die for~"

Shinsou's relationship with Dazai is at, possibly, an all time low already. It wouldn't be wise to attack him, verbally or otherwise. He still feels terrible about what happened during the exams, and he really wants to rebuild that tiny bit of trust and friendship he had before it happened, but…

Yeah, Dazai makes it easy to hate him sometimes.

His Ability would have saved them literal hours, but he snuck off and abandoned them.

And now he just has to rub salt in the wound. Yeah, Shinsou bets lunch was delicious.

Thankfully, even dead tired as they are, there is one person in class 1A that won't ever hesitate to give Dazai something back.

Or, in this case, won't hesitate to throw a rock at him.

Dazai just about manages to duck behind Aizawa-sensei in time to dodge the rock, which is a real shame, "Chibi! Just because you're slow doesn't mean you can harass me!"

Chuuya stalks forward, his face pulled into a mean grin as he raises a fist, "Oh, we'll see who is slower in a minute, bastard."

Honestly, Shinsou can't blame him. When Dazai had vanished Chuuya had actually seemed rather unbothered about it, like he knew it was going to happen anyway and so couldn't be bothered getting mad about it.

Then, when they hit the lunchtime limit, Chuuya's attitude…

Well, saying it flipped would be an understatement.

Before that point, he dutifully took down the mud creatures without complaint. After, though, each take down was accompanied by some

sort of insult towards Dazai. He would run ahead of everyone else, and the only way Shinsou could tell where he went was the echoing "Bastard!" and "Fucking Mackerel!" that would proceed the sound of crashing rocks.

It had been rather funny, although Shinsou couldn't help but feel a little bittersweet.

If he hadn't fucked things up during the exams, he might have been right there with Chuuya, venting his own annoyance towards Dazai.

They weren't super close before, but he had made a joke at Chuuya's expense during their first training session together, so it wouldn't be crazy to assume he could get away with insulting Dazai a little.

And, yeah, he could still try now but…

Even if Nakahara forgave him for what happened during the exams, Shinsou isn't able to shake the feeling that, if he were to talk with Nakahara, things would be different.

He's dealt with this sort of thing before, that when he people know what his Quirk can do, even if they act all nice and friendly, the undercurrent of fear is impossible to ignore.

Shinsou doesn't think Nakahara is afraid of him, but he has to be aprehensive. On guard even if he thinks Shinsou won't do anything to him.

And, if Shinsou is being honest, part of him is scared he won't be able to make that go away. Even if he tries his hardest to build trust, Nakahara might still carry that with him.

It's cowardly, but Shinsou finds himself hesitating to actually start on rebuilding that trust.

"I didn't have much faith in you guys, but a few of you did great!" Pixie Bob laughs, pulling Shinsou's mind back to the present. Her cat paw gloves, fitted with their own claws, reach out and begin grabbing at Todoroki, Midoriya, Bakugou, and Iida, "I claim these kitties!"

The chaos unfolding before him is quite the sharp contrast compared to his own, more depressed thoughts, but hey, watching those four awkwardly shuffle around while Pixie Bob pokes at them is a great distraction.

One that Shinsou can't find it in himself to be jealous over. Usually, it hurts not to have your own effort recognised, but in this case Shinsou is rather glad about it. Maybe he should under perform more.

A quick glance tells him that Aizawa-sensei had stopped Nakahara from actually beating Dazai up, although, based on the look in Nakahara's eyes that restraint won't last.

"Uh, actually, I have a question?" Midoriya, who somehow slipped out from Pixie Bob's grasp, asks. He directs his question towards Mandalay, who nods at him to continue, "That boy over there…"

Not for the first time, Shinsou finds himself thanking Midoriya for asking the question he couldn't be bothered to. While he does want to know why this kid is hanging around, it's not such a desperate need to know that Shinsou would bring it up.

A look of understanding crosses Mandalay's face, she smiles before gesturing over to the boy, "That's Kota, he's my cousin's son and is staying with us right now."

About what Shinsou had guessed, although he's still left wondering about the 'why' factor. If it was just a visit to family then Mandalay surely could have timed it a little better, knowing she'd have a class of Hero students to entertain.

Unsurprisingly, Midoriya accepts this without pushing any further. Instead, he takes a few steps over to Kota, his smile warmer than usual as he leans down a little, "Hi Kota! My name is Midoriya Izuku and—"

And Kota, without any hesitation, nails him in the dick.

Huh.

Iida, and Shinsou could swear he activated his Quirk, zooms over to grab Midoriya by the shoulders. With a click of his tongue, he shouts, "You fiend of a child!"

"Tch, like I care!" Kota snaps back, easily dodging Mandalay when she tries to reach out to him, "Why would I wanna talk to a bunch of wannabe *heroes."*

With that, he runs off, expertly ignoring Mandalay's calls for him to come back and apologise.

Now, something could be said about the way he spat out the word

'Heroes', how his anger felt more than just a child being difficult. Shinsou has heard people talk like that before, mainly Villains on TV shows and the odd classmate of his, someone who thought he would agree with their twisted opinions due to his Quirk.

It's worrying that a six year old is talking like that, and, if Mandalay's resigned expression is any clue, this isn't a new thing.

Yeah, now Shinsou has even more questions about the kid.

"Heh." Bakugou smirks, looking oddly proud of a kid he's never met before.

Or maybe he has, despite knowing that Kota is Mandalay's relative, he honestly wouldn't be surprised if someone said he was actually related to Bakugou. Different hair colours, sure, but the hair that Shinsou had managed to see under Kota's hat spiked out just like Bakugou's does. They also have tempers, it seems.

If Shinsou were braver, he might make some snide comment about that, just a little dig to get back at all the times Bakugou's been… Well, Bakugou.

Given that Shinsou is about five minutes from passing out, he'd rather not risk his life over it. He's sure that Bakugou, even if he's dead tired, could muster up enough power for a few large scale explosions still.

"He's like a mini Bakugou," Todoroki says, deadpan as always, and man, strong people really don't have to worry over anything, huh?

Predictably, it only takes a second for Bakugou to get pissed off, his hands sparking up with explosions that feel way too large this late in the day. "The fuck did you say?"

Shinsou takes a step back, just in case. Not once did he get singed today, he'd like to keep it like that.

Aizawa-sensei sighs, flashing his Quirk just long enough to get Bakugou under control, "Alright, stop arguing. Training starts for real tomorrow, so make sure you get enough sleep tonight."

And what the hell does he mean by that? Was spending roughly eight hours suffering in a forest fake training? Not even worth mentioning compared to the real deal?

…

Maybe being a Hero isn't worth it after all.

"For now, though, let's all eat!" Pixie Bob, uncaring to Shinsou's mental anguish, claps her hands, "This is the only time we'll be cooking for you, so make the most of it!"

Right, Shinsou will enjoy his last meal as a UA student, then run away…

Run away through the forest, which he would rather die than go through again…

Well. Looks like Shinsou will either deal with whatever hell training Aizawa-sensei has planned, or die in the process.

-

When Aizawa passed along a warning that he had a 'girl-crazy' boy in his class, Sosaki Shino, also known as Mandalay, had sighed and questioned why she was even allowing this training camp.

It wasn't the fact he had a 'girl-crazy' kid in his class, after all, Shino isn't dumb enough to expect that many teenage boys to be completely well behaved, UA students or not. Rather, she had found herself exasperated that, out of everything, Aizawa has chosen to warn her about that.

Still, she had passed along the warning to her teammates and asked Kota to take up guard on the wall between the hot springs. Since Shino usually doesn't allow him to climb up there, Kota had thankfully been willing to help out, although not quite as willing to admit that he wanted to explore up there.

Now, with Kota passed out on the sofa next to her, and a very concerned looking UA student just a few steps away, Shino thinks she really should have cancelled the camp.

Shino smiles at the boy, who she remembers as being called Midoriya Izuku. His Quirk was one of the interesting ones, super strength except he can't use it without hurting himself, the perfect case for Tiger to whip into shape. "Thank you for bringing him here."

Midoriya shakes his head, awkwardly shifting from foot to foot, "Don't worry about it. Do you think he'll be alright?"

Shino rests a hand on Kota's head, the movement gentle so he doesn't

stir, "I'll keep an eye on him, but I imagine it was just the heat and rush of the fall."

Really, she should have considered the risk of falling more before sending Kota up there. The wall itself is constructed to allow someone to sit up there, and with how small Kota still is, Shino had thought that he would be alright so long as he didn't stand without holding onto something.

Ah, and Kota had been so pleased to be allowed up there. He'll surely be unhappy if she says he can't go up anymore, but is risking his safety worth it?

"Actually, I have a question, if that's alright?" Midoriya asks, a hand coming up to rub his neck.

Shino pushes aside her thoughts and, yes, she can already tell what Midoriya wants to ask. While Kota doesn't meet that many new people, the ones he does meet always seem to come back with the same question.

Moving her hand from Kota's forehead, Shino looks over at Midoriya, "You're curious why Kota doesn't like Heroes, right?"

Midoriya nods, "I feel like every kid grows up admiring Pros, maybe even wanting to be one themselves. For Kota to dislike them so much…"

Shino sighs, but nevertheless speaks, "A lot of people these days don't like Pro Heroes. I mean, just look at your newest classmates."

The rise of anti-Hero groups has spiked in recent months, absolutely due to the actions of Stain and, to a lesser degree, those two Yokohama boys. It leaves Shino on edge, knowing that the trust people have in Heroes is waning. How can she continue to do her job, to save people, when the very people she wants to save no longer trust her?

Shino continues, "Kota's parents were Pro Heroes, and good ones at that but… Well, they were killed in action a few years ago."

Midoriya winces, and Shino sends him a soft smile.

"Not a single civilian was injured during that fight, by all means they died an honourable death that day. How do you explain that to a child, though? His parents left him behind, all while everyone was

praising how well they did…" Shino trails off, unable to keep herself from casting her eyes back to Kota.

She can remember the day his parents died like it was yesterday. The phone call, how she rushed to the hospital to find her precious nephew stood between two covered bodies. He had looked so small back then, hands shaking yet his face unmoving.

For the first week or so, Kota hadn't done much of anything. He would sit there and, if Shino asked, would eat a few mouthfuls here and there. He didn't smile when she came into a room, didn't ask if she had taken down any scary Villains, didn't ask after the rest of her team like he used to.

That's why, in the beginning, she had been relived to see him get angry. He was finally doing things again, finally moving between spaces without needing prompting from Shino.

He would scowl at her, would call her life's work stupid, but he would eat full meals, and he would no longer spend hours just staring at walls.

Kota hasn't quite mellowed out as she had hoped would happen, he still stomped around and insulted every Hero he could think of, but Shino has been noticing him getting a little better.

For example, instead of yelling at Shino to keep him out of her 'stupid Hero work', he had been willing to help out with the camp. Only little things, of course, but more than he would have a year ago.

And now, surrounded by kids closer to his age, kids who have faced their own hardships with Villains, Shino can only hope someone can get through to him. Maybe even Midoriya, with his kind face and genuine worry about a boy he's only just met.

Of course, that's if those two don't poison the well before Midoriya can do any good.

Shino sighs, uncertain if she should even be saying this, "If we're being honest, we almost didn't allow this training camp to happen here. Those Villains—Sorry, those *boys* from Yokohama… Kota is my biggest priority right now, and I'd do anything to keep him from being hurt again."

Kota is still so young, still so deeply effected by the deaths of his parents. Although he likes to act tough at times, he always turns away

from the news when it reports on Villains, always gets so mad at Shino when she comes home with an injury.

Through some stroke of luck or another, Shino has managed to keep Kota in the dark about what happened with Mt. Lady. If he were to learn about it, learn how these two boys killed a Hero and are now attending UA…

Shino can't let that happen, not when he's too young to truly comprehend why UA accepted them. Kota would just get angry about it, would scoff and insult all the Heroes who let it happen—All while hiding his true feelings deep down.

That's why Shino didn't want them at the camp. Not because she thought them irredeemable, not because she inherently disagreed with Nedzu's decision to rehabilitate them, but because she has a nephew to care for, one that has already been through so much in his short life.

So far neither of them have caused any trouble, just as Aizawa assured her would be the case. In fact, she has about thirty emails sitting in her inbox arguing their case, each one carefully worded to strike a balance between understanding and stubborn.

So, yes, Shino knows they aren't the devil children the media makes them out to be. She *knows* that very rarely are Villains purely evil, most of them are made from circumstance, from a hard life anyone could have the misfortune to fall into.

Dazai is mischievous, too smart for his own good, someone with a sought after Ability—And Shino doesn't need to be from Yokohama to understand the implications there. He can be mean, can analyse opponents and pick up on their weaknesses and insecurities just like that, but he can also he helpful. Through roundabout ways, Aizawa had claimed, he pushes others to get both stronger and smart.

Nakahara is kind to a fault, cautious around those he deems a threat, but still looking out for those who need help. He's tough, easily stronger than class 1A put together, but not cruel. He gives pointers to those who want to get stronger, taking time out of his day to walk through techniques until his classmates understand. He too has the sort of Ability that leaves those in power stumbling after him, willing to pull out any trick to get him on their side.

And—

And Shino understands. Had her sister and brother-in-law lived, she wouldn't have hesitated so much to allow the camp to be held here.

But they didn't live.

Selfish as it may be, Shino's first reaction was to tell Aizawa to keep those boys as far away as he could. It was only through his hard work fighting for them had she eventually agreed—under some stipulations, of course.

Part of her feels bad about it, the part that knows if Aizawa of all people is vouching for them, then they must have some good inside. They must be benefiting from being at UA, away from their old lives back in Yokohama.

A larger part of her remembers Kota staring off into space like he couldn't stand being mentally present. A larger part of her remembers hearing Kota cry for hours after going to bed, how all he wanted was to see his parents one last time.

Ultimately, Shino may have allowed them to take part in the camp, but if they step even a inch out of line then she won't hesitate to get them as far away from Kota as she can. She won't hesitate to do her job as a Pro Hero.

-

Chuuya isn't unused to getting up early in the morning for missions—Or well, early in the night, given the Port Mafia's hours of operation, but still. Getting up early and pushing through any desires to head back to bed is easy, all it takes is a little discipline.

The kids of class 1A lack said discipline.

Last night, when Chuuya had found out he and Dazai would be sharing a room with the rest of the boys, he had been a little annoyed. Sure, he gets along with most of them well enough, but getting on with someone for a few hours during the day, and getting on with someone at almost all hours of the day, are two very different things.

Chuuya, more than anyone else, would know. Doing just one mission with Dazai only makes Chuuya want to pull his hair out, doing long missions (such as this one) forces him to consider how much trouble he'd actually get in for letting Dazai die. He's sure everyone back at the Port Mafia would understand.

Still, he had held onto the hope that maybe, just maybe, it wouldn't be so bad. He'd have someone to talk to before bed that wasn't Dazai, he wouldn't have to worry about Dazai intentionally leaving him asleep to make him late, and, hell, maybe getting to play… Cards, or whatever else people do before bed on class trips, would be fun.

Everyone had fallen asleep pretty quickly last night, which hadn't been surprising in the least. Spending the whole day fighting through a forest had left the class dead on their feet, even the more mischievous members only had it in them to make a couple jokes before passing out.

Chuuya himself had laid in that dark room, surrounded by light snoring and the occasional mutter, and had expected to be in for a late night. He was tired, of course, but he knew himself and knew sleeping with so many people in the room would be difficult.

Dazai was by his side, thankfully deciding that, after drawing on a few faces, to stay quiet and behave for the rest of the night. So, yeah, he had expected to fall asleep at some point, and probably not very deeply given the situation, but that was it.

It had taken Chuuya about and hour and a half to drift off, and while he had slept lightly, he can't recall waking up more than three times during the night.

Usually, on missions where he can't avoid sleeping in the same room as everyone else, it'll take about two hours to get to sleep and he'll be up for every creak or loud snore.

The fact that didn't happen…

Chuuya is deciding not to think about it.

That aside, Chuuya has no complaints about that night.

The morning, though?

Absolute hell.

Chuuya had gotten himself up, changed, brushed his teeth, and managed to drag Dazai up before most of the boys had woken up. At first he had assumed that he was early, his body naturally inclined to wake up before he actually has to get up, just so he can have time to properly get ready.

But then Todoroki and Iida dragged themselves up and went about getting ready not long after, Todoroki even making small talk as he brushed his teeth beside Chuuya.

Midoriya and Bakugou were next, both groggily waking up at the same time. It was almost amusing to watch Bakugou get annoyed about that, a glare on his face as if Midoriya had planned it all.

Aside from those four, though?

Dead asleep until the last possible moment.

When they did, eventually, get up, all Chuuya could hear was grumbling and complaining about having to get up so early. As if they hadn't slept in an extra half hour.

Aizawa hadn't been impressed either, if the way he slid the bedroom door open to scold them was any sign. They had ten minutes to get outside or their training for the day would be doubled, a threat that, with yesterday's events in mind, got the class moving.

Now, stood in a clearing of the forest, Chuuya can only hope tomorrow morning isn't as bad.

It's not like Chuuya had to wait around for everyone to get up, but that idiot Dazai had decided to drag his feet until everyone else was up.

Aizawa, stood in front of the miserable group of students, begins to speak, "The purpose of this training camp is to increase your strength, you lot aren't push overs, but you certainty won't stand a chance at getting your provisional licenses like this."

Hearing of hero licenses isn't a new thing for Chuuya, so he's gotten over the initial bafflement at the idea of needing a thing piece of plastic to save people. Really, what would hero society do if someone with the perfect Quirk came along, but they happened to fail the licence exam on pure misfortune?

Chuuya, once again, knows from personal experience that just having anyone with a strong power running around 'helping' people is a bad idea, still, he thinks he'd rather commit double suicide with Dazai than run around for a group of judges to give him permission to use his Ability how he pleases.

Beside him, Dazai leans in closer, a grin on his lips as he whispers,

"Say, Chuuya, you'll really commit double suicide with me?"

"What the fuck," Chuuya whispers back, did he say that part out loud or something?

… Alright, no, Dazai isn't telepathic, so Chuuya isn't even going to entertain that idea.

Dazai sticks his tongue out, "You'll always be my top choice, Chibi~"

Before Chuuya can press him on that further, Aizawa coughs and sends a quick glare in their direction, "A provisional Hero license will allow you to use your Quirks in public, so long as a fully qualified Hero is there with you or has given you permission."

He then pulls out a small ball, about the size of Chuuya's palm, before tossing it over to Bakugou, "Bakugou, your record at the start of the year was 705.2 metres, let's see if you're able to beat it."

It takes a second, but Chuuya has a vague idea of what Aizawa is talking about. Someone—maybe Midoriya? Or Kaminari— had told Chuuya about the Quirk apprehension test Aizawa had put them through right at the start of the school year. Supposedly, he said whoever got last place would get expelled, but revealed that to be a 'logical deception' at the end.

And knowing Aizawa… Well, it was easy to believe he'd done that. Probably not his first time either.

Bakugou grins as he walks forward, loosely rolling his arms as he throws the ball up and down.

"You got this Bakugou!" Kirishima calls out, the smile on his face not wavering even when Bakugou scoffs at him.

While Bakugou walks forward, Chuuya takes the chance to look around a little. The clearing they're in is large, the trees neatly trimmed to give them the most amount of space possible. The whole class could, easily, work in this area and still have room for more.

Interestingly, just along the treeline, Chuuya can spot various boxes and crates. Equipment for training, maybe?

Once in position, Bakugou throws the ball up and for the last time, the weight of it hitting his palm with a dull thud. His feet shift, one pulling behind the other as his right hand gears up to throw.

To the surprise of no one, Bakugou yells out as he throws, although the sound is partially muffled due to the multiple explosions he lets off at the same time. "Go to hell!!!"

The ball goes soaring, the extra power from the explosion pushing it further and further.

It flies and flies, gradually getting lower and lower until Chuuya is unable to see it through the thick trees.

Aizawa looks at his phone, huffing only slightly before turning the thing around.

709.6 metres

Huh.

Dazai, like the bastard he is, can't help himself but laugh, "And here I thought Kacchan was top of his class~"

Bakugou twitches, likely a second away from whipping around and turning his anger on Dazai. It wouldn't be the first time and, Chuuya thinks, he might just step aside and let Bakugou go at it this time. Maybe Chuuya will get lucky and Dazai will learn to stop purposefully aggravating people. Doubtful, but Chuuya can hope.

Unfortunately, Aizawa is quick to step between Bakugou and the rest of the class. "Quirks are like muscles, the more you use them, the stronger they get," He explains, not bothering to look back at the fuming Bakugou, "While you've all improved, your Quirks are still underdeveloped."

Then, perfectly calm as if commenting on the weather, Aizawa continues, "This camp will change that, you'll train so hard you'll feel like dying and then some."

If someone had asked Chuuya, before this mission, why he thought teachers chose the profession they did, he probably would have said something about having a passion for it. Wanting to help and see students develop, that sort of thing.

Aizawa is great and all, and at times he really does embody that classic teacher vibe. At other times, like right now, the grin on his face seems a little too genuine at the idea of working class 1A to the bone.

Midoriya, one of the few that doesn't actively look like he's planning

an escape, raises a hand, "B-But Sensei? With so many different Quirks…"

Whatever else he meant to say is quickly cut off by an overly-cheerful voice, "That's where we come in!"

From behind a nearby tree, and Chuuya is forced to wonder how long they've been huddled behind a few trees, a now familiar group of cat themed heroes jumps out.

One of them, a girl dressed in yellow with teal hair, is the first to slide into her position. "Four kittens in one litter!" She grins, lunging down and throwing her arms up, "Allow us to lend a helping paw!"

Mandalay is next, pulling the same pose she did yesterday just slightly in front of the yellow girl, "Your feline fantasies are here, say meow!"

The next, a tall and dramatically muscular man dressed in brown, clenches his paw hands together, "We're champions serving up justice… With our tails!"

"Purrrfectly cute and cat-like girls!" Pixie Bob chimes in, easily moving in place to complete the set up.

Together they grin and say, "You can call us… The Wild, Wild Pussycats!"

…

Chuuya has mostly gotten used to the outlandish way of life for pro heroes. He regularly talks to a man who, in professional circles, is known as 'Erasurehead' and doesn't make fun of his name. He has had a front row seat to Yamada pulling out an extra large hairspray bottle, because god forbid his hair obeys gravity's laws.

Still, seeing a group of grown adults dressed in fluffy skirts, making cat related puns, and jumping around is… Well.

If it was a choice between becoming Dazai's personal attendant and babysitter for a year, or having to do a chant like that, Chuuya would prefer to just pull the trigger.

The Wild, Wild, Pussycats don't seem put off by the lack of reaction to their chant, which must be a common occurrence.

With, thankfully little fanfare, they all break away from their carefully

arranged pose.

Aizawa looks over at Midoriya, "To answer your question, there is a reason why the Wild, Wild Pussycats were picked to help train you all."

The girl dressed in yellow jumps up a little, smiling wide even while her eyes don't quite focus on anyone in particular. "My name is Ragdoll, and my Quirk is called Search! I can sense up to one hundred people, I can also see their weaknesses and locations!"

Chuuya very rarely, if ever, wishes he had a different Ability. While he has suffered hardships because of the power he has, that doesn't change the fact that it's *his.* Being able to walk into a room full of enemies and come out without a single gunshot wound, being able to leap to the top of buildings without a second though, hell, being able to carry all his shopping in just one trip—Those are all the little things that build up his Ability, and he loves each part.

Still, though, sometimes he hears about someone else's Ability, or Quirk in this case, and can't help but feel a little jealous.

Ragdoll's Quirk isn't suited for the front lines, so it's not like Chuuya *actually* wishes he had it, but man, there have been a few missions where it would have come in handy.

Like the time Chuuya was brawling it out in an underground complex, only for Dazai to cut the lights without warning. The fucker had said it was to trip up the opponents, but Chuuya was the only one who would struggle to find his way around the place in the dark!

Had he been able to sense the locations of everyone, he wouldn't have spent almost five hours stumbling around that damn place.

Pixie Bob is next to speak, "You already know my Quirk, Earth Flow! With it I can make the purrfect training grounds for you all!"

From what Chuuya observed, 'Earth Flow' has a lot more potential than making 'perfect training grounds'. Not enough for Chuuya to be jealous about it, but if Pixie Bob had an Ability and not a Quirk, then she absolutely would have been snapped up by now.

Same with Ragdoll, actually.

Mandalay, and Chuuya is only now noticing the little kid—Kota?—from yesterday stood just behind her, gestures for everyone's

attention.

She then smiles with a very clearly closed mouth.

'With my telepathy I can give advice to multiple people at once!'

Chuuya, as he is finding out right now, does not like people talking directly into his head. Well, that's absolutely bumped her up in the risk rating.

Sure, there's a chance she can also hear other people's thoughts, which would be disastrous for the plan, but Chuuya has a more… Practical concern.

Even the most experienced, deadly fighter can be put off by incessant nagging. To have that but inside your own head, a place where you can't escape and get some peace and quiet?

Yeah, sounds like a nightmare.

He'll have to think more about that later though, seeing as the guy dressed in brown is stepping forward and Chuuya wants—

"And I'm here to beat you up!"

Which. Well. At least he's honest?

There are absolutely no further explanations offered for that, not even a name for the guy.

Aizawa, the biggest offender for 'saying something out there and pretending it's normal', gestures for the class to come closer, "Line up, we'll start giving out instructions now."

Class 1A share nervous looks, the tension only broken when Bakugou scoffs and stomps over to get his task. Chuuya can't quite hear what he's being told to do, and Bakugou's arrogant expression doesn't help him decipher it either.

Pixie Bob seems pretty excited by it, though, if the way she starts urging Bakugou along is any indicator.

The next student steps up, which is when Dazai slouches up against Chuuya's arm. His voice is low, eyes locked on the heroes across from them, "Ranking?"

Chuuya hums, biting back a laugh when Kaminari is handed—and

almost drops—a large battery. He looks down at the thing as if it's a torture device, which, now Chuuya is thinking about it, can't be that far from the truth. Even someone who uses Electricity as a Quirk isn't wholly immune to it's effects.

Chuuya shrugs, "Ragdoll, Mandalay, Pixie Bob, then the guy."

Dazai pushes further into Chuuya's space, a cold finger slipping under his sleeve to poke at his wrist. Chuuya allows it, which quickly turns into a mistake when the poking turns into pinching.

Expertly shifting so Chuuya's elbow can't hit him in the ribs, Dazai clicks his tongue, "Really? And I had high hopes for you Chibi…"

The thing is, Chuuya knows well what Dazai is trying to do here. Most of the time, actually, Chuuya is very aware that Dazai is intentionally trying to piss him off and get a reaction. After all, 'Chibi has the best reactions!'

Still, knowing that's what Dazai is after, and not falling for it are two different things.

Chuuya, and he never claimed to be above petty fighting, takes a sudden, large step to the side. He doesn't even step out that far, and yet Dazai, too used to Chuuya just putting up with being using as furniture, stumbles to stay upright.

"The hell does that mean?" Chuuya asks, biting back a laugh when Dazai scowls at him. Serves the bastard right.

Dazai sticks his tongue out, only coming back to lean on Chuuya a few seconds later, "I just thought you wouldn't be so easily scared off."

Again with the intentional button pushing.

Thankfully, all it takes is a glare and well placed elbow for Dazai to explain himself. Although, when the idiot actually opens his mouth, his words mean absolutely nothing to Chuuya, "Only an idiot can't identify their own weaknesses and turn them into advantages."

Which is such a Dazai thing to say, really, Chuuya should have expected that.

It's such a Dazai thing to do as well, pick apart himself just as he does his enemies, make sure there's nothing that can be turned around on him. Chuuya, both from seeing it happen and instigating himself,

knows that Dazai is good at turning an unfortunate situation around in his favour. If someone, Ragdoll in this case, manages to catch something that Dazai hasn't then, with all likeliness, that 'weakness' won't last long.

Chuuya doesn't have 'blink a second slow and I'll know you're the murderer' intelligence though.

"And anyway," Dazai continues, "If Chibi can't even multitask while fighting, well, I might just have to report you for failure to meet expectations."

"There's a difference between multitasking and having someone talking your head off," Chuuya shoots back, the 'I would know' feeling a little redundant to say.

Before either can say more, which is a shame since Chuuya was about to ask what Dazai would do about Mr. Beat-you-up, Aizawa calls out to them. Chuuya looks over, slightly surprised to see all the 1A kids walking off with various equipment and matching looks of dread.

Aizawa gestures for them to come closer and, on the way over, Chuuya spares a moment to look around. Bakugou, having been the first to get his task, is already set up some distance away. In front of him is a large metal barrel, the bottom set above a fire. Bakugou promptly shoves his hands into the water and, after a few seconds of glaring at it, pulls his arms up towards the sky before setting off as many explosions as he can.

A few steps away, Todoroki is being lead to another metal barrel by Mandalay. Chuuya can't help but feel morbidly curious about what his task will be.

He also wonders what the law has to say about this sort of thing, which he absolutely blames Aizawa for. Morality and Ethics class has been tackling laws pertaining to hero work and training, and, much to Chuuya's dismay, he's got most of them memorised at this point.

He pushes those thoughts to the side for now, although it's not like he plans on thinking further on it.

"Dazai, for a few hours I want you to train the capture weapon with me, then you can 'help' the rest of the class with their training," Aizawa says, pulling at his capture weapon until it split in two… Had he just been carrying a spare around for this exact moment? Does he usually do that?

Actually, how had Chuuya even missed it in the first place?

Aizawa, after handing the capture weapon over, looks at Chuuya, "Nakahara, would I be right to assume you aren't able to train your Ability like class 1A will be with their Quirks?"

Chuuya shakes his head, although part of him wants to ask Aizawa more information about that.

With Abilities, it's not like you *can't* make them stronger, it's just… Well, it's a matter of figuring out new ways to use them and bettering your control. With how Aizawa described Quirks, though, it seems possible to massively improve how much power is actually outputted.

If kids like Todoroki and Midoriya still have underdeveloped Quirks then they might just pose a threat to Chuuya one day.

Might being the keyword of course.

Well, whatever, maybe he'll just ask Midoriya about it later. Seems like the thing he would know all about, and asking him would have the added bonus of not appearing suspicious to Aizawa.

"I thought that would be the case," Aizawa starts, "You have a choice then. Train without your Ability with me, with your Ability with Tiger, or help out the class with their training. I'd prefer if you did some training for yourself, but it's up to you."

Training with Tiger, who must be the guy dressed in brown, could be interesting, but when Chuuya glances over to see him punching Midoriya into a tree, his interest in the option drops.

Don't get Chuuya wrong, he's not afraid of fighting someone who might be stronger than him. He's also not afraid of being knocked around a little, even if he so rarely gets hit these days.

He'd just rather not today and, since he has the option, Chuuya doesn't see the harm in it.

If it also means he can stay closer to Dazai throughout the day, then that's just a lucky coincidence.

Chuuya shrugs, "I guess I'll train with you for now, then maybe help out a bit?"

Training with Aizawa is pretty fun all things considered, even if he

makes Chuuya do dumb things like climb trees. On top of that, helping out with class 1A would be a good cool down.

"Alright."

Chuuya pulls an arm up, intending on doing a few light stretches before a proper warm up, only to notice something different.

That is to say, while the Ability nullifying bands don't feel anything like No Longer Human, Chuuya is still able to tell when he has access to his Ability. And right now, without a doubt, Chuuya could activate Upon The Tainted Sorrow if he wanted to.

When he looks back over at Aizawa, Chuuya finds his hands are in his pockets, one of them likely curled around the remote that returns Chuuya's Ability.

"You said we'd be training without my Ability," Chuuya says, half of his mind trying to figure out if this is some trick.

"I did." Aizawa shrugs, only bothering to explain more when Chuuya slowly nods, "You mentioned getting more freedom with this sort of thing, remember?"

He does, but that hardly explains anything.

"Obviously…" Chuuya trails off, doing his best to will Aizawa into explaining himself.

It's not like Chuuya doesn't want access to his Ability, but there has to be some sort of trick he's missing here.

Aizawa sighs, looking put out as if he wasn't behind this to begin with, "Both class 1A and 1B will be working on their Quirks, it's only a matter of time before an accident happens. Being able to keep yourself, and others, safe makes this the perfect time for it."

Then, without even the slightest sign of hesitation, "Besides, I trust you won't misuse it."

Which… Is the dumbest thing Chuuya has ever heard.

Has Aizawa already forgotten about Corruption? Even if he does, well and truly, trust that Chuuya won't attack class 1A, Corruption is a huge risk to that. It hardly makes sense for him to just…

Just let Chuuya do what he wants.

Dazai, and for once Chuuya is glad for his annoying partner, makes a sound of understanding, "Ah, but there are rules, right Sensei? We can't have little dogs going too far off leash."

Actually, Chuuya hates Dazai and wishes his bandages will always be itchy and wet. At the same time.

Aizawa pauses for a second, and it's only when nods does things make more sense. Right, Chuuya can use his Ability, but not too much. Nothing that would put the students in danger, nothing outside of Aizawa's line of sight.

Or, that's the rules Chuuya would have set if the roles were reversed.

Instead, Aizawa just continues to makes things worse.

"Dazai, you really need to stop with the dog jokes," Aizawa scolds, "And yes, there are rules. You two remember Kota?"

Chuuya nods, catching Dazai's grin out of the corner of his eye. No doubt his partner is remembering Kota's unique greeting to Midoriya, probably thinking of ways he can get the kid to mess with other students too.

Aizawa continues, "For the duration of the camp, neither of you are to talk with or bother him, alright? This is serious, so don't push this." He looks at Dazai a little more intently for that last part, which makes Chuuya feel a little better.

Not that it helps with everything else he's feeling. Namely, what the hell kind of rule is that?

Alright, keep the two mafia members away from the kid, sure, but what about Chuuya's Ability? About the rules for him having access to it? Is Aizawa just going to move on and act like nothing is wrong?

Aizawa, moving on as if nothing is wrong, sighs "Now then, the both of you, run ten laps around the treeline."

Dazai gasps, his face easily slipping into something similar to betrayal, "Ten laps? What a cruel Sensei you are!"

"I can make it twenty, if you want?"

At this point, Chuuya would run fifty if it meant he could get a little clarity on things.

Chapter End Notes

And we're back!! Did you all like the chapter? I know Shinsou povs usually go down well, so I hope you all liked that! I certainty had fun writing it haha.

And the Mandalay pov, what about her? I originally wrote that section as a Midoriya pov, and I actually kinda liked it, but I realised the main thing I wanted to convey in that section was Mandalay's opinion on skk, so it made more sense to swap. That's one thing I really want to try and highlight in this arc, how the WWPC and 1B still have negative opinions on skk, while class 1A and Aizawa have grown to see them as more than that. We'll see how that goes haha.

And Chuuya pov! Maybe could have been better, but the whole time I was writing it I was dead tired haha.

Now, I have some important things to mention here, so please read this!!

Well, firstly and most importantly, it's my birthday tomorrow! I expect to see many birthday wishes in the comments, or else I'll quit writing fanfiction forever and you'll never know how wwt ends. Ok, I'm being dramatic, but writing wwt for so long makes me deserve lots of birthday wishes.

Secondly, I got a job!! It's my first one, so I'm quite excited about it haha. I won't say exactly what I do, but it's something I really enjoy doing, and the people there are literally soooooo nice. A few of them are anime fans too! (If either of you are reading this... Uh. Hi I guess?) I'm not doing crazy hours either, so once I get used to working consistently I should still be able to update wwt as often as I currently do ^-^

My last piece of news is that there won't be an update next month! I know, I know, how could I do this to you all but!!! I promise wwt isn't going on hiatus or anything like that. It's just that the LoV attacking the camp is really soon, and I want to make it the best I possibly can! I do have a plan written out for it, but it's not quite where I want it to be. So, instead of writing it over however many months, and not being able to change things as I go, I'm gonna lock in and write it all! Doing it like this means I can put better foreshadowing and stuff in, which is something I

struggle with sometimes since I make up a lot of things on the fly haha. It also means, once I've finished writing it, I can post the chapters every week or so!

I'll say it again, if I ever discontinue wwt then I'll let you guys know asap! I'll also post a chapter with my plans for the rest of the fic, so if such a thing hasn't been posted then that means this fic is still updating!

Oh, and I haven't done one of these in a while sooooo this is a rest point! If you're reading this fic in the future where there are waaaaay more chapters, and you happen to be binge reading it, take a break now! The LoV attack will start soon, and I know taking a break when reading something like that is hard, so do it now!!!

Ah! One more thing!!

Some of you may recall that I said I was gonna rewrite early chapters. Well, months after saying that (and months after actually rewriting some chapters) I've finally posted the updated versions! Chapters 2, 3, and 4 have been edited so far! Now, I know some of you won't want to reread them, and that's totally fine! There aren't any major changes like new scenes or ideas integral to the plot, just rewording things and adding a few sentences here and there. (Again, I actually did these months ago, so please excuse me if there are big changes I forgot about. Shouldn't be, but you know) The early chapters are soooo different from how I write now, so it's nice to see them a little more caught up with the rest of the fic haha. It makes it easier for me to reread too, since I couldn't help but cringe reading them before.

If anyone reads the rewritten chapters do let me know what you think!

Now, I do think that's all I wanted to say...

(I forgot to say this when I posted, so I'll probably have to put this again next chapter so people see, but I made a tumblr account! I mostly post about crossover fic ideas, so if that interests you feel free to take a look! I absolutely encourage asks about this fic, or my ideas on other crossovers and stuff!)

Thank you all for reading, and I'll see you in two months time with the real meat of the training camp arc!

Chapter 38: Interlude - Broken glass

Chapter Summary

Kurogiri is still, and yet Shigaraki can feel the phantom pull of his portals at his back. He's ready to intervene the second things go South, ready to make sure Shigaraki survives no matter what.

But that won't be needed, not this time.

Chapter Notes

Bnha canon typical violent thoughts and such, but no other tw!

Thank you to AnxiouslyShipping for beta reading <333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Annnd, the first person back in the stadium is…. Midoriya Izuku!"

Since *that day*, Shigaraki has never paid much attention to the world of heroes. Oh, sure, he knew all about what All Might was up to, knew names of dumb newbies that thought they could make it big in the world, but he never made a point of watching things like the UA Sports Festival.

But now… Well, things are different now.

Now he has his conviction set in stone, knows what he must do to take down this faulty society once and for all.

All Might must die, and with him the faith everyone has in heroes will go too.

Scratch-scratch.

Shigaraki had thought the Nomu would be enough to take down All Might, after all, it was tailor made to withstand whatever All Might could throw at it.

… Almost everything, anyway.

Had All Might not pulled out that cheat at the end, then Shigaraki is confident the Nomu would have won, but whatever. The USJ was a failure, but that doesn't mean Shigaraki's goal is impossible to achieve.

"The next round is…. Cavalry Battle!"

Going for the big boss right away was a rookie mistake, and one Shigaraki won't make again. First, he needs to gather some party members, even if the ones Giran brings him seem like more trouble than they're worth. Having some actual heavy hitters instead of canon fodder will go far, especially with this new stage of his plan.

Scratch-scratch.

If he really wants to change how the world works — to remove that false sense of security — Shigaraki needs to break the trust society has in heroes. Killing All Might will deal a chunk of damage, but, in order to truly change things, then he has to do more…

When Shigaraki attacked the USJ, most of the blame had been shifted over to UA. Why hadn't they secured the place better? Why didn't they have more staff there? How could they let the students be put in such danger?

He'd even seen people questioning if parents should even allow their children to attend anymore. The public had, for even just a brief moment, seen how brutal the hero world can be and didn't like it.

Scratch-scratch.

That's not even to mention those Yokohama brats: the online speculation about UA had gone on for days after they decided to accept two little murderers as students. No one knew if the principal

was untrustworthy, dumb, or even both.

With no news about the two boys, things had settled somewhat, but even then…

All Shigaraki needs to do is push things more; truly break the illusion the hero world does its best to keep up. After all, losing faith in All Might will leave everyone uncertain, but losing faith in the system as a whole will make it crumble.

"It's your power!"

Master had been pleased when Shigaraki told him about his newly realised conviction, had praised him for not being so single minded. He'd already started arranging something too, making sure to promise Shigaraki that he'd have a chance to test his convictions soon.

The idea of it almost makes him giddy. Now he's more certain of himself, surely he'll be able achieve his goal?

"And, of course, first place is Baku—"

A glass shatters behind him, the sound causing Shigaraki to grit his teeth before whipping his head around. It comes as no surprise to him that the culprit, already on his feet, is none other than Dabi.

Of course, the very same one who couldn't properly introduce himself is now throwing things around like a child.

In the corner of his eye, Shigaraki catches Kurogiri as he sets down the glass he had been cleaning. In contrast, on the other side of the bar, Toga sits up from where she had spread out, a glean in her eye that makes Shigaraki want to roll his eyes.

When Shigaraki runs his attention to Dabi, eyes sliding past the shattered glass across the bar, he finds cold blue eyes set upon him. Dabi doesn't even bother to explain himself, instead glaring like a child that doesn't know how to communicate.

Shigaraki scoffs, one of his hands curling around his neck just as it begins to itch. Should he expect this to be a running habit with Dabi? All he does is huff and act all high and mighty, first by refusing to give his real name, now by smashing things without proper reason.

In order to achieve his goals, then Shigaraki needs competent allies, but… Surely, Shigaraki doesn't need this one, right?

"Shigaraki Tomura—" Kurogiri starts, always somehow knowing when his thoughts turn in the 'wrong' direction. It's annoying, always so annoying to have someone ready to police you like that, but in this instance, Shigaraki finds himself with the high ground.

Instead of hearing that Kurogiri's usual spiel again, Shigaraki, eyes still focused on Dabi, cuts him off, "No, you have something to say, so say it."

For a moment, Dabi doesn't still doesn't bother to speak, his eyes unmoving as a tense silence settles over the bar.

It's a funny thing, really, having a solid conviction. It wasn't so long ago that Shigaraki would have lost his patience, would have sprung forward to teach this bastard some manners. It isn't quite as satisfying to just keep eye contact, doesn't quite settle the urge under his skin to simply *destroy*, but Shigaraki manages.

He manages long enough for Dabi to scoff, the sound rough, before taking a step towards the door, "If I had known this was just a glorified hero fan club, then I wouldn't have fucking joined."

Once more, Shigaraki can make out the barest of movements from both Kurogiri and Toga, the duty to keep the peace and desire to draw blood.

Once more, Shigaraki ignores them.

Here he had thought that, despite his manners, Dabi might have the brains to make himself useful. If he had be scouted by Giran, a man who would get you an authentic cut of All Might's hair if you paid enough, then, surely, he had to be worth something?

Clearly, teamwork wasn't his strong suit, and now it seems his observation is just as bad. It's slightly disappointing but, so long as his Quirk is strong, then he might have use yet.

"So ignorant," Shigaraki chooses to say, his voice loud enough to catch

Dabi's attention.

Predictably, the man stops and turns, his eyes getting colder by the second.

Kurogiri is still, and yet Shigaraki can feel the phantom pull of his portals at his back. He's ready to intervene the second things go South, ready to make sure Shigaraki survives no matter what.

But that won't be needed, not this time.

Of course, Shigaraki would love to lay his hand on Dabi's face, watch as all that dead, burned skin falls away into dust, but things are different than the when they first met. Back then, Shigaraki wasn't aware of his conviction, didn't know that he'd need to take gathering allies more seriously.

Dabi still needs to prove himself but, for now, Shigaraki won't make any moves to kill him.

For a tense minute, no one speaks or moves. Who knows what Dabi is thinking — perhaps he really is pathetically weak — but Shigaraki knows what Kurogiri is doing. Sometimes, Shigaraki can't help but think the man an NPC, just standing around waiting for something to react to.

There is silence, until Toga gasps. In a matter of moments, she's gone from her spot on the booth seating to standing right between Shigaraki and Dabi, a grin on her face as she waves her phone around. "Hey, hey, how about we watch the Mt. Lady video instead? I have a copy of the uncut version!"

In the future, Shigaraki would look back on this moment and wonder if Toga had chosen her interruption intentionally. Had she shown her hand so early, proven herself not to be the crazed teenager most assumed her to be?

At the time, though, Shigaraki hadn't cared much for picking apart her every action.

Looking past Toga, Shigaraki once again locks eyes with Dabi, "Since you're so impatient, then I'll explain. Killing the main boss is always the goal, but what about the back up? What about all those idiots walking around thinking they can be the next All Might?"

What happens when Shigaraki kills All Might, and then someone new

take his place? What happens if some idiot makes a speech, maybe saves a few kids, and inspires a whole new generation to foolishly go along with hero society?

All Might, UA, hero society as a whole.

"*This* is one of our key players," Shigaraki gestures to the TV where one Bakugou Katsuki, chained and muzzled, stands upon a podium, "Him and those Yokohama brats."

Toga gasps, but Shigaraki has already gotten quite good at ignoring her antics.

From across the room, Dabi shifts, his posture still so standoffish and yet, Shigaraki notes, he's not longer angled towards the door. "And what the hell does that mean?"

To that, Shigaraki can feel his lips pulling into what might be a smile, "Isn't it obvious? We'll take one of theirs, release those two brats, and see just how much the people trust heroes after that."

At the USJ, Shigaraki had been entirely focused on targeting All Might, all those hero brats had just been little tag-alongs.

This time, though?

This time the students of UA are his target: his stepping stone to bringing his goal to life.

Chapter End Notes

So. Little later than I said I would update, and an interlude at that...

I was always gonna post this interlude here (although originally as a Dabi pov) but I was planning to post a longer chapter with it but... Listen, turns out writing an entire arc is a little harder than I expected, especially when I am unable to shut up and keep things short. I am 32k deep into the training camp arc and the end is not in sight. Hopefully this interlude can tide you all over or, at the very least, reassure you that this fic is still very much updating!

Sighhhh, I wanna give an estimate for the next proper chapter but

at this rate I'm not sure... I'll aim for a months time but don't hold your breath guys. I can at least comfort you by saying that some interesting things are gonna happen in the next arc hehe... Let's just say SKK are gonna be working hard!

Anyway! This little interlude was pretty fun (lie, it was a struggle) to write! I especially like how Shigaraki keeps calling Dabi childish because, in the other Dabi povs I have prewritten, he calls Shigaraki a child a lot haha.

Also!!!! I recently signed up to something called "Fandoms Trumps Hate" I've never done it before, but it's a charity drive where people donate to one of the chosen charities which then enters allows them to "bid" on getting a gifted fanwork (fics, art, etc.) To be clear, the money never goes to the FTH team or the person creating the work so there shouldn't be any problems surrounding the legalities of making money off fanfics. Think of it like a thank you for donating to charity!

I'm actually quite excited for it haha, I really love making things for other people!! I've put the fandoms I'll write for as bsd, bnha, and Naruto annnnd, I said I'll write a min of 10k 👀 If any of that interests you, I recommend checking out their tumblr for more info! (Especially the FAQ page!) There will be a bunch of creators offering different fandoms and stuff, so it should have something for everyone!!!

That's all I have to say this time, please pray that I actually finish the training camp arc soon and, most importantly, place your guesses as to how long it'll be...

Thank you for reading!!!!

Chapter 39: Training camp continues and Dazai schemes!

Chapter Summary

> *Not that he minded Dazai's triflings at all… His mischievousness was the light needed in the mafia, keeping Chuuya from straying into dark, dismal loneliness… It kept his demons at bay…*

Chapter Notes

> CW: I don't think there's anything, but let me know if something should be added!
>
> Thank you to AnxiouslyShipping for helping to write some of this chapter (will expand more in the end notes), and thank you to Echo78 for beta reading!!!! You're both the best ever ❤□❤□❤□❤□❤□

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If there is one thing Todoroki is used to, it is spending hours at a time pushing his Quirk to its limits.

Todoroki can remember the day his Quirk manifested—Well, he can remember it in vague snatches. He remembers the sun, the heat of summer beating down on his back as he watched his older siblings play. He remembers sneezing and feeling something change, something powerful fizzle out into the world.

He sneezed, and both ice and fire spiked along his arms.

Todoroki likes to think he was excited back then, a childish sort of excitement, showing off his brand-new Quirk. He can't say for sure, though, that any feelings he had on the matter had quickly become irrelevant when his siblings had seen his Quirk, when his mother had laid her eyes on it.

He was too young to understand their expressions then, but he remembers them clearer than anything else, and he now knows that they all must have been thinking the same thing. The very second his "perfect" Quirk showed its face, his fate was sealed.

From that day, from the very second his father found out, Todoroki

became very intimate with working his Quirk until he couldn't move anymore.

But this, the method Aizawa-sensei somehow cooked up, feels harsher than any "training" Todoroki went through at home.

… Alright, perhaps that's an over exaggeration, but Todoroki thinks he's justified in it.

Back home, at the very least, he could snatch chances to take breaks by sending waves of ice. He could dodge, ignore his father's shouts to man up, and take those precious few seconds to breathe and attempt to regulate his temperature.

But Aizawa-sensei hadn't set Todoroki up against an opponent and told him to work until he passed out. No, instead, he had sent Todoroki off to a metal barrel filled with water propped above a small campfire and told him to get inside.

Given the temperatures Todoroki is used to with his fire, boiling water isn't something that can hurt or phase him much.

(Boiling water doesn't do much, especially on his left side, which is almost ironic in a sense. Had his mother not panicked, not attempted to use her ice to soothe his face, there would have been no scar to speak of.)

Then Aizawa-sensei had told him that, until lunch, his job was to constantly switch between sending out waves of ice and fire, all while doing his best to regulate his temperature.

Todoroki sighs, his thin shirt sticking uncomfortably to his chest and back.

His hand slaps the side of the metal barrel, and a wave of fire rushes out.

The first hour had been easy, then the heat under his skin had refused to let up, and Todoroki had begun to wonder just how sadistic his teacher really is.

Slap, ice.

Of course, he's allowed to take a break if needed, but no longer than ten minutes at a time, and even then, it comes with conditions.

Slap, fire.

Not that the conditions are all that bad, and Todoroki could even time his break to match up with some of his friends, but in the end, he'd have to come back to this damn barrel anyway.

Slap, ice.

Constantly sending ice and fire out isn't that different from the training he did back home, so on that front, Todoroki isn't all that affected.

Slap, fire.

The temperature regulation is what's getting to him, because keeping a baseline while sitting in boiling water is far harder than he'd thought it would be.

And, if he's being honest, regulating his temperature has never been his strong suit. It should be something that comes easily to him; his Quirk is perfectly made for it after all, but years of refusing to use his fire left him stunted in that department.

Slap, ice.

Even back when he was about five, new to his Quirk and the life he'd been forced into, he'd been stubborn about heating himself up after using his ice. There had been one notable incident where, after his father had stormed off, Todoroki had been left on the floor of the training room with what must have been hypothermia quickly setting in.

He doesn't remember much of that day, only the pain and bone-chilling cold taking over his small body.

(The pain, bone-chilling cold, and warm hands tugging at his arms. A body so warm that he couldn't help but curl into it, couldn't help but clutch on tight so it didn't leave, even despite the complaints and insults.

Todoroki doesn't tend to think too deeply on that day, can't bring himself to, when all it does is raise more questions. Aside from his father, the rest of his family have ice Quirks, so that day, it must have been—)

Slap, fire.

Aizawa-sensei probably noticed that when he uses his ice too much, it starts to form along his skin, which shouldn't happen if he's properly regulating his temperature.

Slap, ice.

It's for the best that he learns to regulate better, but this particular method…

Todoroki sighs, his eyes drifting off to the designated break area. About four students sit there, each given a few minutes before Shinsou sheepishly approaches them.

They're all 1B students, but maybe Todoroki could just take a break now anyway, just long enough that he can get his baseline back under control.

Slap, fi—

A chill rushes down Todoroki's spine, one so sharp and unlike any cold he's ever felt.

He feels… Empty, like something has been stolen from beneath his very nose. It only takes a second for the shock to run out, after which Todoroki whips his head around to find—

Dazai.

Dazai, with just one finger lightly pressed on Todoroki's shoulder, and a smirk on his face.

"So unobservant!" Dazai chides, his finger pressing harder for just a moment before finally letting up. Immediately, Todoroki feels his Quirk rush back to him.

He then feels, or rather registers, the unbearable warmth of the water he's sat in. Todoroki had thought it hot before, but now, with his Quirk off, he's forced to realise just how much heavy lifting the ice side of his Quirk had been doing.

"Next time I won't be so nice!" Dazai calls out as he starts walking backwards, his eye locked on Todoroki's until the last moment. Once outside of the marked off range of Todoroki's Quirk, without so much as a goodbye, he's slinking off in the direction of another student.

Todoroki activates his Quirk first and foremost, one hand

absentmindedly slapping the barrel as he watches Dazai perfectly reach out in time to brush against Iida, causing his engines to cut out and for him to land face-first on the ground.

… Sure, whatever.

-

Is it a dumb idea to go around using his Ability on people when, just a few days ago, Kaminari had been able to get over the initial shock of it?

Perhaps.

Thing is, with or without the physical feeling of nullification, No Longer Human is still a very useful, sought-after Ability. That moment of stunned shock, the feeling of having something so precious taken away, is just a little added bonus in Dazai's opinion.

That's not saying Dazai is dumb enough to go around letting everyone get comfortable with it, but… Well, against his better judgment, Dazai just couldn't help but mess around with the students a little.

He had the idea of chasing the students around, nullifying their Quirks at will, so long ago now—Denying himself this would just be too cruel. Besides, with the mission coming to an end soon, this might be Dazai's last chance to mess with the students!

… Alright, he does have another idea or two to fit in before going back to Yokohama, but still!

Seeing his idea in action has truly made the wait well worth it! Seriously, watching Iida face-plant and being unable to scold Dazai, as, technically, Aizawa allowed it, was perfect.

Mina's reaction had been great too. So absorbed with throwing her acid against some rocks, she hadn't noticed when Dazai just waltzed up behind her. With just one touch, Dazai had seen his Ability take effect and had expected some sort of dramatic reaction…

… Only for Mina to collapse with muffled tears. Jirou, who had been training nearby, had been quick to ask her what was wrong, only for Mina to sob out that "She trained so hard her Quirk disappeared!"

With reactions like that, it's just so hard not to continue tormenting everyone.

Dazai hadn't even gotten around to class 1B yet either! He'd really meant to, but just targeting class 1A over and over again, sometimes letting them see him lingering but not actually targeting them, had been too good.

Now, seated at a table with strict instructions from Chuuya not to move, Dazai watches as both classes work hard to prepare their own dinner as he plans out what he'll do tomorrow.

Aizawa will want him to train with the capture weapon more tomorrow, which isn't that much of a hardship. Sure, Aizawa likes to push Dazai to put in maximum effort, but the capture weapon has turned out far more useful than Dazai expected. He even got to use it a little earlier to drag Uraraka down when her inflatable bubble enclosure had gotten a little too high.

Naturally, he had then tormented her a little, which earned him the harshest look he'd ever seen on Uraraka before, before setting her bouncing off again.

Maybe he'll make an effort to take his capture weapon back to Yokohama, just so he can continue training with it. Loathe as he is to admit it, right now his skill level isn't quite high enough to make using it in battle worth it, but the surprise factor of it would surely go well with his Ability…

Ah, well, now he understands why Aizawa chose to invent such a weapon rather than use something easier, like a gun.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Bakugou snaps, his rough tone dragging Dazai's attention over to him.

Right beside him is Uraraka, a knife in one hand and a carrot in the other, "Eh— What do you mean?"

For a second, Bakugou doesn't say anything, instead giving such a pointed look down at the chopping board. Uraraka looks down, her eyebrows pulled together, she looks up again with an expression that distinctly says 'What are you on even on about?'

Bakugou sighs before scowling, "God, I asked for diced carrots, not butchered ones! Move aside!" His hand comes up, expectantly laid out and waiting for the knife.

For a second, Uraraka almost looks a little offended, then she looks in the direction of Bakugou's own work before sighing. With no fuss, she

hands over the knife and steps back so Bakugou can dice the carrots to his standards.

Kaminari, who had eagerly partnered up with Chuuya, laughs, "Hah, maybe we should have another cooking contest!"

And oh, wouldn't Dazai *love* to see that again.

The first contest had been a while ago now, back when class 1A treated everything Dazai did as if he were setting up a murder. If he remembers correctly, that whole contest had done wonders at moving the bonding plan along for a few different reasons.

Seeing Chuuya do something as dumb as a cooking contest had humanised him to the class, and the little picture-sharing session Dazai had indulged in added to their misplaced sense of pity.

Of course, outside of all the analytical parts, it was just rather fun to see Chuuya and Bakugou of all people compete in such a mundane way. They had both risen up to the challenge, because obviously, and had acted like their lives were at stake.

While no official winner had been picked, Dazai had been carefully paying attention to people's opinions of each dish, along with their nonverbal cues. No one said it, but it was clear (to him) that Chuuya had won.

If they did another contest, this time with so many more people to judge, maybe someone would be brave enough to actually say that Bakugou's cooking is shit.

And on the coat tails of that, Dazai could intentionally target Bakugou during training afterwards—Except not with No Longer Human. It was a while ago, but Dazai remembers how Bakugou had wanted to get used to the chilling effect, how he had stormed over demanding Dazai to use his Ability on him.

No, Dazai would maybe use his Ability a few times, when the opportune moment strikes, but there are hundreds of ways he could annoy Bakugou.

Maybe he could even use the capture weapon, although he'd want to practise just a little more before that. Sure, he could accurately use it to grab Bakugou and pull him around a little, but Aizawa says his grip is still too loose, and that's not even taking into account how slow he is with the recall.

Ideally, he'd use the capture weapon to drag Bakugou off-centre before pulling it back, perfectly hiding away before Bakugou has a chance to see who did it.

It would be obvious, but Dazai can already hear the pissed off shouting and demands for him to stop being a coward from here.

And all of that, on top of the indignation of losing the cooking contest…

It's very easy for Dazai to keep the smirk off his face, but still, he's glad Chuuya is looking the other way right now. Knowing him, he'd realise that Dazai is up to something within seconds, which would be no fun at all.

Of course, along with this new plan to bother Bakugou, Dazai still has something else he needs to work on.

While they had originally been told that everyone had to help prepare and cook meals, it quickly became obvious that having forty-some students working at the same time wasn't quite practical.

Even just ten minutes into making dinner, there had been multiple cases of miscommunication, from two groups cutting the same vegetable on opposite sides of the dining area to someone over-salting the broth because they heard "more" instead of "stop".

Aizawa and the Pussycats hadn't felt the need to step in either, which, after another five minutes of people bumping into each other due to the limited space around the stove set up, had led the students to take things into their own hands.

Iida and Kendo had put together a little roster, effectively putting half of each class on cooking duty each time while the other halves kept out of the way.

Dazai hadn't been included on either side of the roster—and not for lack of trying on Iida's part. He had been particularly insistent that everyone contribute in some way, as it just wouldn't be fair to have some students do all the work and blah blah blah.

Then Chuuya had regaled the story of how Dazai burnt cup noodles (unfair characterisation, he started getting shot at halfway through) but still ate them (limited edition crab flavour) and even tried to disguise the worst burnt bits in Chuuya's food (no excuse there).

It got him benched (literally, seeing as Chuuya had been very strict about Dazai staying seated on the picnic benches set up for the class) from helping cook, though, which Dazai couldn't really complain about.

Especially when it meant he could keep an eye on the students who were not working, particularly one, Ashido Mina.

Every few minutes, Mina would glance up at Chuuya, then at Dazai, before smiling and writing something down in her notebook. Occasionally, she'd tilt it for Hagakure to see, who would then reach over and point at something before shaking her arms in excitement.

Dazai has to get his hands on that notebook.

He'd already planned on giving Mina a little… Material, so to speak, just enough to get her imagination going without actually confirming or denying anything. His ideas were mostly what he usually did to Chuuya, except maybe lean in a little closer, grab his hand for whatever reason, somehow get all in his face without Chuuya taking it as an invitation to start a fight, things like that.

If Mina has her own ideas, though, then wouldn't it be such a wasted opportunity not to make them into real life?

The best part of it would, naturally, be coming up with mundane excuses as to why he's acting weird. It would do no good if Chuuya, loudly enough for Mina to hear, said something that gave it all away.

No, not only will Dazai have to act normal enough that Chuuya doesn't think much of it, but he also has to have good enough excuses to make everything seem friendly.

Which may be difficult, given that those books Mina gave him were… Far, far from friendly.

'Darkness, Mafia, and Love' had started off with the protagonists simply being coworkers, albeit one a few levels higher in the mafia hierarchy, before various dangerous missions pushed them closer and closer. Once it hit about the mid-way point, after a (unrealistic) hostage situation, the two got past all their reservations and really dove into their relationship.

'Our Forbidden Romance' was a little more interesting to read, two heirs of opposing mafia groups falling fast in love, desperate to be together in any snatched moment they could get. Dazai had, for a

good few chapters, thought there was going to be some actual weight to the book, but then the two protagonists ran away with about a third of the book left, both living out their domestic bliss dreams, with a surprising amount of 'fade to black' scenes thrown in.

The final book, 'My Heart Rebels', was the classic civilian falls in love with a dangerous mafia boss trope. Dazai has seen his fair share of this trope and, as anyone the Port Mafia can attest, there is hardly a shortage of people lingering about Headquarters hoping to start one fling or another.

Now, until Dazai gets that notebook in his hands, there's no real way to tell what Mina has been writing. He can, however, make a few educated guesses; Something involving both him and Chuuya, definitely romantic, a few different "schemes" for getting them to, what, kiss? Loudly declare their undying love for each other?

Regardless, Dazai is sure he can get a few ideas from her notebook, and if he does this right, Mina will be none the wiser that he peeked.

Like with all plans, the most important part is the timing. So, with a grin on his face as he throws out a few heckles at Chuuya, Dazai settles in to play the long game.

Ten minutes later, Dazai finds his opening.

Hagakure had gotten up a few minutes ago, wandering off to speak with someone else, leaving Mina to her own devices. With far more motivation than Dazai had seen her with in class, Mina had just continued to sit quietly and write, her hand never stopping for more than a few seconds at a time.

A quick glance tells him that Chuuya has been dragged along by Kaminari, joined by a few 1B members, into making… Something. Dazai would say they're making gyoza, from this angle he can just about make out Chuuya folding something in his hands, but Kaminari also just dumped about half a bag of flour into the bowl, so. Dazai might not be an expert in cooking, but even to him, that seems like a little too much.

Regardless, with Chuuya distracted, there's no one to stop him.

Sure, anyone might happen to look over and be a little suspicious—Aizawa in specific, but even then, what could they do? Dazai would just throw up his most genuine look and say he just wanted to talk to a classmate, dare he say even a *friend*.

Aizawa, along with anyone from class 1A, would so back off if Dazai called Mina a friend.

Chuuya, however, would use that infuriating look of his, the one that says he's seen right through Dazai's best laid plans.

Amusingly, Mina doesn't actually seem to notice his presence until he's right in front of her, and even then, Dazai is able to lean over a little, just enough to catch a snippet from her precious notebook.

—reminder; look up how to convince ppl to join party games, specifically spin the bottle or—

He doesn't get a chance to read anything more than that, but Dazai can see how the pages are covered in neat words, how some things have been scribbled over, how arrows and little doodles decorate the edges of the pages.

The notebook snaps shut, the sound almost as loud as Mina's, "Ah!" She looks up at Dazai, her eyes frantically flicking between her notebook, Dazai, and something (someone?) just over his shoulder. "How… How long have you been there?"

Dazai stares at her for a moment, then a few more just to really make her sweat, before shrugging, "Just a few seconds, why?"

Mina's shoulders hesitantly drop as she shakes her head, "No reason!"

Despite that, Dazai can see the way her grip on the notebook tightens, how, while being pleased she hadn't been caught, Mina is still far too on edge.

For a hero in training, it's a good thing, which means she isn't so stupid as to be caught unawares in a dangerous situation. Well, not so stupid as to immediately let her guard down; with a little… persuasion, a little sweet-talking, Dazai is sure he can get that notebook out of her steady grip.

With movements far larger than he would prefer, Dazai drops down onto the bench next to Mina, albeit leaving a decent wedge of space between them. Then, making sure his arms stay low and open, that he's angled toward Mina without crowding her, Dazai settles in.

When it comes to subtle persuasion, body language is everything.

Mina still looks a little tense, confused as to why Dazai decided to come sit next to her, perhaps worried that he might realise what she's up to.

"About those books," Dazai starts, tone deceptively light, "They were all very… interesting."

And just like that, the suspicion begins to wash away as Mina's face lights up. She hasn't let go of the notebook just yet, hasn't completely let her guard down, but the way she eagerly leans in speaks volumes, "Oh yeah?"

Dazai nods, allowing himself to smile just enough to sell the act, "And so realistic! Reading some of those paragraphs, I almost felt like I was back in Yokohama!"

A bald-faced lie, but who is Mina to know that?

Frankly, while it was clear there was some research done into mafia workings, all three books had a… Well, Dazai wouldn't say an idealised view, but they just never seemed to commit to the truths of what a mafia is. Even the gangs with "morals" still cut corners, still dabble in trades they claim to be above all for the sake of a bit more money, a tiny edge over the other gangs.

That's not to mention what the protagonists managed to get away with. Dazai has personally sent more people to their graves for minor infractions, and yet these characters can get away with sleeping with the enemy and messing up "essential" operations?

"Ugh, I know, right?!" Mina agrees, leaning forward with a smile on her face, "Kamiya, that's the author of 'Darkness, Mafia, and Love', just really knows how to set a scene! Whenever I read her works, I always get chills!"

Dazai shrugs, "Kamiya was alright, I suppose."

Mina double-takes, and—Dazai mentally grins—lets go of her notebook to instead grab onto the lapel of Dazai's coat. She leans in a little, her legs rising just enough to slide the notebook onto the bench between them.

It's far too dramatic, and frankly, Dazai could go without being dragged in closer, but the proximity allows him to shuffle a hand over

Mina's notebook, the decorated cover hidden by the folds of his coat.

"You suppose?! Kamiya is like the best author ever! She just really knows how to capture the emotion in the scene!" Mina exclaims, gently shaking Dazai with each word.

His hand, and the notebook by proxy, moves closer to the edge of the bench as Dazai hums, "Sure, sure, let's go with that,"

Mina frowns, "What, you think Miyagawa is better?"

In truth, Dazai had thought that Kamiya was the better of the three authors, while, at times unrealistic, the way she described going on missions hadn't been too far from the truth. The fight scenes had been well-written too, easily striking a balance between being genuinely violent and not detracting from the book's real focus, the romance.

Agreeing with Mina on this, though, would never get him where he needs to be.

Instead, Dazai shakes his head, "I never said that."

Mina is quick to jostle him around again, and Dazai, getting tired of that, loudly huffs, "But you—Urgh! You just need to read more by Kamiya, then you'll see what I mean!"

And just like that, Mina realises Dazai's coat before jumping up to her feet. She sends a determined look in Dazai's direction, one thumb jabbing over her shoulder towards the main building, "Come with me, I brought a couple of her books with me."

For a second, Dazai is almost worried that Mina might remember her notebook. That's, by far, the biggest risk in this plan. Actually getting the notebook away from Mina is one thing, but the second she thinks about Dazai and Chuuya, the second she wants to write something down, then she'll remember and, without a doubt, know exactly when she misplaced it.

But Mina doesn't falter; instead, she charges forward towards the girls' room.

Dazai swipes his hand, the notebook making a dull thud as it hits the ground under the table, "Alright~"

Step one: separate Mina from the notebook. Complete. Now all he has to do is employ some choice words, get a few people to do his dirty

work, perhaps, to keep Mina from remembering.

-

It's not that Midoriya was intentionally watching Kota while preparing dinner, but, well…

Alright, maybe he was intentionally watching, but just a little bit! And, really, he couldn't help it. Knowing what he does, it's hard not to feel sympathy for Kota.

That whole conversation with Mandalay had been a tough one; Midoriya's instinct to defend his classmates clashed with the knowledge that, yes, most of the world still sees them as Villains beyond help.

With Kota specifically, it's hard. On one hand, Midoriya can fully understand why he's so angry, why having his parents ripped away from him would never be something he could just 'get over'. He doesn't want to even imply that Kota shouldn't be so upset, but it still sits so wrong within him when he thinks about it.

It's clear to Midoriya that Kota's grief got mixed up in the aftermath, that everything he was feeling got condensed into 'they died because they were Heroes'.

He wants to help Kota, help him see all the good Heroes do, even if their lives are at risk.

It was hard to keep his mind off that while preparing dinner, a dangerous thing considering how hungry everyone was. There had already been a few mistakes earlier on, ones that hadn't necessarily ruined the food, but since Midoriya was in charge of keeping an eye on the rice, he'd hate to mess things up so close to everyone being done.

He'd hate even more to mess things up, since a few of his classmates and maybe some members of 1B seemed to be placing a lot of importance on having a nice hot meal to finish the day.

Case in point, Mina, who, according to the hushed whispers passed around by Dazai, had nearly started crying while showing him something out of hunger. While Hagakure and a few others had stuck close to her after hearing that, making sure her mind was firmly on other things, Midoriya had still felt the pressure big time.

Still, despite his mind wandering and his attention drifting from the rice to the boy sitting by himself, the curry and rice everyone had worked so hard on had turned out alright, as well as it could have, given the chaotic group making it.

As his classmates piled their plates, grins on their faces, Midoriya couldn't quite join them. Instead, his eyes drift once more to Kota, who, unnoticed by all but one, is slinking off into the forest alone.

The draw of sitting down with his classmates and eating is intense, quite literally gnawing at his stomach. Training today was hard. The idea of a hot meal sounds like heaven right now, but…

But Kota is wandering off somewhere in the forest without a plate of curry, and Midoriya can't just let him go off hungry like that.

So, despite his own hunger, Midoriya picks up a plate, carefully scoops both curry and rice onto it, and sets off into the forest.

The darkness makes it hard to see where he's going, and that's not to mention the head start Kota had gotten. It would be embarrassing to set out like this only to turn around without even giving Kota his food. Worse, even, would be getting himself lost and having to disturb Aizawa-sensei to come find him.

Carefully, Midoriya keeps his eyes on the ground below him, only just barely making out small footprints trailing ahead of him.

It's difficult, but between the footprints and the vague, half-captured glimpses of Kota between trees, Midoriya manages to navigate himself to a large cliff face.

He stands there for a moment, eyes trailing up the rocky face, before heading towards the grassy embankment towards the side.

It's steep, and the jagged rocks littering the path don't help, but Midoriya continues walking upwards. Even when his foot catches on something, when he almost trips and drops the plate of food, he simply re-centres himself before setting off again.

Part of him feels on edge being out in the forest this late, the shadows between the trees just dark enough that his mind wants to start playing tricks on him.

A larger part of him feels oddly at peace, the silence save for the wind in the trees, the knowledge that there's no need to pretend to be

anything he isn't all the way out here, lifts a weight Midoriya didn't know was there.

Eventually, the path he's walking on widens out about halfway up, creating a plateau that overlooks the forest. There are still more rocks piled up, a large mound that keeps going up to an impossible height, and Midoriya feels dwarfed by its shadow as he steps out onto the plateau.

Sitting upon the cliff's edge, Midoriya finds Kota staring out at the never-ending darkness of the forest. His small body is relaxed to a degree Midoriya hadn't seen on him before, not anything like the tense string he usually is, just one snip away from snapping.

Midoriya thinks of the dark, of the gentle wind brushing his hair, of the silence and freedom of being alone, and understands.

Of course, that's all to say Kota *was* relaxed until Midoriya, no longer paying attention to the ground below him, stepped on a twig.

The snapping sound broke the gentle quiet, Kota being quick to tense up and whip his head around a second later, "What do *you* want?"

Midoriya smiles, something that must come across as terribly unsure of himself. He was caught off guard, still unsure of how he was even going to talk with Kota. It's hard not to shuffle awkwardly on his feet as Kota continues to stare him down.

Still, he does his best to morph his smile into something more reassuring, something that might just convey Midoriya as someone approachable, someone who only wants the best for him.

Clearing his throat, Midoriya starts, "I brought some curry, we just finished making it, so…"

It's not quite piping hot anymore; it had taken Midoriya a good few minutes to track Kota down after all, but the bowl is still warm in Midoriya's hands, the smell wafting around with each blow of the wind.

Kota glances at the curry, sharply huffing before turning around, "Tch. Leave me alone."

Which… Is a little disappointing. Midoriya had been hoping Kota would be a little more friendly if Midoriya brought him some food, maybe willing to even sit down together while he ate.

In Midoriya's own experiences, he's always more willing to talk about more sensitive things over a warm meal. There's something about it, sitting close to another person and just sharing a meal, even something as mundane as a few slices of toast.

There were times when Midoriya had sat next to his mother, pitifully biting back his tears as he told her about what happened at school that day, all while carefully picking up chunks of chicken with his chopsticks. It had always helped to have something else to focus on, something warm and tasty.

Of course, his main intention had been to bring Kota something to eat, but Midoriya would have been lying if he said he wasn't also hoping the food would get Kota to talk a little.

"I'll leave it here then," Midoriya awkwardly says, crouching down to set the bowl on a nearby boulder.

Kota doesn't say anything at that, still just staring out at the forest.

And Midoriya should leave, should just be happy that Kota hasn't outright refused the food altogether, but… But he thinks about what Mandalay had said to him, how hearing about Kota's life had left Midoriya truly without words.

Being a Hero is about helping people, and here, sitting just steps away from him, is a small boy who clearly needs someone to reach out.

A memory comes to mind, one from just after his fight with Todoroki during the Sports Festival. Midoriya was all bandaged up, in pain, and so tired when All Might came to visit him.

"Meddling when you don't need to is the essence of being a Hero."

That's how he managed to get through to Todoroki, how he got his friend to live for something other than spiting his father. If it worked for him, then maybe…

"About your parents… They were the Waterhose Heroes, right?"

Mandalay hadn't said it herself, but for someone like Midoriya, it hadn't been hard to figure out. The Waterhose Heroes had been a duo,

a married couple that worked so well together that people sometimes thought they had some sort of telepathy.

The thing about them, though, was that they weren't nearly as strong alone as when they were together. If Midoriya remembers correctly, one of them could produce large splashes of water but couldn't control them; in contrast, the other could control water but couldn't produce it. Together, they were balanced, the perfect duo.

That's what everyone online had always said, and Midoriya had been inclined to agree. These days, too many duos don't have completely compatible Quirks, and, when compared to a duo like the Waterhose Heroes, it shows just how weak they are together.

Their deaths had been unexpected; such a fantastic duo brought down by a Villain that would go on to escape arrest.

It's only when Kota's head whips around, face already twisted in anger, that Midoriya realises that he shouldn't have led with that.

"You—" Kota shouts, his eyes glaring daggers into Midoriya's skin, "Mandalay told you, didn't she?!"

"Ah, well, kind of—" Midoriya cuts himself off, a pit growing in his stomach. He's messed this up already, oh god. "I'm sorry about what you went through, I know—"

As if Midoriya crossed a line in the sand, Kota is on his feet within seconds. His fists are clenched hard, and, for just a moment, Midoriya is reminded of the fierce glares Kacchan would always throw his way when they were kids.

Except back then, Kacchan was angry and, in most cases, annoyed about Midoriya bothering him.

Kota has the anger, absolutely, but there's something else on his face, something almost desperate in nature.

It's only a second later that Kota is speaking, only a brief second, and yet it feels like far longer to Midoriya. It feels like their standoff goes on for so much longer, each second pushing something into Midoriya's face that he can't ignore.

A sinking feeling settles in his chest, one that tells Midoriya that he made a mistake coming up here, made a mistake bringing up Kota's parents like that.

"'*Sorry'* won't bring them back, will it?!" Kota snaps, "Now, leave me alone! Being around so many hero wannabes makes me sick!"

His arms jerk around, as if he wants to raise his fists and hit Midoriya again—Which Midoriya would rather he didn't, but, dammit, he really did mess up just then.

"Kota—" Midoriya starts, intent on apologising—on doing anything to try and calm Kota down.

"I said, leave me alone!" Kota cleanly cuts him off, feet still planted right near the cliff's edge, "Or are you too dumb to understand that?!"

Unbidden, Midoriya can't help but remember his conversation with Mandalay yesterday.

He hadn't known what to say to her back then, hadn't known how to tell her that Dazai and Chuuya weren't nearly as bad as people were saying when faced with her genuine worry. She didn't want them at camp because of her worry about how it might affect Kota, and who was Midoriya to tell her any different?

Midoriya feels much the same now, feeling almost ashamed that he finds himself unable to help Kota when that's all he wanted. He hadn't meant to upset Kota like this, really; all he wanted to do was show Kota that someone was here for him, but…

That doesn't matter now; whatever intentions he had have been kicked into the dirt.

With each second that Kota continues to glare at Midoriya with such vitriol, he has to take a step back. Back and back, another and another until he has no choice but to turn his back lest he trip over something.

Behind him, Kota's voice echoes out, "All of you 'heroes' are just pathetic liars! So get lost!"

As Midoriya trails back to the main camp building, he can't quite find any comfort in the dark and silence like he had before.

-

Despite the guarded looks Mandalay and her crew keep giving Dazai, and Chibi too, he supposes, they're all surprisingly lax when it comes to keeping an eye on them.

Specifically, Dazai is currently wandering around the building hours after everyone went to bed, and not a single person has come to stop him.

Sure, he's seen movement in the corner of his eye a few times, but all it took was a swift ducking into the nearest room to evade.

Not that Dazai's complaining, having pretty much free rein over the place makes his life easier. He'd, naturally, already mentally mapped the place out, but real life is often different from his assumptions. More often than not, there are little details tucked away, things in places that make no sense to Dazai but clearly made sense to the architect who drew the place up.

Case in point: Dazai has yet to see a single door leading outside without a small alarm tucked away nearby. Be it right above the door, tucked away in the corner, or hidden in a nearby room, there has always, always been an alarm set up.

It's not a surprise per se, frankly, Dazai would be more disappointed than ever if pro heroes thought themselves above basic security systems, but it's still annoying.

Especially when he needs to get through one of said doors to reach the outdoor eating area, where, unnoticed by most, Mina's notebook lies under a table.

Well… All doors leading outside, bar one.

Dazai slips through the curtains to the male side of the hot springs, the heat already picking up enough that the skin under his bandages starts to protest.

Interestingly, instead of finding the place empty, Dazai is quickly met with a grumpy huff, the sound almost reminding him of Chuuya—If Chuuya's voice had yet to break.

Kota, the very boy Aizawa had warned him to keep away from, stands in the corner he had been crouching in. His face is red, both his hair and clothes wilted as he scowls, "What are *you* doing in here, huh?"

…

Anyway, while Dazai rather hates getting his bandages wet, or even moist, he figured there had to be some way over the wall containing the hot springs. Getting back inside will surely be a pain, but Dazai

can think about that later.

And, of course, it won't hurt to keep an eye on things. He's still not sure when exactly, but Dazai is certain the League will make their move during this camp. Hell, he's so sure that he'd happily declare to the entire world that Chuuya is smarter than him if they don't.

And boy, Dazai can't wait to be done with this mission. It was fun and all, don't get him wrong, but the kids of 1A aren't so skittish anymore, and Dazai can hardly think about making a suicide joke without Aizawa pulling him aside for a little chat.

God, you try to kill yourself one time, and suddenly making jokes is an issue?

Unfortunately for Dazai, the heat and moisture in the air only get worse once he pushes past the curtains leading outside. Maybe, if he wasn't pretty much covered in bandages under his clothes, the thick heat wouldn't be that bad. As it stands, though, the whole experience is marking itself as a thick line in the "Suicide methods that are too much work and/or pain".

"Hey! I'm talking to you!"

The sound of feet slapping against the rocky floor breaks up Dazai's thoughts, the sound getting louder and louder as Kota catches up with Dazai.

Tch, Dazai had prepared an excuse for being out of bed had he run into Aizawa or the other heroes, but he hadn't expected to be trailed by some moody little kid.

Dazai sighs and slows down a little. Well, it looks like he has no choice.

Three, two, one…

"Ah!"

Dazai takes a calculated step to the right, and really, he does try his best not to laugh when the tiny body of Kota almost falls right into the hot springs. He manages to catch himself at the very last minute, and the glare he then sends Dazai's way is very nearly intimidating!

Granted, intimidating if Dazai was another small child with the confidence of a mouse, but whatever.

Well, he truly did try his best to avoid interacting with the kid, and unless Aizawa and Mandalay want him to actively snub the kid, then he'll have to say something.

"Get lost, won't you?"

Kota, for a split second, seems taken aback before his face twists up, "Auntie said all you hero kids were in bed already."

… Well, Dazai did try his best to follow the dumb rule he was given. If Kota keeps pressing for conversation, then that's hardly his fault, right?

"And she would be right!" Dazai agrees.

To his eternal joy, Kota looks both pissed off and confused. Ah, the exact type of reaction Dazai loves getting. These days, Chuuya barely even bothers looking confused; instead, he just skips right to the pissed-off part like the brute he is. Having someone look so baffled… It almost endears Dazai to the kid.

Almost.

As fun as this all was, though, Dazai does have things to be doing, and not that much time to be getting them done. With a smile that should, if the kid is smart enough, read as 'Great chatting, but I'm busy', he swiftly turns back to his true purpose of getting over that wall.

If he remembers correctly, and he usually does, there was a whole thing with Kota and the hot springs last night. To the shock of absolutely no one, Mineta had tried to scale the wall to creep on the girls, and had Aizawa not looked near-murderous at the news, Dazai would seriously be questioning how Nedzu runs his school.

Letting Mineta stay after all he's done is already a… Choice, but there really does come a point where Nedzu letting him stay says a lot about his morals—And that's coming from Dazai, the literal Port Mafia member.

Ah, tomorrow, Dazai should make a special effort to target Mineta, just really make him hate his life. Not like it would be that hard, the little weirdo loses all his confidence the second he's in any sort of threatening situation.

A fantastic quality for a pro hero, Dazai is sure.

Point is, if Kota fell off that wall yesterday, then there has to be some way up, maybe a ladder or a staircase tucked away somewhere. As much as Dazai wants to get Mina's notebook, he's not quite in the mood for scaling walls.

"What are you doing?"

So Kota isn't smart enough to know when he's unwanted; maybe that's on Dazai for assuming.

Dazai waves a hand in his direction, still focused on scanning the wall for any sort of ladder tucked away, "Calculating the best liftoff spot for my rocket ship."

It wouldn't be outside the hot springs, nor easily accessible on the outside sections of the male or female side, so perhaps there's some sort of passageway? It wouldn't be too hard, just a case of building another wall and sticking a ladder between the two. Of course, the ladder could also be hidden away inside, some window or trapdoor giving you access to the wall outside.

Dazai's eye flicks over to where the wall connects with the main building, a satisfied feeling in his chest when he spots a small door resting above the wall. It's clear someone went to great lengths to make it as flush with the building as possible, the wood just as smooth and polished as the rest of the place.

Kota takes in a deep breath, and Dazai wishes he could say he forgot about him. "*Don't* treat me like some dumb little kid!"

Dazai rolls his eyes, what a self absorbed little brat.

"Hey—"

"Fun as this is, I'm not looking for detention—or whatever other punishment—if your dear auntie catches you bothering me, so, shoo," Dazai waves a hand at him again, lingering just long enough to see Kota's outraged expression, before making his way back to the main building.

If there's a door leading to the top of the door, then he just needs to find the corresponding door inside. With a bit of luck, it won't have an alarm Dazai will have to disarm, a task that is annoying enough without some moody kid huffing and puffing behind you.

Annoyingly, all it takes is a second before Kota is trailing behind him

again.

"…Punishment?" He asks, huffing a little when Dazai ignores him, "Tiger's on watch right now, so Auntie won't even know we're talking."

Which is very helpful information, actually. While he was pretty confident at least one hero would be on watch, he hadn't actually been sure of which it would be.

Aizawa and Vlad King are definitely asleep; it makes no sense to get the heroes unfamiliar with the area to stay up on watch, which had been rather disappointing for Dazai to realise. The two of them would have been so easy to avoid, unlike Ragdoll or Pixie Bob, who had Quirks that might have given Dazai away.

Frankly, Dazai isn't all that sure Ragdoll's Quirk would work on him, but it might, and it pays to be cautious rather than reckless.

He had planned to just speed-read Mina's notebook and, if Ragdoll came looking, just say he'd forgotten something outside and didn't want to bother waking anyone up.

Knowing Tiger is on watch, a guy without any sort of surveillance Quirk, means Dazai can take his sweet time reading Mina's notebook.

"What are you doing?"

It's very useful information, but also something Dazai had pretty much already confirmed. Ragdoll hadn't come to see what he was doing yet, and he hadn't seen any dirt creatures about, so putting together who must be on watch didn't take a genius.

Dazai continues walking, easily ignoring Kota while making sure not to step on any slippery parts of the floor. He'd worn his shoes in preparation for going outside, but after so many missions, they're a little on the scuffed side now; it's all too possible to still get wet feet even with them on.

Chuuya always turns his nose up at them, saying this and that about how unprofessional he looks, how they aren't suited for the type of missions Dazai goes on. He always gets so worked up—once even offering to just buy Dazai a pair himself.

Dazai had, naturally, refused. So what if the heels of his shoes are worn to the point he can see the hollow inside of the sole? Does it really matter that there's a crack running across the rubber right

where the ball of his foot sits, practically splitting the sole in two?

(And if he does, in fact, have a better pair of shoes that he wears when he knows Chuuya isn't around, then that's for him to know and for Chuuya to never find out.)

Between stepping around puddles of water, Dazai begins looking for that pesky door.

It's obvious the door he's looking for isn't connected to the boy's changing room, as, along the wall that matches up with the one outside, there isn't a single bit of free space. Either wooden stalls for clothes or showers with their own little bath sets positioned right in front, the whole wall is made use of.

It makes sense why, case in point, Mineta, and it's not like Dazai is complaining anyway, the heat and sweat under his bandages are unbearable. Knowing that the door isn't on the boys side, he can make an educated guess that it won't be on the girls' side either, thus meaning he can get out of the heat for a little bit.

If Dazai walks a little faster towards the exit, then that's his business. And Kota's, he supposes, considering he's still trailing along behind Dazai like a lost puppy.

"Tell me!" Kota calls out, his voice rising as if Dazai will pay attention to him like that. Maybe it usually works with Mandalay and her crew, always so eager to make sure Kota is happy even if he's acting a brat.

By the time Dazai makes it to the exit, pushing past the curtains, Kota is right there, a step behind him, mouth still going.

"If you don't, then I'll go tell Auntie!" Kota stutters a little before huffing, "—Or, or, your teacher! He's the scruffy-looking one, yeah?"

For all Dazai cares, Kota could go tell the world if he wanted. Sure, everyone else was in bed, but, and Dazai was paying close attention, there weren't actually any rules about a curfew. It must have been expected that all the students would be too tired to even consider sneaking out and messing around.

If Aizawa, or any other pro for that matter, were to confront him, Dazai has a plethora of excuses he could use.

Oh no, he forgot something outside and didn't want to bother anyone getting it.

Oh, woe is him, far too insecure to unbandage himself around anyone else, forced to use the hot springs after everyone else has gone to sleep.

Ah, what a shame, being in this forest brings up too many memories of some terribly traumatic and depressing period in his life, so he just can't sit there surrounded by all his innocent classmates.

And sure, maybe someone could see through his excuses, but as Dazai said, there aren't any rules against being out late, and it's not like Dazai is up to anything nefarious in the first place. All he wants to do is find a way out of the main building so he can go pick Mina's notebook up, memorise as much as possible, before heading back to bed. Is that such a crime?

Dazai turns his head left, happy to find that, right between the two changing rooms, sits a bland, unassuming door. Frankly, despite how seamlessly it fits in with the wall, Dazai is a little embarrassed that he didn't notice it on his way in.

Whatever, no time to waste and all that.

With that mindset, Dazai walks up to it and crouches down to get a better look at the lock. To his amusement, it seems that the Wild, Wild Pussycats decided to opt for a simple, old-fashioned metal lock despite clearly having the money for something a little more high-tech.

That does raise the question of how many visitors they actually get out here, because if little camps for teenagers are their thing, then this pathetic lock is a serious oversight.

It almost hurts Dazai sometimes to be surrounded by idiot heroes and not have the power to change their… everything. He wouldn't, because it would just create a whole host of problems for the Port Mafia, but there are so many ways their society could be streamlined, from how UA teaches to their celebrity heroes.

Kota, the little shadow he is, scoffs, "You need a key to get in there, idiot."

Right, because Dazai Osamu has ever needed something as mundane as a *key*.

If he wants to be in a room, then he'll pick the lock, trick his way in, or force his way in. A lock is purely decorative.

Dazai doesn't have his usual lock-picking set on him, a decision he carefully made when setting out for that fight against All Might and Co. He had expected that the pros would search him and take anything even vaguely weapon-like, and his proper lock pick set is of nice enough quality that Dazai would like to keep it, thank you very much.

Not that he really needs it, especially on a lock that would break under, what, two kicks? Maybe three?

Dazai isn't in the mood for kicking doors down, though, and that tiny brute can't know what Dazai is up to. It had been a stroke of luck that Chuuya hadn't woken up when Dazai had snuck off, something that he had, frankly, not expected to happen. It was almost a shame, actually; he'd prepared a few excuses that would have surely annoyed Chuuya to no end.

Alas, after a shuffle around and a huff, Chibi had continued to doze, leaving Dazai free to slip out of the dorm room.

In any case, it's fortunate, then, that Dazai had lifted a bobby pin from Yaoyorozu earlier. When terrorising her and Sato, who were both sitting in front of a table of high-calorie and sugary foods, he'd noticed the overwhelming amount of bobby pins she had tucked into her hair.

Taking one had been a little awkward, but Yaoyorozu hadn't noticed, not even when she took her hair down later after dinner and started counting her bobby pins. Instead of being concerned that one was missing, she just sighed heavily before using her Quirk to make a new one.

Now, Dazai is very glad that Yaoyorozu likes to put her hair up in such a convoluted way every day.

The bobby pin fits into the lock all too nicely, and the rest is muscle memory.

There's a jingling of keys from behind Dazai, which he dutifully ignores to instead focus on the soft clinking of the lock.

"Well, maybe if you tell me why you're here, then I'll open—" Kota starts, his voice all too smug until the lock clicks and the door swings open, "How did you do that?!"

Dazai turns around, his eyes catching on the ring of keys that Kota must have stolen from Mandalay or someone, before gasping and

looking down at his hands as if he'd never seen them before, "Woah, how did I do that!?"

Predictably, Kota is quick to snap, "Shut up!" The keys in his hands jingle as he stiffly crosses his arms, a glare on his face and yet still not leaving.

There is part of Dazai that is all too tempted to just slam the door in Kota's face because, as fun as it is to mess with the kid, it is pretty annoying to have someone just trailing along asking far too many questions.

Worse, though, is that Dazai can't just slam the door and be done with it, because Kota could either just unlock the door and follow him anyway, or, the worst option, go snitch on him to Tiger.

So, instead of telling the brat to beat it, Dazai turns around and walks through the door, intentionally making sure his hands stay in place and don't slam the door on instinct.

Fortunately for him, anyway, at the very end of the hallway, there sits a thin ladder. At the top of the ladder, with a pathetic metal latch but no real lock, is the very door he had seen from outside.

It takes barely a minute to get over to the ladder, and even less time to climb the thing. Admittedly, it does take a little longer to get the small door open and actually pull himself through it, the ladder for some reason stopping just a little below the door.

Once Dazai is through the door, carefully tucked away on the passageway between the walls separating the two different hot springs, he does have a moment of… Well, he wouldn't call it regret, but just a tiny seed of doubt that getting Mina's notebook is worth all this effort.

Then he imagines Mina's reaction, then Chuuya's, and Dazai knows he must continue.

Instead of crawling along the passageway, Dazai opts to stand up and simply walk along. The height of the wall isn't all that bad anyway, most certainly a survivable drop, so long as Dazai didn't purposely land on his neck.

A quick glance tells him that Kota is still following him, even going so far as to cautiously rise up to his feet, too. His hands are nearly white where they grip the top of the wall, yet he still straightens up and

starts walking after Dazai.

It's only once they've gotten about halfway along the wall that Kota speaks again, "If you're doing something to peep on the girl's side, then I'll push you off,"

Right, because there's someone dumb enough to do that in blatant sight of literally anyone else.

Oh, wait…

Still, Dazai scoffs, "I'm not so shallow-minded, thank you,"

Eventually he reaches the outer wall, the sprawling dark forest greeting him from the other side.

While Kota seems to take this as a chance to lean down a little and grab the wall again, Dazai simply bends at the waist to get a good look at the ground. A drop from this height is survivable, yes, but broken bones are too real a possibility, and Dazai can't have any liabilities right now.

While Dazai is scouting for the best place to drop, Kota frowns a little before timidly looking over the edge, too. He looks up at Dazai, then to the ground, then to Dazai again with almost a dumbfounded expression.

"… You're gonna jump that?" Kota asks.

Dazai shrugs, "Sure, with any luck I'll—" He cuts himself off, not because Aizawa's stupid conversations are doing anything, but because he can only imagine what would happen if he made suicide jokes to the kid he was specifically not allowed to speak with.

Part of Dazai wants to do it anyway, just to see, but then he considers that Aizawa might have him do actual training and not just run around terrorising people.

Well, might as well get this over with. Dazai takes a few steps to where the drop should, in theory, be a bit nicer before sitting down on the wall's edge, expertly shifting so he can fall with the smallest risk to himself.

"You'll what?" Kota asks, his voice picking up once Dazai drops, "Hey!"

Dazai, on the ground with only a small tinge in his ankle, waves up at

Kota before simply walking off.

Kota continues to shout and huff, his voice blessedly getting quieter with each step that Dazai takes.

It only takes a minute to arrive at the outdoor seating, and only a second longer to find Mina's notebook.

Now, Dazai could pocket it, maybe take his time reading through everything and coming up with ideas on how to execute all the ideas in seamless ways. The problem, however, is that he had frankly been pushing it, distracting Mina for so long today. There's no chance he'll be able to keep Mina from remembering about it tomorrow, so he'll have to do his best to memorise what he can now.

Which won't be that hard, considering he's Dazai.

Taking a seat on the picnic bench, Dazai cracks open the notebook and begins reading.

Something that feels like giddiness fills Dazai's chest as he flicks through the pages, his eye eagerly catching on to all of Mina's just fantastic ideas. Some of the pages seem to just be notes to herself, little ideas for how to get Dazai and Chuuya in compromising positions, while other pages are more… Imaginative.

And then, Dazai rushed over to Chuuya, giggling sweetly and his big brown eyes were was filled with well-hidden adoration. "Chuuya~!" He called out as he made his way over.

Chuuya turned around. "What?" He asked gruffly, but, secretly, he was really glad. He was always jealous seeing Dazai around anyone else. Dazai was his*, and he'd protect his innocence his kindness his charmDazai from the horrors of the world.*

Dazai stopped in front of him, smiling wide. "Chuuuuuya~" he cooed again, "how have you been?"

"I'm fine. What are you planning?" He asked. Not that he minded Dazai's triflings at all… His mischievousness was the light needed in the mafia, keeping Chuuya from straying into dark, dismal loneliness… It kept his demons at bay…

"I'm not planning anything." Dazai pouted. "Chibi is so mean. Cruel sluggy."

A smile breaks out on Dazai's face. Oh, this is so, so, so much better than he ever could have thought. There's just so much he can use here, like the next page, for example—

Dazai smiled, looking cute and innocent evil cute. "I was wondering if you'd want to do some training with me?"

"Eh?! I'd hurt you," Chuuya answered, turning away bravely. He was too strong, too powerful… Only Dazai kept the darkness at bay, and he'd almost lost him here before…

Dazai pouted, big brown eye welling with sad tears. "You wouldn't! I'm getting stronger!"

Or even the one after that—

"But Chuuya," Dazai began to protest, only to be cut off by a gasp. He'd tripped over and went fumbling towards Chuuya, his pretty, long limbs flailing.

Chuuya gasped too and went to catch him. His hands snatched around Dazai's small waist, holding tight as Dazai's weight fell to the side. He held Dazai up carefully, their faces so close, noses brushing.

They were soooooooooooo close!!! They were very close.

Dazai was blushing delicately, like a delicate mafia princess… A princess Chuuya had to protect. And he couldn't protect Dazai from the horrors of his inner darkness and the true dangers of the mafia if they got entangled… Even when he was in such kissable distance…

The muffled sound of keys jingling, of a lock clicking, and a door creaking open draws Dazai out from his intense focus on Mina's notebook.

Dazai, with his back to the door, softly closes the notebook before taking it in his right hand. He then shifts, making sure the bulk of his

coat keeps his hand hidden as it slips under the table to drop Mina's notebook.

He glances back, unsurprised to find Kota there with a smug little grin on his face.

"You're really dumb, huh?" Kota holds up the set of keys and— Ah, another point for heroes being dumb.

There, sitting between various other keys, is a red fob with an alarm symbol on it. Which is a fantastic idea, really, because having alarms that can be disabled with a fob, not a password, really keeps those villains out.

Dazai raises his voice a little, hoping it might muffle the sound of the notebook hitting the ground, "And you're a little brat."

Sure, he might not have read as much as he wanted to, but even from just that, he's got so many ideas. Maybe he'll even test a few out tomorrow, just dip his toes into it between tormenting everyone else and working on using the capture weapon.

-

The second day of camp goes pretty much the same as the first.

Chuuya wakes up, shoves a 'snoring' Dazai off his shoulder, then starts getting ready. Yesterday, Chuuya had made the mistake of wearing his suit, which had quickly left him far too sweaty because of how the black fabric fit so snugly.

While doing online shopping with Yamada and Midnight, while still dressed in Mina's choice of outfit, had been a horrible experience… Chuuya is glad it happened.

The clothes they'd gotten were far more his style than the hero merch that UA had provided when he first got there, from the colour to the cut. Case in point, the lightweight cargos with pockets deep enough to fit his arm feel so much better training in than his tighter slacks.

A good thirty minutes after getting himself ready, Chuuya manages to drag Dazai up and get the idiot to get himself ready for the day and actually eat some breakfast.

Training in the morning consists of working with Aizawa again, because each time Chuuya gets a new personal best climbing trees,

Aizawa just has to come in and beat him by a significant margin.

Frankly, part of Chuuya feels like he should be more embarrassed about it than he really is—Don't get him wrong, the first time Aizawa sent him up that damn tree at UA had been hard on his ego. Chuuya is athletic, and he's able to do all these things… with the help of his Ability.

Sure, he can still fight just as well, can dodge and weave and can probably flip off something, but that's nothing compared to what Aizawa can do. Without the help of his Quirk or capture weapon, he could weave and flip his way up that tree far faster than Chuuya, all without breaking a sweat.

The first time had brushed on his ego; each time after that had been a learning opportunity. Now, if anything, Chuuya is glad that he's now been made aware of a flaw in his own defence. With Upon the Tainted Sorrow, there's no need to worry about making sure to get his balance right or knowing how to assess which branches will hold his weight or not.

It might be pointless to learn those skills, but something inside Chuuya feels a little more solid at the idea of being just as skilled as Aizawa in that regard. If anything ever happens where he can't, or just shouldn't, use his Ability, then he won't be slowing anybody down.

It's tiring, absolutely, but so worth it.

(And if part of his motivation is imagining how Yamada will react once Chuuya can move just as fluidly as Aizawa, then, well, that's hardly that big a deal. He just finds it amusing how Yamada does his best to be supportive while clearly jealous that he doesn't have any personal students as well.

Maybe once Chuuya gets back to UA, he can ask Yamada about teaching him a thing or two about music.)

It had been a little awkward at times, given the fact that Shinsou was training with his capture weapon at the same time that Chuuya was getting sent up trees and shown how to do flips.

Shinsou had clearly been willing to not even look in Chuuya's direction, let alone speak to him, but Aizawa kept giving them both looks, then intentionally dragged them both into conversations at the same time when those looks were ignored.

If he's telling the truth, then Chuuya is still slightly on edge when speaking to Shinsou. It's hard to push aside the knowledge that Shinsou could trigger Corruption if he wanted to, even though Chuuya is pretty confident he won't.

Still, Chuuya had played along, making sure to throw a question or two in Shinsou's direction as some sort of compromise.

Lunch time came, bringing with it the tired groans and complaints of the two hero classes combined. Chuuya listened as the members of class 1A spoke about their training, how they can already feel the improvement, and how they're dreading doing this every dayy despite that.

Now, after a decent meal, Chuuya finds himself wandering around the training grounds, partially looking for Dazai, partially keeping an eye on if anyone needs help…

Well, not quite.

As it turns out, Dazai's plan of running around and using his Ability to mess with the students had pleased Aizawa, which, really, shouldn't be surprising. Aizawa is about the only teacher at UA who really forces his students to practise and think about what would happen if they didn't have access to their Quirks.

The point of camp is to improve their Quirks, but if the students get to practise their situational awareness, along with reaction time if applicable, then that's all for the better.

And that's why Chuuya is here now, because apparently, having Dazai run around nullifying isn't enough, and so Chuuya has to mess with the students too.

His first stop had been Kaminari, which, if he's being honest, was probably a low blow. He's unobservant on a good day, sometimes far too excited by the action and glory of a fight.

With channelling as much electricity into a battery as possible, he had been in an awkward limbo, not quite aware but not completely fried. Aware enough to follow Chuuya with his eyes, but not enough to think about why Chuuya had a rock in his hand.

The betrayed look Kaminari had given him when the rock bounced off him had been a little bit amusing, sort of like a dog not understanding that taking away the ball means it can be thrown again.

Chuuya absolutely plans on circling back to see if Kaminari had learnt anything from that, but for now, he's scouting out a different area.

This section of the forest, having been cleared out by Pixie Bob, is the working station for a decent number of students. Kids like Yaoyorozu, Sato, Mina, Jirou, Ojirou, and a few others fill the space, each working on their own thing.

Chuuya lingers in the treeline, eyes keen as he watches the students work. No one seems to have noticed him just yet; everyone is far too focused on their individual training.

While Chuuya isn't as excited by the idea of 'tormenting' class 1A and 1B, there is some satisfaction to be gained from watching everyone work and just picking them apart. A dropped elbow here, a lapse in concentration there, just little things that Chuuya can use to slip in and throw them off balance.

Now, looking out at the students working, Chuuya can pick up a few problems here and there to target.

Kirishima and Ojirou are sparring, hardened skin against tough tail. While Kirishima isn't actually doing much more than standing there and taking the hits, supposedly to make his skin harder, Ojirou's control of his tail and spatial awareness is pretty decent.

That being said, it's clear Ojirou is starting to get tired. The time between his tail gearing up for an attack and actually landing it is slowly, only by a scant few seconds, getting longer.

It would require the perfect timing, most likely the use of his Ability to get himself over there in time, but—

"Chuuya~!"

And just like that, Ojirou perks up, glancing over at Dazai before finding Chuuya in the treeline. Any element of surprise that Chuuya might have had is well and gone now, for Ojirou and everyone else in the clearing.

Naturally, the only one to blame for that is Dazai.

Dazai, from his spot next to Yaoyorozu and Sato, smiles comically wide.

Within a second, the hairs on the back of Chuuya's neck stand to

attention, a deep feeling of dread growing in his stomach.

That bastard is up to something.

Sure, the way he smiles is sweet and all, and the way he so eagerly rushes over to Chuuya could be endearing…

But this is Dazai Osamu.

"What?" Chuuya's voice is sharp when he speaks, and he really hates how obvious it is that he's on edge. There's a big chance that Dazai is just messing with him, acting all suspicious like this only to do nothing in the end. He always says that he's "helping" Chuuya to not be complacent, but only an idiot would believe that.

Dazai comes to a stop right in front of Chuuya, that damn smile still there. There's something in his eye that only promises Chuuya pain, and someone less experienced with Dazai would probably mistake it for a nice, positive emotion.

"Chuuu-uuya~" Dazai starts, his voice sickly sweet, "How have you been?" His eye then glances to his left, briefly lingering before looking up.

On instinct, Chuuya finds his attention focusing on the forest to Dazai's left. With how often Dazai drags out Chuuya's name, how he always seems to have the urge to make saying it into some complex song, hearing him break it into like that should hardly be suspicious to anyone overhearing.

To Chuuya, however, it's a warning that things aren't as they seem.

He tries not to make it obvious how his eyes are tracking the forest, how he's trying to pick apart anything that might be hiding in the shadows. Chuuya doesn't even know what he's looking for, though, just a vague warning that there is something to worry about over there.

In the next five seconds, three different things happen.

The first is that Mina, still slinging acid at the huge wall or rocks she'd been pointed at earlier that day, has to tear her eyes away from Dazai and Chuuya when she realises, with some shame, that acid had splashed back all over her leg. Naturally, her leg was fine, but the lower half of her trousers was gone, with more threatening to melt off.

The second is that Dazai, expecting Chuuya to be the ever-paranoid guard dog he is, would lean in close to his face. Mina's original story hadn't included it, sure, but he thought getting up close and personal would be a nice touch.

The third, and most damning, would be Chuuya turning his head just at the same time that Dazai leaned in. He had wanted to establish eye contact and get some more information about this supposed threat, but that plan would fall apart the second his lips brushed against Dazai's.

His lips.

Against Dazai's.

Up so close it's easy to see past Dazai's dumb, emotionless act, it's far too easy to pick apart each and every emotion that flicks through that dark brown eye.

Surprise, confusion, shock, and even ha—

Chuuya's arm comes up on autopilot to shove Dazai away. Nope. Not doing this. What the fuck.

Dazai, for once in his life, seems to be at a loss for words. He just stands there, eye locked on Chuuya, even a faint blus—

Nope. Not thinking about that. It's not real if Chuuya ignores it.

All signs of life in the clearing have gone quiet, and Chuuya doesn't need to look to know that everyone is watching. Everyone saw.

"No!" Mina's voice cuts through the silence, "I didn't see!! Do it again!"

Everyone bar one, apparently.

Chapter End Notes

So, maybe this chapter is a little longer than the chapter max I usually try to go for... Which is to say it's 12k long. But, I'm sure you can understand why I had to keep it all and not shift a bit of the end to the next chapter.

Accidental skk kiss huh 👀 Just like Naruto and Sasuke for real 🫦 On a more serious (ish) note, I hope you all liked that! I know skk have been such a terrible slow burn in this fic, so I thought I'd put something to keep you all happy! Oh and you guys should all

thank Shu from the wwt discord, because the accidental kiss got lost between my misc plans and my mega plan for the training camp arc, so I very nearly didn't include it. It was only because he said something like "can skk kiss next chapter as my reward" that I remembered haha.

In other news, yes, I know about the mega long gatcha react!! I've gotten so many comments about it haha, but for good reason!! It's very impressive and I'm so honoured that someone would make something so long and detailed based off my fic... You're so cool Altair!!

The bit about Dazai having messed up shoes is actually just how my shoes are irl. Alright, I don't wear the heels down so much anymore, so I guess I've learnt how to pick my feet up, but I have cracks across the sole on multiple shoes.... My best guess is because I keep going on my tip toes/crouching down? I don't know....

The Mina notebook snippets were wrote by AnxiouslyShipping, also known as Grungee in the discord server, so if you liked them make sure to say thanks!!! It's actually Grungee who reminds me to add skk ship content because otherwise I forget in favour of the crossover lore haha.

Ok, so, when I write chapters I like to make notes about anything I think I might want to say in the notes so I don't forget, and my next note is 'thinking about Sasuke…' Which isn't strange, I think about him often, but I'm not sure why I decided to talk about him here.... Actually, it was probably because I saw dumb people on twitter not understanding his character. I could and would rant so much about this topic-- Like how I once sent a twenty minute voice note to a friend ranting about dumb people on tiktok not understanding Dabi's character. But in my defence they were saying stuff like "caused his own villain backstory" which is like... No????? Even Endeavor would disagree????

Anyway. I think that's all I want to say.

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter and that both the length and kiss made it well worth the wait!!! Thanks for reading! ❤

Chapter 40: I know your heart, and you mine, right?

Chapter Summary

And yet Chuuya can't help himself but wonder if, one day, he might be able to talk about Dazai like Yamada talks about his husband. If he could bring up all these inside jokes they have, how even if Dazai throws him in the deep end on some missions, he'll rig things so that Chuuya can have some easy fun on others.

That, maybe one day, he'll be able to talk about all of these things without framing it as them just being work partners, without reducing everything down to just two (and Chuuya would never admit this out loud) friends messing around.

Chapter Notes

No CW I think! But let me know if anything should be added!

And even though only AnxiouslyShipping beta read this chapter, I would like to thank both AnxiouslyShipping and Echo78 for all the beta reading they've done for this fic <3 I know for fact wwt wouldn't even be half as good had they not taken up the mantel, and I appreciate them so much <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If someone were to ask Chuuya to sum up being in the Port Mafia into one sentence—to cram together all the expectations, culture, and idiosyncrasies—then he honestly wouldn't find it all that hard.

If he *had* to, then Chuuya would say this; being in the Port Mafia means trusting your fellow agents with your life, but not your name.

Well, maybe that is a bit of an over-exaggeration… You'd be hard pressed to find a single person in the Port Mafia who doesn't know the name Nakahara Chuuya, but still. There's a difference between knowing a name, and knowing the person, the latter being the point Chuuya is trying to make.

The Port Mafia tries its best to pretend that just anyone could walk in off the streets and join, that they're just like any other gang in Yokohama, but that isn't quite right. Each and every agent, from the

moment they walk through the front doors, is constantly being vetted and tested to make sure they can be trusted.

Be it getting shunted onto a mission with Dazai right away, left before his ever-critical eye and best-laid plans made to weasel out moles and cowards, or having their information and history looked over by Mori-san himself, every reference and detail scrubbed over and over and over again, until only the truth remains, the Port Mafia had its ways of finding even the cleverest snake.

Thanks to all that, when Chuuya goes out on a mission, he can act knowing, at the very least, his agents aren't going to abandon him in the middle of a fight. They won't turn their guns on him or, if some of them do slip through the cracks, it's at a far lower frequency than any other organisation has to deal with.

They'll stand by his side, and, in turn, Chuuya will do his best to keep them all safe, to send them back to Headquarters in one piece. And yet, despite the trust that is forced to grow, there are precious few that actually talk much about themselves: about their lives and family outside of the Port Mafia.

Well, every time a new wave of agents join, there is always typically one that stands out in that regard. They'll chatter on and on, easily sharing information about their lovers, their parents, their children—anyone and everyone who matters to them, who have nothing to do with gang activities. The things is, once that information is out there, it's impossible to take back. Even if all other agents around them have been vetted again and again, you never know when someone might turn traitor in the future, when they might be pressed for information and certain names are the first thing that comes to mind.

Someone might argue that it's all too easy to find that information anyway, that lower level agents are always at risk of having families and friends put on the line, but Chuuya would have to disagree.

Sure, it *is* that easy to find the information, but who would bother to do that? If someone wants revenge, they usually try to aim an attack at the Port Mafia as a whole, or whoever was in charge of the attack. It's rare for someone to lock onto a a random agent who just happened to be there, doing their job.

It happens, naturally, but far less often than the revenge attacks Chuuya has to deal with. And it would happen even less if everyone learnt to keep such information to themselves, to never let that

wildfire even start, let alone spread and spread until someone gets burnt.

It's either that or be strong enough to stamp it out yourself, but there are very few that can claim that title. Not even Chuuya himself, not when he wasn't able to help The Flags, not when they wouldn't have been hurt if Chuuya never got involved with them, if people didn't know of that bond.

Since then Chuuya has taken care not to be too obvious with his favour. He's not cold, not like Dazai, but it doesn't hurt to just… keep his distance when possible. In some cases he can't help it—it's not like he can suddenly pretend Ane-san means nothing to him—but he can certainly avoid adding to the list.

And so, when Chuuya ducks around the main camp building, eyes flicking over to meet Dazai's singular one, he knows how this conversation will have to go.

To the rest of the world they're mission partners, they work well together, hang out at arcades so they can make dumb and humiliating bets, but that's it. During a fight, Dazai might leave Chuuya open for a beat, might tell him to turn left where all the enemies are gathered. In turn, Chuuya swears and insults him, lets him stay kidnapped just long enough so he gets beat around that little bit more.

They're close, but not like *that*. Not enough to be used as collateral, as a heavy chip to sway deals.

That's how it needs to be. But that… *kiss* earlier has potential to throw things all off balance.

"Chuuya, you've kept me waiting," Dazai says, and, to someone else, he must sound bored out of his mind.

Chuuya, as if to demonstrate the problem they have, knows better.

Dazai, for all he tries to act all smooth and level headed, can get just as restless as anyone else. It's noticeable in the small, and Chuuya means *really* small, things.

His posture is slumped slightly, head leaning back to watch the sky as if he truly has nothing better to do than cloud watching. His arms are loose by his sides, hands open and relaxed. By all means, he looks like the definition of someone who has no worries aside from being kept waiting a touch too long, long enough for them to find entertainment

in watching clouds.

But it all comes back to his damn eye, the one that seems to jump from cloud to cloud at just the perfect interval, as if Dazai were counting.

If the situation was different, Chuuya might have called him out on it. Or, well, he would have at least made fun of him for it. The great Dazai Osamu messing something as simple as this up? Moving in such a manufactured way that it gives away his facade?

As it is, there are things Chuuya wants to talk about more than Dazai's calculations for exactly how long someone would, realistically, look at a single cloud.

Given the fact that Dazai hasn't factored in that people are unpredictable, that they don't run to the perfect calculations, he must be pretty impatient too.

Chuuya sighs, taking position next to Dazai, although making the decision to keep his eyes on the ground. "It's not like I could just chase after you, not unless we wanted people getting suspicious."

Had Aizawa been aware that they both slipped away at the same time then, if Chuuya is being honest, he probably wouldn't have cared that much. Well, he might have made some sappy speech about trusting them more now, but he wouldn't have interfered beyond that. The same couldn't be said about the Wild, Wild Pussycats… Or even class 1A, although they try to be upstanding members of society, they are, at the end of the day, a bunch of fifteen and sixteen year olds.

That point is especially prevalent due to their heroic desires. Just what would they do if they thought it could help someone? Would they eavesdrop on a conversation not meant for them? Would they share that information with others to try and come up with better ideas of being helpful?

It's all too much of a risk on a normal day, but after that *kiss*… Chuuya had left pretty quickly afterwards, and had done his damn best to avoid that section of the forest after that, but it's not like he needed to be there to know how the 1A kids must have reacted.

He can imagine it now, a sort of unsure, caught between being comforting and curious sort of thing. He can absolutely see Yaoyorozu taking it upon herself to try and bridge the gap, despite likely feeling lost on what to actually do— which, for the record, Chuuya fully

understands. God, if two people he knew accidentally kissed and *he* was in charge of smoothing the situation over… He'd do it, but it wouldn't be a fun time for anyone involved.

With Yaoyorozu, maybe even Mina, with how invested she's been in all of this, he could see their morals against eavesdropping weakening quicker than they normally would have if it meant being able to help with this current situation.

Chuuya sighs, taking the chance to look away from the ground and up at Dazai.

Dazai, who had apparently turned away from his precious clouds to level Chuuya with a vaguely annoyed look.

Naturally, that only serves to annoy Chuuya in turn.

"Bastard," Chuuya is quick to throw out. "This is your fault anyway!"

Dazai scoffs, as if he really weren't solely responsible for what happened. If he hadn't come up close, acting all weird, then there wouldn't have been any accidental kisses! The day would have continued on like normal, there would be no need for emergency meetings to discuss plans about how to act normal after *kissing each other*!

And that thought only serves to piss Chuuya off *more*, so, without needing to think any harder about it, his elbow shoots out to get a good hit into Dazai's side. He'd been scolded before about hitting Dazai too much, something about him needing to be relatively uninjured for missions, but this seems like a worthy time for it.

Unfortunately, Dazai, being the bastard he is, slips forward just enough to dodge his elbow. Without pausing, he turns with a huff, one hand coming to point right in Chuuya's face, "Whatever! I have a plan, so just be a good dog and listen, yes?"

… Miraculously, Chuuya manages to hold back his instinct reaction to that, although only by a hair. His hands were fucking twitching, though.

Dazai,smugly aware of the effect his words have on Chuuya, drops his hand before speaking. "Our initial reactions… Could have been better."

To that, Chuuya can't help but huff a laugh. Right, the both of them

freezing solid for three seconds before almost flying apart, quickly jumping to insults and laying the blame on each other wasn't exactly the best reaction. It could have been worse, sure, but Dazai basically running away to hide behind Yaoyorozu certainly was *not* low-key.

Shaking his head, Dazai continues, "but there's no changing that. We just need to make sure how we talk about it and act around each other from this point on conveys exactly what we want."

"And that would be?" Chuuya asks, although he doesn't really need to.

That *kiss* was a mistake. A gross accident, that both of them could go without ever happening again. It meant nothing, not aside from something to bring up in future insults and arguments.

It was nothing, and that's how everyone will need to see it.

"Two… Friends, I guess, who accidentally kissed and that's the end of it," Dazai replies, just as Chuuya thought he would, "There's no need to make this into a dramatic thing. In fact, it would be far more believable that it was a simple, regretful accident the more… Relaxed our reactions are."

'Relaxed'. Well, it's a bit too late for that now, what with how Dazai was acting earlier.

Dazai continues, "at first, for maybe a few minutes or so, we need to act somewhat awkward around each other. Then I'll pull some stunt, you'll get angry with me, and we'll be able to get back to business as usual."

Chuuya's eyes narrow, "And what stunt will you be pulling, exactly?"

Ah, there, something on Dazai's face that isn't annoyance or coldly analytical. If they weren't in this current situation, if there wasn't a risk of things becoming way bigger than they ever needed to be, then Chuuya might even be able to admit to himself that he prefers it this way, prefers seeing Dazai with this mischievous look over something heavier.

"Oh, you know," Dazai says, waving a hand around. "There are just way too many options."

A smile breaks across Chuuya's face against his own will, a certain memory coming to mind in an instant.

If he remembers correctly, it had only been about a week or so after Mori-san started having them work together. Of course, Chuuya was… Well, he still had his reservations about Dazai, still had the urge to to just shove the idiot aside and figure everything out himself.

So, then, when they were stranded in the middle of a residential area of Yokohama, attempting to figure out where the target had gone, Chuuya had been too stubborn to hear out anything Dazai had to say. It was his fault the target got away in the first place, he'd turned away when Chuuya had explicitly told him to keep watch, so while his anger had been reasonable it didn't help him navigate the unfamiliar area.

When faced with a fork in the road, a choice of one road or the other, Chuuya was already at the end of his patience. When Dazai had been, well, his usual self and started pestering about which way he was going to pick, all Chuuya could do was exclaim, "There are just way too many options!"

Dazai had never let him live it down, always waiting just long enough that Chuuya started to forget, saving it for just the right situation to annoy him the most.

… And, like most things his idiot partner did, it had become somewhat comforting, for all it did annoy him sometimes.

Yamada had been saying something similar once, now that Chuuya thinks about it. He said that sometimes it's easy to judge others, to say how they should or shouldn't feel about certain things, but that it was never truly that easy. What someone else could see as cruelty might just joking between two friends secure in knowing the other doesn't actually mean it.

He'd then gone on to give an example, how his ever elusive husband was in the habit of just walking off whenever Yamada said something too loud or did something too weird.

Which, yeah, Chuuya's gut instinct was to say that's rude as hell, but Yamada had smiled as he recalled the reason why. Apparently they both went to UA together, and while Yamada's husband had been quiet and diligent, determined to achieve his goals at any cost, Yamada had been much the opposite. Anytime Yamada wandered over and tried to start conversation, his husband would silently wait for a moment of distraction before slipping away. No matter what he did, or how closely he watched, his husband would always find a

chance to escape.

Once they became friends it turned more into a game, and then it became far too fond of a memory by the time they actually got together. Now, when his husband just walks off, not even sneaking, it's with the full expectation that Yamada won't be far behind.

Is that what he and Dazai have, then? Jokes and taunts always designed to poke at the other, and yet feel comforting despite it?

Like someone whispering into his ear, a thought slips into Chuuya's mind. It's stupid, and so very impossible, and yet…

And yet Chuuya can't help himself but wonder if, one day, he might be able to talk about Dazai like Yamada talks about his husband. If he could bring up all these inside jokes they have, how even if Dazai throws him in the deep end on some missions, he'll rig things so that Chuuya can have some easy fun on others.

That, maybe one day, he'll be able to talk about all of these things without framing it as them just being work partners, without reducing everything down to just two (and Chuuya would never admit this out loud) friends messing around.

It's not possible, not when people should never be fully trusted in Yokohama and the walls have ears at UA. The thought still crosses his mind, though, and he has to shove it back harder than any lingering memories of kissing Dazai.

In the privacy of his own mind, he can think about kissing Dazai, but that sort of thing can never be entertained. No matter how much the idea appeals to him.

"Idiot Chuuya."

Chuuya blinks, his mind coming back to him to see Dazai stood right in front of him, "What the he—"

Dazai steps closer, his face leaning in until it's just a few meagre centimetres from Chuuya's. Like this Chuuya can't help but be reminded of the *kiss*, but, more than that, he can't help but think of all the times they've been this close before. The times when they've laid together and refused to think more about it, where they made some sort of excuse up to be just that tiny bit closer.

There are many things to hate about Dazai Osamu but, Chuuya finds,

there are just as many things to like.

That eye of his, so imposing and critical, feels like a comforting weight to have on him these days. His Ability, the very thing that can make Chuuya so vulnerable, calms him in a way nothing else can. His body, running naturally far colder than Chuuya, is the perfect counter to warm sleepless nights.

That horrible personality of his; the one thing Chuuya can rely on and yet can never quite predict.

A cold chill runs down Chuuya's spine as Dazai's forehead rests upon his. Selfishly, Chuuya never wants this moment to end.

"What does it matter what other people know or don't? We know the truth, we know each other, what else really matters?"

And, fuck, that's one thing Chuuya will always hate, how Dazai always seems to be right about everything.

Who cares about sharing dumb stories and waxing poetics when, unlike anyone else in the world, he gets to be this close to Dazai?

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About four hours later, Chuuya almost finds himself relieved to be sat on one of the wooden picnic tables littering the eating area, knife in hand as he makes his way through the chicken for dinner tonight. By his side is Dazai, who can't be trusted with either the knife or raw chicken, and Todoroki, who is far too cautious of the sharp blade to get things done in a timely manner.

Thankfully, after their meeting to discuss things, it hadn't been all that hard to shift people's attention from the *kiss*. They had got some well-meaning but awkward looks from a few people, but Dazai had held true to his word of doing something to piss Chuuya off, so it hadn't taken long after that for people to start looking more concerned than anything.

There's a least one or two people still, clearly, thinking about it, but the information hasn't spread—as far as Chuuya can tell anyway. He has a feeling that, if it had, either that annoying blond kid from 1B would have opened his mouth about it, or Aizawa would have…

Well, Chuuya can't actually see Aizawa trying to broach that topic at all, but he would have done something. Probably.

They're not completely in the clear yet, but Chuuya can rest just a tiny bit easier knowing that no one seems to be thinking any deeper about that *kiss*. Just an unfortunate accident, nothing more.

Chuuya sighs, eyes glancing over to see Todoroki still working ever so slowly. It's not like he's acting incompetent, just…

Just Chuuya is sure he could complete his, Dazai's, *and* Todoroki's portions of chicken in a much shorter amount of time. While there isn't a rush to get things done per say, Chuuya would rather just get it done and out the way, then maybe he can relax for a bit before this 'test of courage' later.

He's about to as well, his right hand setting the knife down so he can slide over the tray of chicken, when a figure stops right in front of their table.

Glancing up, Chuuya finds none other than Midoriya stood there, awkwardly rubbing his hands together.

"Hey… I actually have a question for you three, if that's alright?" Midoriya asks, one hand coming up to rub at the back of his head.

Dazai sighs, slumping into Chuuya's side. And Chuuya's well aware the bastard had been trying to catch him off guard so Chuuya would loose his balance. It doesn't work like he had intended, instead only leaving Chuuya to wobble for a second before steading himself again.

Chuuya looks down at the knife on his table, he looks over at Dazai. Sometimes that idiot makes it too hard to resist…

"If it's about Abilities you'll have to come back later, I'm too tired for all that," Dazai says, loosely waving a hand around.

Chuuya rolls his eyes. What, he got too tired today from messing around? From ambushing the students of both 1A and 1B and laughing when they were caught by surprise? Maybe Aizawa believes that Dazai worked hard today, but there's no chance Dazai was *actually* working at his full potential. Bastard never does, he's all too comfortable setting things up so other people do the brunt of the work.

Even when he was, supposedly, out using his Ability on people, Chuuya is almost certain he saw the bastard ducking behind trees to shrug off his work.

Before Chuuya can point that out, and maybe shove Dazai to the ground, Midoriya shakes his head. "Ah, no! It's about Kota, actually."

Now that catches Chuuya's attention.

The presence of Mandalay's nephew is a rather interesting case, because who would bring their young nephew to a training camp where two known criminals would be present? Sure, maybe you could pass it off as Mandalay being particularly progressive, but she'd specifically forbade any interaction with her nephew.

There's that, but there's also Kota's general… attitude to think about. That first meeting, and subsequently all brief interactions , proved that the kid hated the idea of heroes with a passion. Now, Chuuya of all people knows that pro heroes aren't all that, but seeing a young kid with heroes for relatives be so negative towards the profession…

Well, there's obviously something going on there, but Chuuya hasn't really got the mind to stick his nose in it. Especially not when Mandalay seems just one odd look away from throwing both Dazai and Chuuya back to UA.

The same, clearly, does not apply to Midoriya.

"Mandalay's nephew?" Chuuya asks, as if there were any other Kota's at camp. He can almost feel Dazai's lau- actually, no, he *can* feel Dazai's laughter, because he's still pressed right up against Chuuya's side.

(Against his will, Chuuya's mind flicks back to their conversation from earlier, to his thoughts from earlier. How many other people can say they've been close enough to feel Dazai laugh against them?)

Midoriya nods, his eyes flicking between the three of them before speaking, "Yeah, I was just wondering… He really has a negative view on Heroes—and he has a good reason! But it's just, well, I want to try and help him? If I can, that is."

Suddenly, Chuuya finds himself having flashbacks to the days after Dazai's suicide attempt. How many times had someone promised to be a better classmates? Potential friends? *Teacher*?

And *don't* even get Chuuya started on film night.

Sure, the class as a whole had only asked once, but any time films in general were brought up Chuuya could feel expectant gazes on his

back. There was one notable time where Kaminari, after hyping up a film he wanted to watch, had continuously sent Chuuya pointed looks for the next half hour.

What made the whole thing impressive was that it happened during a Practical Heroics lesson, which meant that Kaminari had to actually control his electrical output for once so he could continue sending looks at him.

Chuuya, still, had not given in. And, for the record, whatever Dazai has to say on the matter is bullshit, always is. If someone were to ask, then Dazai would spout something about Chuuya being too scared to watch anything heavier than a romcom.

Well, maybe Chuuya had jumped watching a horror film, but that was one time! On top of that, he was dead tired and had just spent the last six hours chasing a group of thugs around Yokohama. Excuse him for being still little jumpy!

"Help him… like Heroes?" Todoroki asks, his voice so incredulous that it snaps Chuuya back to reality.

Midoriya's lips twitch into an awkward smile. "Something like that…" He pauses, the smile slipping off his face as something more serious takes its place. "I guess I'm just worried what might happen if he continues to hate Heroes forever, you know? So, if I could do something to help now, that would be great. He's really not receptive to it though."

"You don't have one of All Might's inspirational speeches memorised? I'm surprised!" Dazai jokes.

Midoriya laughs and shakes his head, although the intimidate flush on his face quickly gives him away. "I- I'm not sure if that's the route I should go down, is all…"

"Actions are more important anyway," Todoroki says, thankfully setting his knife down with all of his fingers still in tact. If Chuuya reaches over and pulls Todoroki's uncut chicken closer to himself, then that's his business.

Midoriya tilts his head. "Actions?"

Todoroki hums, and for a brief second it seems like his mind is elsewhere. "If you're only using words, then they have to be powerful ones."

And doesn't Chuuya know that best? What does it mean for people to talk all this about being someone you can trust, only to run when things get hard? To turn their backs just because some better offer came along?

"When Dazai and I first joined, would you have been inviting us to film nights and all that just because Aizawa said you should?" Chuuya asks, only giving Midoriya a few seconds to think about the answer. "No. You needed time to see how we acted, to come to a decision based on what you saw over and over again."

The same could be said about the reverse too. Chuuya knows for a fact he wouldn't have believed that he'd ever get so friendly with pro heroes.

But Aizawa had been earnest, had never pushed and always held true to his word. Yamada, for all his purpose is to get Chuuya to talk about uncomfortable things, always seems one step ahead, offering ways out and smoothly turning his attention elsewhere when the topic gets too heavy.

Which… Yeah, Chuuya can see how that approach works in the long run. He's nowhere near actually pouring his heart out to Yamada—not about the important stuff anyway—but, now he's thinking about it, he doesn't feel half as defensive during their sessions nowadays. Yamada feels like someone he doesn't need to constantly be watching, someone he needs to keep at a distance so he isn't hurt that badly when he eventually stops playing along with things.

Dimly, Chuuya is aware that's not exactly a good thing.

Then, without warning, Dazai seems to press in even closer, as if to remind Chuuya where his priorities ought to be. Loudly, Dazai speaks, "Plus, you're a complete stranger, Midori-kun. Why would he listen to you?"

Chuuya hums, trying his best to still seem interested in the conversation. Whatever, what does it matter if Yamada and Aizawa haven't been totally rude to him? If they've been nice despite it all?

At the end of the day, Chuuya knows where his home is.

Todoroki is next to chime in. "I wouldn't worry about it, Midoriya. You do have an annoying habit of cutting right to the heart of people's emotions… I'm sure you'll figure out some way to get through to him."

In the end that's what forces Chuuya's conflicted feelings to settle, a smile appearing on his face as he picks up the knife from earlier. Leave it to Todoroki to say something like that so earnestly.

He hears Midoriya stutter out a slightly confused response, and Chuuya can easily picture the conflicted smile on his face.

-

There are a great many things Todoroki hasn't done before, mostly due to his father's insistence that any spare moment should be used to train.

When it comes to more social things, like sleepovers and summer camps, Todoroki can say this is the first time he's ever done anything like this. He didn't have any friends as a child—he barely even knew his siblings at times—and his father wasn't letting him waste time doing sports and crafts all summer.

So, truly, he has little idea of what this test of courage is meant to entail.

The rest of his classmates seem excited enough, though, so Todoroki can't help but feel a little anticipation too. With the sun having set just about an hour ago, the forest around them seems impossibly bigger. Whilst Todoroki knows nothing has actually changed, the long, dark shadows that cover everything almost seem to make the space feel endless. As if he could walk into the treeline and never come out again.

Which is likely the point of doing the test at night, he supposes.

Breaking through the low chatter, Kaminari's voice seems to echo all around. "Ugh, I'm so hyped, guys!"

Todoroki looks over just in time to see Mina and Kirishima nod in sync, matching grins on their faces. One of them, and it's a bit hard to tell which, is quick to exclaim that they'll 'wipe the floor with all these amateurs!'

It's around the time that the three of them, along with Sero and Sato, start smirking and whispering about plans, that Todoroki spots Aizawa-sensei walking up to them. One hand is tightly wrapped around his capture weapon, the other positioned as if he were about to throw it.

All it takes is a single blink for Aizawa-sensei to shoot the capture weapon out, the cloth deftly wrapping around all five of them before they'd even realised what has happened.

"I don't think so," Aizawa-sensei dryly remarks. "Remedial class is with me."

The group waste no time in groaning, which then quickly turns into pleas for Aizawa-sensei to let them stay. Of course, Aizawa-sensei has never been the type to be swayed by such a thing, so, without so much as a glance back, he begins pulling them all along with his capture weapon.

In contrast to the group being shuffled along, pleas and complaints following their every step, both Shinsou and Dazai simply follow along after him without making such a big fuss.

Well, Dazai complains quite loudly about it all, but he isn't dragging his heels as much as the others are, which makes him seem significantly more well-behaved in comparison.

It's only once the group has made their way out of everyone's line of sight that Mandalay, standing at the front of all the students, calls out. Her voice easily cuts short any lingering conversation. "Listen up, everyone, as we'll only be explaining the rules once!"

Beside her stands Pixie Bob and Tiger, both of them wearing grins that feel a little too excited given that they themselves wouldn't be participating…

Pixie Bob steps forward to speak next, her hands coming up to rest in a cat-like pose by her face. "Class B will be in charge of all the scaring first. You'll all get ten minutes to go along the trail and find the purrrrfect hiding spots!"

At that, a light chatter breaks out, almost entirely composed of Class B members. Todoroki only manages to catch a few words here and there, unfortunately not enough to for him to start making counter-plans.

Which, now he's thinking about it… Is that something you do for a test of courage? It feels wrong to just let Class B scheme around him and not attempt to think of counters, but, if the fun in this situation comes from being scared, then would that be ruining things?

Before he can think more on that, Tiger's voice rings out. "Class A,

you'll be entering the forest every five minutes in pairs. It's your job to get the flag from Ragdoll at the halfway point."

Shortly after that the three of them begin to take it in turns to call out the pairs, and, admittedly, Todoroki finds himself zoning out just a little as the pairs are called. Well, he wouldn't call it zoning out per say, rather… returning to his previous thoughts for a bit.

He really would hate to ruin the fun, but walking through a dark forest without any sort of plan just doesn't feel right. The Pussycats hadn't mentioned anything about using Quirks, so it's possible he could use his ice to stop 1B from getting *too* in his face…

"The next pair is Bakugou and Todoroki!" Pixie Bob calls, a grin on her face as she points to the two.

For a second, Todoroki just stands there and blinks, as if that will help him digest the information easier. Then, slowly, his eyes slide over in Bakugou's direction where they are immediately ment with a fiery glare. For a moment they both just stare at each other, then—

"Oi. Switch with me." Bakugou has whipped his head around to Tokoyami, an unforgiving look on his face as he stares him down.

Todoroki finds his eyes drifting over to Midoriya, who had been paired with Hagakure, and Chuuya, who is with Jirou. He'd much rather do his first test of courage with someone he is friendly with, that way he could ask if making plans ruins things or not, amongst other things. Instead, he has Bakugou…

Frankly, Todoroki can't be sure Bakugou has ever been to one of these before either.

Tokoyami sighs, loud enough that Todoroki can clearly hear it. "On this, I cannot acquiesce."

"The hell?!"

Todoroki, too, sighs, although not nearly as loud as Tokoyami had. Oh, well. He may have to go through the forest with someone he'd rather not, but he should still make the best of this opportunity.

Besides, Fuyumi-nee had been quite excited when she'd heard he was going on a trip with UA. He'd planned on sharing some of what happened with her when he got back, with Mother too the next time he saw her, and maybe even Natsuo-nii…

If he wants to have stories to tell, he'll have to put up with Bakugou.

-

"So, how easily do you get scared?" Jirou asks, her voice breaking the eerie silence of the forest.

Chuuya shrugs. "I don't get scared, at least not in situations like this." What's there to be scared of? A few kids jumping out from behind trees? Sure, maybe Chuuya gets a teeny bit unsettled by horror films sometimes, but, contrary to Dazai's teasing, that happens far and few between.

If he really was as big of a wimp as Dazai likes to claim, he never would have made it past his first week with the Port Mafia.

"Sounds like there's a story there," Jirou replies, a soft laugh breaking up her sentence. "Dazai's fault?"

To that, Chuuya can only roll his eyes. "Obviously. When isn't it his fault?"

There was… well, there was *one* mission where Chuuya was genuinely a little scared. And, as much as he hates to admit it, it wasn't just the 'looking over his shoulder' type of being scared. No, every few seconds Chuuya could feel his heart getting faster, his ears straining to pick up any sounds, his hands itching to just do *something*.

It was meant to be a normal mission, though one Chuuya didn't take often. A stealth mission, he was told: sneak into this office building and retrieve the sensitive information locked up inside.

Why Chuuya had been picked for such a mission, well, at the time he *thought* it was in case anyone was still at the office when he broke in. If it came to a fight, then Chuuya would by far be the best candidate for taking down the enemy without alerting too many people.

Night of the mission, Chuuya had turned up, managed to get in without tripping any alarms, only for things to get… Weird.

Every other step, Chuuya felt like he was being watched—like someone was just seconds away from pulling a fast one on him. Every time he felt like this, Chuuya would do a sweep of the surrounding area and, without fail, he would find absolutely no one.

When he didn't feel like he was being watched, Chuuya was all too

aware of the breeze that shouldn't have even been there, considering that Chuuya shut every door behind him.

But there was still a breeze, and Chuuya felt the eyes on his back, and he swore to whatever god is out there that he heard someone sigh.

What made things a thousand times worse was that the office building had eight floors, jam-packed with desks and rooms and corridors. Had Chuuya been given a map of the place, it wouldn't have been so bad. He hadn't been given anything though, so he spent literal hours searching each floor, his anxiety ticking up as each second went by.

At roughly three in the morning, Chuuya finally made it to the top floor, only to find Dazai lounging around in one of the smaller offices, a stack of papers resting besides his propped-up feet.

Dazai always claims that he was sent there since Chuuya was taking too long, that he got there only twenty minutes before Chuuya found him, but he'd have an easier time convincing Chuuya that he's actually a philanthropist.

That bastard had been there from the very start, and, no matter how many times he sighs and shakes his head, Chuuya will always believe that.

Jirou hums, which is what breaks Chuuya out of his reminiscing.

"Well, if you're not scared too easily, then does that mean you're good at scaring people?" Jirou asks, only for a wicked grin to take over her face a second later. "If only Monoma hadn't failed the exam, I'd pay to see him get scared."

Chuuya huffs, although it's not like he disagrees. Maybe Monoma would be one of those people who faint when they get scared, or maybe his superiority complex would only get worse… Who could tell?

"With my Ability I should be able to pull off a few tricks," Chuuya replies, a few loose ideas coming together in his head.

Jirou laugh., "What, like floating upside down to come out of nowhere?"

Chuuya shakes his head. "If we wanna go with obvious, sure, but sometimes weird noises and bushes moving is enough to scare people. Especially if it's over a long period of time." And Chuuya would know.

"I like what you're thinking. Maybe we could even…" Jirou trails off, and it takes a moment for Chuuya to turn his attention to her. When he does, he finds her staring out into the night sky, her eyes caught on a steadily approaching cloud of purple gas.

"Uh, you don't think that's part of the test, do you?" Jirou asks, sending an uncertain look in Chuuya's direction.

That gas…

All it takes is a second for things to click in Chuuya's head, for his relaxed posture to snap into something more ready for battle. No one in 1A or 1B has a Quirk that creates gas, none of the teachers either.

So, unless this is some surprise test, that can only mean one thing.

"Shit!" Chuuya swears, one hand coming up to cover his mouth. "Don't breathe it in!"

He doesn't know what that gas does exactly, but if it's a Villain releasing it then it can't be anything good.

-

"Is that… fire?"

Shino, halfway through updating Pixie Bob on the latest book chapter she'd read, pauses just long enough to glance over to the students. Most of Class A have entered the forest by now, only three pairs still lingering in the clearing.

The students, when she checks, are all staring towards the forest with varying levels of worry.

Forest fires aren't all that uncommon, especially at this time of year. All it takes is one dry leaf catching the sun's attention for too long, and, before you know it, the fire is jumping from one tree to the next.

That being said, the sun had set just about an hour ago, and the local fire-watch crew hadn't mentioned anything about fires at the time.

Her next idea is that a student's Quirk had got out of control, which feels correct until she actually turns her head and—

And blue flames creep over the treeline, the smoke wafting up to create looming clouds above the entire forest.

Forest fires don't get this hot, and Shino had spent hours going over the Quirks of every student currently in that forest. None of them, not even Todoroki, could produce blue fire, not unless they'd suddenly jumped up in Quirk development in the span of twenty minutes.

Shino hears a sharp intake of breath from a few steps away, and it's then that her mind and body click into Hero mode.

The students in the clearing are alright, fortunately, but there's still more to rescue in the forest. Thankfully, Ragdoll should be able to pull together most of them, but she'll definitely need assistance getting them all out of the forest with that fire blazing so close.

Quickly, Shino turns to her teammates, proud to see them both standing at attention. They'll need to move fast, every little second wasted could cost a life.

Pixie Bob turns to her, face pulled into a grim expression. "Mandal—"

One moment, Pixie Bob is right beside Shino, her body taunt and ready to jump into action.

The next, she's gone.

Shino whips her head to the side, her eyes frantically flicking around to try and find— there!!

A few metres away lays Pixie Bob, her body crumpled onto the floor, blood steadily seeping across her face. Atop of her head sits a long rectangular weapon, wrapped in a white cloth, the top of which being held down by what must be a Villain.

The Villain is tall and blocky—although, what Shino really takes note of, what she can't tear her eyes away from, is the twisted grin that accompanies the weapon being pressed down harder.

There's another Villain not too far away, a lizard hetromorph dressed as Stain's number one fanboy, the only thing unique about his outfit being the large club wrapped in a white cloth on his back. Shino holds back a scoff.

The hetromorph postures a little, seemingly taking a thrill in having the attention of two Heroes on himself, before saying, "prepare yourself, heroes, for the Vanguard Action Squad, proud members of the League of Villains, are here to take you down!"

Well, that solves Shino's biggest question—of which being, just who the hell is attacking right now? For it to be the League again doesn't entirely surprise her. Aizawa had told her all about the USJ and Midoriya's encounter with Shigaraki the other day.

And now here they are, attacking once more. Although, just what the hell are they after this time? Their leader wants to kill All Might, sure, but he's, very publicly, doing Hero work up North for the next few weeks. The League shouldn't have any interest in attacking, especially since they shouldn't even know the location of the camp.

The hetromorph, uncaring to the rising tensions, continues, "my name is Spinner and, by following Stain's ideology, I will rid the world of *fakes*, and I'll be starting with you three!"

With one swing of his arm, Spinner pulls the large weapon off his back, the white sheet covering it easily falling away. Instead of one large club as Shino had expected, Spinner actually holds an amalgamation of swords and daggers. Frankly, it's a surprise the thing is holding steady, even with all the straps wrapped around it.

Despite how ridiculous Shino finds it, she knows better than to underestimate a Villain with a sharp weapon.

The other Villain, still with that damn weapon resting atop Pixie Bob's head, shifts to press further down. "And blondie here will be first."

The mere sight of someone treating Shino's teammate—her family in all but blood— like that leaves a hot anger threatening to take over. She needs to stay level-headed, and she will, but it really does piss her off to see Pixie Bob treated so poorly.

Tiger, it seems, feels much the same. With a loud click of his tongue, he shouts, "you dare to stand upon *my* teammate?!"

It's only a matter of time before a fight breaks out, and Shino gets the feeling neither side is going to be holding back.

Quickly, she glances over at the students. "Everyone! Get back to camp now! Whatever you do, do not engage with the Villains!"

Sending a group of students in to Villain-infested forests is a terrible idea, but it's the only option Shino has at the minute. While the students might get ambushed on their way back, that isn't as concrete of a threat as the two Villains standing before her now.

She can only hope the students will make it to camp alright whilst she focuses on getting Pixie Bob out of danger.

Thankfully, it doesn't take more than that to kick the students into gear. Together they nod, quickly moving into a tight formation before turning their backs on Shino.

Well, all except one.

Midoriya, with determination in his eyes, shakes his head when his teammates gesture for him to hurry up. Instead he waits until Shino's attention is on him before calling out, "Mandalay! I know where Kota is!"

It's strange how, in just a few seconds, Shino's emotions can flip so quickly.

At first, she's ashamed for not thinking about him sooner, then overcome with genuine fear that Kota might be out in the forest, that he might run into a Villain without anyone to protect him. In that moment, before her mind catches up, Mandalay is beyond tempted to run out and try to find him herself.

That would be a mistake and, despite how much she wants to go make sure he's alright, abandoning Pixie Bob and Tiger when she doesn't even know where Kota is wouldn't solve nothing.

But Midoriya knows where he is.

Shino shouldn't encourage him to go out when there are Villains lurking the forests, but the simple idea that Kota might be alone out there is enough to override that logic in her mind. Besides, given how it only takes a slight nod for Midoriya to leap away, Shino doesn't think he would have listened had she told him to go back to camp anyway.

With Midoriya on his way to Kota, and the other students on their way to camp, Shino can turn her full attention to the fight before her.

It's beyong obvious who Shino will be focusing on--Tiger is many things, but his Quirk and way of fighting is ill-suited for Spinner and his choice of weapon. So, doing her best to push all other worries away, Shino readies herself and rushes in closer to Spinner.

For a second, he seems caught off guard, his hand twitching, before he properly lifts his sword up with a grin. "Purging all Heroes from the

world will be difficult, but ultimately will lead us to a better society!"

Shino resists the urge to roll her eyes. And here she thoughts all that nonsense was done with when Stain was captured...

Jumping back a bit when Spinner swings his blade, Shino carefully keeps her eyes tracking the weapon, lest any of the smaller daggers come flying off in her direction.

Getting close with that thing is going to be difficult, so maybe...

"You know, Spinner, even thought you're a Villain, you're totally my type."

Spinner freezes, and Shino does her best not to grin when she slips in close and lands a punch on his cheek. Just one punch is all she can manage before Spinner comes back to himself, angrily shouting about underhanded tricks.

Shino hardly pays his complaints any attention. She doesn't use that particular trick too often, but it rarely fails to give her an opening to change the tide of the fight.

Shino risks a glance over to Tiger, who has managed to disarm the other Villain.

Whilst Spinner complains about being tricked, and while he's hefting that sword onto his shoulder, Shino clicks two of her fingers together. With a quiet buzz her headset comes to life, quickly connecting her to Ragdoll.

"Ragdoll, report!" Shino calls out, her voice slightly breaking at the end when Spinner's blade gets a little too close for comfort.

Out of the four of them, Ragdoll has always been the best at reporting new findings. Tiger and Pixie Bob tend to get carried away sometimes, and Shino herself has a bad habit of using her Quirk rather than the comms, but Ragdoll has always been someone to rely on. The second her Quirk picks up on something, she's on the comms warning everyone, no matter the circumstance.

That's why, despite knowing Ragdoll might be fighting Villains while trying to protect students, the fact she doesn't immediately respond

sets Shino on edge.

Spinner hefts his sword up high, which Shino takes as an opportunity to sweep low and use her claws to lash at his leg. It's a risky move, but if she can get a few deep cuts on his legs then, with any luck, he won't be able to move around quite as much.

Aiming for his arms would be better, but, while it would help down the line in disarming him, Shino doesn't want to risk getting too close to that sword.

Just as she jumps away, that very sword slams down where she just was. The impact alone enough to smash the dirt below into a small crater.

"You're not a real Hero," Spinner spits, his eyes narrowing as he repositions his sword. "So don't blame me for what's about to happen."

Pixie Bob is injured, Ragdoll isn't responding, the students are in danger, and the damn forest is on fire. When Shino lists it all out like that, it becomes very clear that she needs to finish up this fight as soon as possible.

Without Ragdoll feeding her information, there isn't much Shino can do with her Quirk, truthfully. By now, the students in the forest will have realised something is wrong, maybe they've even run into a Villain already.

Aizawa and Vlad King are back at camp, though, the furthest point from the forest fire. They won't know what's going on yet, and Shino is sure there'll be a student or two that needs a little direction right now.

And then, of course, there's Kota…

So, as she readies herself for Spinner's next attack, Shino flares her Quirk to life.

Chapter End Notes

Well! It's been a while!

I'll be honest with you all, after posting that last chapter I got really busy with work and other projects, then I went to visit a few friends, then when I had time to write I had forgotten how to make it sound good... This chapter really took it's time, but

hopefully it was worth the wait!

My original draft of this AN was very very sappy, so I'll try to be a little better this time!

I really wanna thank everyone who has been leaving comments over this past months, you have no idea how much it helped me when it came to writing this chapter. Seeing all the kind comments telling me to take my time really did help, which meant I did actually take my time until I had wrote something I was proud of. So thank you!!

Wwt really means so much to me, which is something I kept thinking about these past months. It sounds kinda silly to say, but my life has changed sooo much because I started writing this fic. I have so many friends I wouldn't have known otherwise, and I've done things I never would have without them! And like, just looking around my room, I have pictures on my wall and presents on my bookshelf that never would have existed otherwise! This is all to say that wwt is very important to me, and I want nothing more than to finish it. So, even if the next update doesn't come for another six months, rest assured that I'm steadily working away at it. I've said it a hundred odd times now but if I ever decided to discontinue or something, you'll all know asap <3

I don't really have much to say this AN, oh, except for one more thing! To the bnha fans reading this, I'm not sure how I should write about Magne. On one hand, I feel really bad having the WWPC misgender her, even if it makes sense that they wouldn't know she's trans and it is canon, but then I don't wanna just erase that you know? Like the fact that Magne has these struggles is important to her character and shows the audience how villains are usually people who don't have a lot of privilege in society to begin with. I tried my best to avoid pronouns in this chapter, but I'm not sure how I'll go about it in up coming ones. Thoughts?

Also, if anyone was made really happy by the fact skk's relationship progressed a bit and how they were more honest with each other, thank my two homophobic coworkers! They were saying some things a while ago and it really annoyed me, so I decided to make skk gayer in this chapter! They'll never know, but it makes me happy knowing that their words caused this.

The last thing I'll say is... Yes the title based on "I know your heart, and you mine, right Naruto?" Look. Can you blame me?

Narusasu have too many iconic moments and quotes! I'm only so strong alright.... Plus it was the only thing I could think of while writing the first pov haha!

Alright! I hope you all enjoyed this chapter, thank you for reading!!!

End Notes

A discord server has been made for this fic! Please join so I don't feel embarrassed about making it haha.

Title from ‘Kidult' by Seventeen, although I almost went with a lyric from 'Allies or Enemies' by The Crane Wives (go listen to their music I beg you)

This is probably OOC but consider this, I write for fun not accuracy! I don’t have a plan or update schedule so don’t hate me too much when this doesn’t update for ages :))))

Please do comment though, I read every single one and reply to like 99% of them because they make me so happy. I love validation from internet strangers.

Thanks for reading <33333

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[Restricted Work] by wakingBeast

An Unstoppable force [BSDXMHA] by Obsessed_with_you

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fanart of the amazing "when we're together (i'm not afraid of my tears)" by melo_maniac

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Why can't we have a mission without drama for once? Oh that is right. Because why would we! by Fireheart2025

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When seemingly unimportant details foreshadow a massive price of lore by Void_of_marshmallow_72

Mina, I like doomed yaoi too, but isn't this a bit far? (Wwt, inaomt) by Indi_alien

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